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EL-KHUDS, THE HOLY;

OR,

GLIMPSES IN THE ORIENT.

BY

WM. MASON TURNER, B. PH., M. D.,

OF PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.



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TO

COL. JNO. R. CHAMBLISS, SR.,

OF EASTERN VIRGINIA,

AS A FEEBLE TOKEN OF HIGH ESTEEM,

This Volume

IS MOST CORDIALLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

1037533

P R E F A C E.

NONE more book of travels is thrust upon the reading world! Thanks to the publishers, however, *this* can appear in a seemly garb—a garb which many, I have no doubt, will prefer to the *skeleton* which it so richly bedecks. However, be that as it may! . . .

On a cold winter night, not *very* long ago, in the brilliant capital of Louis Napoleon, a gay group of medical students had assembled in a snug room in the far-famed Latin Quarter. While the raw wind crept through the deserted thoroughfares, and the heavy clock in Notre Dame ticked audibly in that chamber, and struck in sonorous clangings the passing hours, nought but song and laugh and jest enlivened the time of the students. Mœt and Burgundy flowed freely, and under their elevating stimulus our spirits arose in corresponding ratio. It was a *separation* night; on it, *three* of this band of students,

so far away from republican America, were to say good-bye to their good-hearted *confrères*. The morrow's sunset would see them in "Belgium's Capital." I formed one of that band, and one of the *three*.

"And so, when two months have rolled round, and you have finished the Continent, I suppose I may expect you again in old La Charite, following Velpeau once more," spoke a friend to me.

"No, not so soon," I answered. "After journeying over Germany, Prussia, and the Continent in general, I expect, God willing, to sail from Naples, *via* Malta, for *Terra Santa*."

"The deuce you do!" replied my friend. "And now I wish all the more that I could be along. But will you be so kind as to think of poor me occasionally—of my continual tramp to the *Midi* and the *Hotel Dieu*—and when you see anything which interests you particularly, jot it down and bring it to me?"

This request at once suggested something higher. *I will keep a Journal*, I said to myself. "Yes, Charles, I will do as you wish," I replied to my friend.

The substance of this work is *that Journal*, beginning, after finishing up Europe, at Naples, or rather on the Mediterranean, between Naples and Messina. Studiously and diligently, I kept my Journal. Days, weeks, and months rolled by, and yet my Journal was never neglected. Every night, wherever I was—on field, mountain, or plain

—on rail, on sea, or on horseback, my pencil always scribbled *something* in my little *cahier*, which I purchased of an *aveugle* at the *Pont Royal*, by the Tuileries. I deem it useless to remark, however, that I have much developed this Journal, in preparing it for the press. It was necessary, and was consistent with my original design.

The work is intended, without egotism, to amuse, interest, and instruct. Within its lids will be found all that is necessary for the tourist of pleasure, the pilgrim to the shrines, and the curious traveller. Much attention has been paid to passports, moneys, rates of exchange, climate, &c.; and the Author would here gratefully express his warmest obligations to Dr. Porter, the learned author of “Five Years in Damascus;” and to the elegant writer, Mr. Stanley, for many useful facts gleaned from their respective works—facts which the Author’s limited experience did not call for. Wherever these writers have been quoted, they are duly accredited.

In justice to myself and readers, I would say that the stories interspersed through the work are original—with *myself* only. The one related by S., at Valetta, has fact for basis, but it is the only one. It was suggested to the Author, to interlard dry details with fiction. This has been done to a limited extent by the stories. Of course, the references made by certain members of the party to the stories of each individual, are imaginary, and the “read-

er's indulgence" is craved for them, as well as for the work in general.

And now I would beg leave to say, that I *was not* importuned by "many friends" to publish the work; in fact, some of said friends said it was unwise—*nonsensical*, even—to do so, in consideration of the great number of works on travel now in print. But the book *has* been published, nevertheless; and in so far, the Author's fancy, or *whim*, perhaps, has been followed. As he is beholden to no man for the publication, if the work turn out a failure—why, *his be the loss, alone!*

As to the merits of the book, it does not befit me to say one word. There *will be yeas and nays* concerning any work, do whatever we may; it were indeed impossible otherwise. To those, therefore, who have been pleased with the perusal of my random thoughts, scribbled at odd times and in odd places, I would say I feel myself flattered at their *taste*; to those who *pick out* the faults of the volume, I would say that I am sorry it is so; and I am equally sorry to admit, as long as it cannot be helped, that—*I don't care!*

WM. MASON TURNER.

PETERSBURG, Va., Aug. 24, 1860.

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EL-KHUDS, THE HOLY.

CHAPTER I.

TO no coin in the world," as an able writer happily remarks, "can the appellation of filthy lucre be more aptly applied than to that of Turkey." Of all the wretched and base-looking metallic currencies manufactured from precious or base metals, we certainly do see the *most* wretched in that country; and I must say the writer aforesaid told simply the plain, unvarnished truth. Yet he does so in a manner far *too mild* to express the miserable, dirty coins which act as the circulating medium throughout Palestine, Syria, and the Levant in general. Such as it is, however, and intended for such creatures, perhaps it is but in accordance with their natures, and is as fitted for them as the napoleon is for the French, the sovereign for the English, or the eagle for us of America. I have travelled in most of the Continental countries of Europe, and have been perplexed over and often with the currency, respective values of moneys and rates of exchange; but nowhere have I suffered such decided inconvenience,—have I learned but to unlearn, and forgotten but to learn again,—

as in Syria and in Egypt. In Turkey, too, to add to other evils respecting this currency, miserable and detestable as it is, there is not half enough to satisfy the demand for it. This, of course, tends to aid in the free circulation of the coin of almost every other country, which indeed is rated at a higher value than native currency.

In one locality we have a certain value on a certain piece of money, and in a different section we have another value; of course this adds much to the embarrassment of the tourist. This we found the case in Jaffa on the coast, and in Jerusalem, only some thirty-seven miles distant.

At the former place, the *piastre* is worth about three and one-third cents; in Jerusalem it is valued at four cents. Learning the currency should be a study preparatory to a visit to many lands, and especially to the *Holy Land*. It is like thoroughly mastering the text in Greek or German—once learned, much labor is saved, and in our present case, many shillings retained, which would otherwise form a continual *bakhshish*, or *tribute of ignorance*.

I would strongly recommend, then, any who anticipate a tour to these far-off sacred regions, to study and master the currency and rates of exchange; in fact to pay more attention to *it*, than, as many do, to providing especial clothing, and laying in often a stock of medicines, both of which, unless rightly selected, are good for naught, and answer only one purpose—to encumber.

The coins most commonly in circulation, and to the valuable uses of which a traveller has much reason to

testify,—especially in regions where *bakhshish* is in much demand—and that part of Syria in which *such is not* the case remains yet to be discovered by some geographer—are the *piastre* and the *para*, or the *ghërsh* and the *nusarjêh* in Arabic. The former is valued at two-pence sterling, or at about four cents American money; the latter at one-fortieth of a *piastre*, and, by-the-by, the most insignificant and filthy of these filthy coins. I saw while in Syria only one native coin of gold; that was a piece worth nearly twenty-three piastres, and denominated a *ghâzeh*. The most *useful* coin of the country, however, is the *kãmãry*, worth about a penny sterling; it is most needed in case of *bakhshish* (a great item in the East), and though small goes a long way. As a convenient coin, however, of some size and value and surety of passing, I think, without any doubt, the *napoleon* of the French should be chosen. According to my observation and experience, it is more freely circulated than the sovereign, or the Russian ruble.

When I drew on my bankers, Bergheim & Co., in Jerusalem, I was paid in francs, and did not pay a discount at all, owing of course to the value of my letter of credit from John Monroe & Co., of Paris. Turkish gold, however, it must be remembered, is as good as any, but it is difficult to procure it. And here let me remark in passing, and for fear of forgetting it, that the traveller will find it much to his advantage, should he come by Jaffa, to change several large gold pieces into the *change* of the country, or even do it when he arrives at Jerusalem, if he cannot before—should he intend prosecuting his journey

further; in many, in fact in most of the small villages of the Holy Land, it is extremely difficult to get even a napoleon changed; and I know some of my readers, readers, should they afterwards travel through this wild but interesting country, will thank me for the above hint. The following table of Turkish and foreign coins is as correct and as clear as any I could procure. It is the one followed by Dr. Porter in his admirable hand-book on Syria and Palestine—a magnificent and most complete work recently published.

GOLD.			GOLD.		
	Piast.	Par.		Piast.	Par.
Lira	108	20	Sovereign	117	20
Half Lira	54	10	Half Sovereign	58	30
Ghâzeh	22	0	Napoleon	93	20
Half Ghâzeh	11	0	Half Napoleon	46	30
SILVER.			Russian Ruble	95	0
Mejideh	22	0	Austrian Ducat	55	30
Half Mejideh	11	0	SILVER.		
Quarter Mejideh	5	20	Spanish Dollar	26	0
BASE METAL.			Five-Franc Piece	23	30
Beshlik	5	0	Austrian Dollar	25	30
Half Beshlik	2	20	Silver Ruble	19	0
Ghêrsh	1	0			
Kâmâry	0	20			

(The above are Turkish coins.)

(The above are foreign coins.)

But the Turkish coins are valued only nominally, as seen above, and, as Dr. Porter remarks, their *intrinsic value* causes them to be *not* current in any other country; a fact which I more than once remarked.

The word “bakhshish” has been already written several times, and perhaps it is as well to say more concerning it now, and be done with it. The word means

“gift,” and it is the first we hear when landing in Palestine or in Egypt—and it is the last Arabic dissyllable which sounds on our ears as we leave the shores of these countries. As we debarked and climbed upon the crowded quay at the *apology* for a custom-house in Jaffa, “Bakhshish Hadji!” was heard grating on our tympanum until we had beaten a safe retreat into “Blattner’s;” and the supplication is accompanied by such a gesture, and given in such a voice, that it seems more like an official, *exact-ing tribute*, than a mendicant humbly entreating—in fact, it is *essentially* the former. The Arabs regard it as a general tax to be levied on every *broad-cloth* Hadji, and especially on *Milordos*, under which class they rank kingly John Bulls and republican Jonathans alike. In many parts of the Holy Land, especially north of Jerusalem, and east of Jordan, they first *ask* this tribute, then *demand* it, and terminate matters by *taking* it. An example of this, and a forcible one—speaking loud the power which the Bedaween exert—is the fact that we are compelled to pay an enormous—*bakhshish* they term it, but *tax* is the better word—in going from Jerusalem to Jericho. We *pay* for the privilege of passing through this wild country, in the desert places and mountain gorges of which are seen to this day the “black tents” of the days of Solomon. *Bakhshish*, then, is the first word in Arabic we learn, and, if repetition aids in fixing it in the memory, it is the last we forget. Whatever our scruples are, and however much and firmly we are determined otherwise, we *must* give bakhshish. Your dragoon, himself, will tell you that this is all necessary.

I well remember how pertinaciously I was followed by a little decrepid girl, in crossing the Plain of Sharon, *en route* with my party to Jaffa. She must have dogged me for more than two miles. I purposely withheld bakhshish, being curious to see to what extent her powers of endurance and begging-perseverance would lead her; and when I threw some coins to her—amounting in all, perhaps, to four cents—she gathered them up, and with a look of satisfaction—not of *gratitude*—she leisurely set out on her return. As I have said before, it is well to go prepared with a handful of *kamariat*, if for no other purpose than for gift-money.

Before I finish the subject of money I might suggest that letters-of-credit, or circular notes, are the safest and most reliable means for carrying and procuring funds; as one issued in any of the large cities of Europe commands payment in Jerusalem, in Beirût, and in many other towns of the East.

The Post-Office Department in Syria scarcely deserves “a name” as yet; it is certain there are very many “*locations*,” and a few “*habitations*,” such as it is, however, it is kept up pretty regularly. I refer here particularly to the *carrying* of mails, which, in many cases, is an individual enterprise—each man carrying his own mail and that of two or three others. Such a thing as a *general-delivery* post-office in Jaffa or in Jerusalem does not, I think, exist—each foreign consul’s house answering as a *dépôt* for letters. In Beirût, however, there is a regular post-office, and it is well kept, owing no doubt to influence from abroad. Couriers perform mail-duty between Damascus and Beirût, and with this is connected a carrier to

Baghdad who crosses the desert. The trip is performed on a camel in about ten days. Couriers take closed bags also from the several consulates in Jerusalem and deliver them to the French or Austrian steamers at Jaffa, and bring with them the return mails. These couriers are odd-looking, yet romantic brigand-like individuals, in their fanciful loose-flowing costumes, in which all the gay colors commingle. They are, moreover, a moving machinery of war—a walking armory in fact. Yet their belt full of old pistols, their knives and their long, clumsy, brass-banded guns, are more than overbalanced in efficaciousness by a Colt's repeater.

The French mail line—the *Messagèries Impériales*—touching at Jaffa, Beirût, Tripoli, Ladakye, and Alexandretta, is to be preferred to the Austrian service or to the English—the latter being only occasional. The objections to the line of French steamers consist in the changeableness of its schedule. When I was in the Holy Land, the time of touching on the coast was once a fortnight; but there was no certainty as to how long this would continue. At any of the above-mentioned ports, letters could be mailed to any part of the world. Postage to England, not exceeding $\frac{1}{4}$ oz., sixty *centimes* (twelve cents)—not exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., one *franc twenty centimes* (twenty-four cents); to America, about double the foregoing rates. To get letters safely in Syria, it is best to have them forwarded to the care of the consul—to some banker, or to a permanently settled missionary.

In regard to passports, very little need be said. In Syria, *after you get there*, they are not required at all.

The inhabitants know not the use of them ; but they are necessary *before you can become a passenger aboard a French or Austrian steamer*. This seems rather foolish in this particular instance ; but the different authorities have something more in view than what is, apparently, a needless formality. In Egypt, it is different. On landing at the quay in Alexandria, our passports were taken from us, and consigned to the keeping of our consul there. We saw no more of them until we sailed from that port westward.

CHAPTER II.

DIFFERENT persons differ as to their custom-house experience in the Holy Land. Our party was not at all successful in *bribing*, and our troubles and vexations did not by any means agree with Dr. Porter's opinion that "the custom house, so far as travellers are concerned, is a mere name by which to introduce the word *bakhshish*. All articles for the private use of travellers, pass free by treaty. The right claimed by the officials to open and examine is thus a mere form which can be easily avoided by a small present. Dragomen generally manage the affair by giving *five* piastres to the officers, and charging *twenty* to their masters." Such, indeed, was *very* far from being our good fortune. When we landed at Jaffa, although we offered the custom-house officials twice the bribe above named, yet it had no effect, except, indeed, as it seemed, to whet their desire to see what our trunks contained. They most rigidly examined each and every article, and that with a scrutiny which excelled any I ever saw in France or Austria. So I would advise all to submit to it—first, from principle; and secondly, because you cheat the keen rogues of gift-money. Those examining our trunks actually had the impudence to ask for *bakhshish*, after disturbing our effects most

outrageously! This, a German friend along with us quickly quieted, by first pointing to the door (it was at our hotel), and then emphatically glancing towards the *tee of his boot!* The hint was taken—but *no bakhshish given.*

A dragoman—more correctly *turyoman*—the word means *interpreter*—is an *article* more essential to the traveller in the East, than the courier on the Continent, to those unlucky wights who are silly enough to go to travel in other lands, understanding no *lingo* save their own home vernacular. A dragoman you *must* have. He is your good and evil genius; he is—*yourself*, almost, and is *more* than yourself, to all intents. He talks for you; he bargains for you; fights for you; and renders you many other services—at the same time very often, unfortunately, he deceives you, and steals from you by making a large *percentage* on everything bought. The fact is, dragomen, as a class, are faithless and knavish. Kindness but strengthens this disposition, and one must be very careful to avoid being openly “fleece*d*.” Towards dragomen a firm, decided, dignified, composed, and, above all, an unflinching demeanor is the grand feature of conduct to be aimed at and adopted. Dragomen, like many other fellow-mortals following different vocations, often feel the pleasures of laziness, yet, at the same time, like to “make hay” in spite of this laziness. Very often, when the traveller wishes to go to some interesting locality which may, perhaps, deviate from the general way, the dragoman, although when he first presented his humble self to you for patronage, he was overflowing

with courage—had, like Brown's Yuseph, slain many in battle, and wished the merry pastime of slaying—in spite of all this, I repeat, should the traveller mention some place which he desired to visit, for instance Mâr Saba—the journey to which, from *any* point, is rough and tedious—the dragoman raises his hands in holy horror, and swears by Allah and the venerable beard of his holy prophet, that just a *few days before*, a most horrible murder was perpetrated in that very identical region—and advises strongly that even the *wish* to go, be abandoned at once. In such a case—rely on it—it is a sham. Assert your right—compel the man to do his duty, or deduct immediately and largely from his wages. This will generally produce a satisfactory result. I do not say this is always the case—far from it; but the occurrence is now so frequent that what was an exception, is fast becoming a general rule.

The tourist should be warned also to rely on his own reading—on his own information gathered from trustworthy guide-books, as to the history and antiquities of places—and not to trust to dragomen. Beyond a few localities in the beaten track of travel, dragomen know nothing, though they often endeavor to satisfy your inquiries by manufacturing some wild monkish legend, *extempore*—which they are unable to repeat themselves.

A great many travellers come into Palestine by the Short Desert and Sinai. To these I would say it is far better to procure a guide in Cairo, and make engagements with him for the entire trip—the dragoman to furnish everything, including animals, food, tents, and

(don't forget it) *bakhshish*. This will be the cheapest in the end, and the tourist, by following this plan, will be saved much trouble and expense. When the agreement is made, it should be drawn up in writing, and a copy deposited with your banker or consul—this is an inducement to be faithful. When I was in Syria, travelling thus, cost about \$5.50 per day, for each person.

Above all things, do not submit yourself *entirely* to the mercy of your dragoman. You will fare all the worse, as your confidence will be sadly abused. Another caution I would give: beware of the dragoman who brings *too many testimonials*. Remember, they are easily manufactured. I was besieged in Malta by a surly fellow, who wished to become my dragoman, though as yet a thousand miles from Canaan. Nay, he even insisted that I *should* take him—that he suited me and my party exactly; but I am glad to say I did not take him, and warn all travellers to *beware* of *Maltese guides, wherever they may be found*. I have had cause, myself, to rue their guardianship. You can *not* be *worsted* by taking a dragoman when you arrive in the Holy Land. Jaffa, Beirût, and Jerusalem swarm with them; and they are far superior to *any* guides who claim Malta as their abiding-place. I take great pleasure in recommending a young native Jew by the name of Ibrahim Mordecai. Ibrahim was our dragoman to Jericho and Jordan. A noble-hearted fellow he is—as brave as a lion, and ever willing to serve you in any way. What is another great item, he keeps a most liberal *cuisine*, and moreover speaks English and Italian *well*. He can be heard of from Dr. Gorham, at the American Consulate in Jerusalem.

It is difficult to say which season is the best for visiting Syria and the East; and any one who knows much of the climate of the country can of course judge for himself. In no region of the globe is the climate as changeable as in the Holy Land; and places distant not a geographical degree from each other, show a difference in temperature which is unaccountable. The lofty ridges of Mt. Lebanon and the distant line of the "hill country of Judea," as well as Jerusalem, situated on an elevation as it is, are decidedly cool and bracing. The air around Beirût is particularly fine, so said, and on that account the heights "form excellent winter residences for invalids." In regions near Jordan and the Dead Sea, where there is a great natural depression, and along the entire seaboard, the air is warm, oppressive, and sultry. There is never rain of any moment in Palestine from the middle of April to the middle of September; the consequence is, that during the intervening months there is a drought and a heat which parch up the soil, and render travelling not only uncomfortable but decidedly hazardous. The rains commence about the last of October, and fall intermittently until March. In some regions I learn there is thunder and lightning, as in the Lebanon neighborhood, but I never experienced it in my sojourn there. While in Jerusalem, we had snow as many as five times, although a reliable author writes: "But in Palestine frost is seldom seen, and the cold is not severe." I suffered as much, huddling near the small stove in the Prussian Hospice, as I ever did "down *East*" in America, on our Atlantic board.

I might as well remark here, although from what has

already been said it has perhaps been anticipated, that the crops are mature at *different* times, and harvestings commence at different periods in different portions of the Holy Land. Thus, in the Jordan valley the wheat harvest begins the first of May; while in the "hill country" it commences one month later; and on the Lebanon range it is nearly a month later still.

From what has now been said relative to the climate, the tourist will see that, of all the seasons, spring and autumn are left to his *particular* choice—and both present their respective advantages. I cannot speak experimentally of them, but a favorite author says: "The autumn, perhaps, is more uniformly 'fair' than the spring; but then nature wants its bloom. The autumn in Syria is charming. Nothing can surpass the balminess of the air; and dwellers in tents may laugh at the thoughts of damp. There is no danger of muddy roads or swollen rivers; but I would recommend the wayfarer to carry a water-bottle at his saddle, for it is a thirsty season. Autumn has another charm—it is the vintage season; and where is the man who does not long to taste the grapes of 'Lebanon' and pluck the bunches of 'Esheol?'"

Our party was there in the spring, and I must say I was *more than pleased* with that season. It is true, we experienced many changes of temperature; but on the whole, as a season most pleasant, and one wherein we can view sacred Palestine in its most beautiful garb, give me spring. While in Jaffa, we plucked ripening oranges from the heavily-loaded boughs; while crossing the Plain of Sharon we were parched with heat; while sojourning in

Jerusalem we suffered intensest cold; and when we visited Jordan we endured the most terrific warmth I ever experienced. Thus it is. Yet, generally speaking, during the spring the air is clear and balmy, and should be preferred, in my humble estimation, as *the* season for an Eastern tour.

Something should be said about *dress*, but I scarcely know what. *Our* party was not scrupulous in regard to it; yet those who intend making a more prolonged tour might perhaps be instructed to some advantage relative to this point. For such persons we copy the following paragraph, assuring them it comes from a source meriting the fullest confidence. "In selecting a suitable dress for Syria, the mode of locomotion should be first considered. The saddle is the only conveyance—a comfortable riding-dress is therefore the best for ordinary wear. Every English gentleman knows that 'tights' of strong cord, or close-fitting pantaloons of heavy tweed, with long boots drawn over them, enable one to bear rough rides with more ease. Perhaps if the pants next the saddle were covered with soft leather, like those of the 'Horse Guards,' they would be still more comfortable and more durable—an important consideration in a long tour. The coat ought to be short and made of substantial light-colored tweed or shepherd's plaid. It is a great mistake to wear linen or any other thin material. The body is thus exposed to the direct rays of the sun; the skin becomes parched, perspiration is checked, and fever or diarrhoea is the result. Woollen cloth is a non-conductor, and when we are protected by it, the sun's rays fall harmless. The

best hat is the broad-brimmed white or drab 'felt.' The crown may be thickly padded internally with cotton, and five or six folds of white muslin or calico may be advantageously wound around the exterior. Lightness and protection from the sun are the grand requisites. A pair of drab leather gloves and wire 'goggles,' with fronts of green glass, will complete the costume. Many throw over the whole a white Arab *burnûs* of very thin material, and this affords additional protection against both heat and dust."

From the above paragraph we may gain a full and comprehensive idea of all that is required. Our party, however, went just according to circumstances, and chiefly with a due regard to the existing state of each person's wardrobe—following this general rule, however,—*wear the worst we had*. Let me say this, however, as a warning to those who may wish to become *oriental at once*—beware of adopting the *native* costume. To one especially who is ignorant of the language, such a procedure is simply ridiculous, and calls forth quiet laughter from Mohammedan, Turk, and Jew. An Englishman, fresh from the fogs of London, or the fields of Yorkshire; or an American, raw in republican manners, from the dust of New York, or from the plantations of Georgia, appears in eastern regalia much about the same as the long-eared animal of the fable in the skin which once covered the king of beasts. Your own dress is a *safeguard* to you, as in it you will be submitted to no embarrassing position on account of language; and moreover *it* coupled with a courteous yet firm demeanor, which, I am glad to say,

generally characterizes English and American travellers, will insure you a respect which it were otherwise difficult to command. A great many travellers in the East—but only those who stay there for a considerable length of time—provide themselves with overshoes, to slip off when they enter a mosque in Egypt or a church in Syria. You never tread with the same boots, which you have worn in the streets, on the costly carpets of an Eastern dweller; for these carpets the Muslem touches with his lips not less than three times a day, as he pays his orisons at the shrine of Allah. In going into the little chapel which covers the so-called tomb of Jesus in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we are requested to take our boots off, whether or not we wear overshoes; in our case, however, we did not incommode ourselves at all. We were, on that account, the cynosure of all eyes. For my part, I was sorry that we had omitted to follow this observance to the strictest letter. Many ill feelings are thus engendered by foreign travellers, and I always prefer to respect and pay heed to certain social and national habits—whereby I am sure much would be saved and nothing lost. We wished to carry out the observance, but our guide insisted that it was not necessary with *us*.

It is foolish, for one who simply designs a tour through the country, to attempt to learn the language either before they commence the journey or after they arrive in Syria. They will find it a difficult undertaking—a few words in common speaking may be as well picked up when you are once in the country as before. In any case, you are compelled to get a dragoman, on whom you

throw the whole burden of language. Those who can travel Palestine without a dragoman, can do the same, and with less inconvenience, without *language*. Syriac, the ancient tongue of the land, is now almost obsolete, being retained only as the ecclesiastical tongue among the Maronites and Druzes, who dwell amid the crags of the Lebanon range.

A more necessary item, however, inasmuch as it concerns the traveller's personal comfort, should be his manner or means of locomotion; and here the choice is not extensive, nor the selection large. You have at your disposal—a *donkey* and a *horse*. A *good* donkey is better than a *bad* horse; yet, as an *article for travel*, speaking generally, the horse is far preferable, on account of his more dignified gait and steadiness of action. The donkey is a pleasant *exchange* for a short ride—as from Cairo to the Pyramids; but for constant use and for rides, day after day, a horse, and a spirited one at that, should be chosen. Ladies may prefer a donkey—but the pace of that animal is too uncertain, too *nervous*, to suit a man. On long jaunts, a kind of sedan chair is sometimes made for the weaker sex, though I never saw one used. A great deal has been said in guide-books, and much stress laid on the matter, that a good saddle—an English saddle—should be among the first articles selected. From what I had heard of the Arabian saddle, I imagined it a new form of Oriental torture, wherein a poor devil might sit and agonize to surfeiting—in fact, a well devised, though modernly invented, addition to inquisitorial racks. I must say, in all candor, never, in all my

life, was I more deceived—and never more rapidly disappeared ominous misgivings from any man's mind than from mine, as I eased gradually down in my Arab seat in Jaffa, and—found a *most delightful* saddle under me. The stirrups can be lengthened to suit each particular rider, without the trouble of dismounting; and to any one who, like myself, for example, has been accustomed to all manners—conveniences and inconveniences of horse-back riding with the American and Spanish saddles, and even bare-back—I am sure the Arab seat *cannot* prove *disagreeable*. On the whole, I will say, do not distress yourself concerning saddles: the supply—of *good* ones, too—is equal to the demand.

As many parts of Syria are not altogether unfrequented by banditti—or rather, robbers in the shape of roving Bedaween, who take up their avocation and drop it at any moment—it might be perhaps highly important to carry visible weapons of defence. In many cases personal safety is dependent on arms, and throughout Syria their well-known power awakens a moral effect which adds much to your respect and enhances tenfold your prowess. Do not pay any particular attention to your arms when you are on the road or in the presence of Arabs; they may determine that you are not accustomed to them, and will surely attempt to play off a “scene” on you, which, unless you meet it promptly, may lead to something worse. I would recommend a large Colt's revolver, navy size. It is a showy weapon, and in case of danger an ever-constant friend. This pistol is well known in Syria

for its deadly accuracy, but it is seldom possessed by the natives.

To show the moral effect of arms, I will relate an instance. One day, while in Jerusalem, I chanced to visit the Place of Wailing, on the site of Solomon's Temple. With my companions, I was duly impressed with the place and the hallowed associations its presence awoke—and wishing a *souvenir*, I struck a small piece from an ancient flag-stone. A Jew who saw the act rushed up towards me very fiercely, and commenced jabbering something of which I was most blissfully ignorant. To this I replied nothing; but when I saw the fellow handle the haft of his knife very suspiciously—glance at it significantly, and then at me—I understood him perfectly. Throwing open my coat, which had been buttoned, I showed him the butt of a heavy pistol in my belt, and looked as bold as circumstances would allow. It was sufficient; the poor fellow started back as if in surprise; and, after eyeing my pistol for a moment curiously and greedily, he made a profound *salaam*, and retired.

CHAPTER III.

I WOULD advise the traveller journeying through Syria to lay in simply a *small* package of medicine. The changes in temperature may produce chills and fever; and differences in air, diet, water, and heat of the sun often produce a distressing diarrhœa. But the most frequent and most troublesome affection is Eastern ophthalmia. Many writers have spoken of this, and many medical men have attempted to explain its *cause particularly*; but, as Desmarres of Paris says, “like others of a former day, we are acquainted with very little concerning this disorder.” Some nitrate of silver and sulphate of zinc should be taken along for this disease; the former to be used in a solution of one and a half grains to the ounce of water—apply to the globe and lids of the eye three times a day. If that should fail, take the *whites of two eggs* and a wineglass of water—stir well together, and add twenty grains of sulphate of zinc finely powdered. With this wash the eye repeatedly throughout the day. These remedies will be found efficacious. Of other medicines, one might carry sulphate of magnesia, tincture of catechu or kino, paregoric elixir, and some powdered rhubarb; these will be found sufficient. The diarrhœa may be treated thus: first, thoroughly cleanse the bowels

by a full dose of sulphate of magnesia or rhubarb, or both combined (tablespoonful of former—twelve grains of latter); then give tincture catechu or paregoric.

I think Syria—or that part of the Holy Land, I should say, towards Jerusalem, and beyond from the sea-coast—is far from being unhealthy; a stay amid those craggy mountains, exposed to the bracing atmosphere of the hills, would tend to strengthen the invalid's frame and fasten his hold on life. While our party remained in the Holy Land, we enjoyed the best of health, which was improved during our entire sojourn. I am confident that the exercise I underwent in the East was the means of saving my life. Riding exposed continually to the rays of the sun, however, which are generally, and especially at midday, overpowering, of course tends to induce disease. The use of the Turkish bath, too, *in all its perfection*, also has a tendency to heighten capillary circulation, and, in-somuch, to occasion irruptions, such as boils, prickly heat, &c.; yet, with a meagre eye to what is prudent, this can all be avoided. Experimentally, I cannot condemn the bath; but, arguing from general principles, and supported by good authority, I am induced to believe as above stated.

A history of Syria and Palestine, of course, it is beyond my province to write. I do not feel that I possess the ability to add anything to the works of Josephus or to those of other authors on the subject. A short historical sketch would not be amiss here, however, and I avail myself of an excellent article on the subject by the justly celebrated author of "Five Years in Damascus." Nothing

original can be said; and what I may present, or what other writers could add, would be nothing more than a repetition of facts couched in different words. The Bible is perhaps the *best* history of Syria and Palestine; Josephus gives us the best history of the Jews and their wars. Two very fine works, however, which will well repay perusal, can be consulted by those who wish to add still more to their historical knowledge of the Holy Land—“Prideaux’s Connexion of the Old and New Testaments,” and “Jahn’s Hebrew Commonwealth.” In studying the history of this favored as well as accursed of all lands, we will find an uniqueness not only as regards the country itself—its unparalleled geographical and geological peculiarities—but we also notice the same uniqueness as regards the country as a theatre of action. This land was the chosen of God to be the stage whereon all the trying scenes of man’s redemption were to be enacted. It was in this land that Jehovah twice gave religion unto a sinning world—first, when Moses received the written tablets amid the thunderings on Mount Sinai—and secondly, when, the world was reeking with sin and degradation, God gave his only-begotten Son, a propitiation for the errors of others. It was here lived every prophet who foretold what afterwards was accomplished through Jesus Christ. It was here amid the hills of Palestine that the light of science shed its first glare abroad. It was here emanated that religion at one time opposing Assyrian superstition and idolatry, and at a later period Roman voluptuousness and effeminacy—which has Christianized mankind—which has spread its blessings over

the broad prairies of America, and amid the deep jungles of Farther India and China. Here lived the *purest specimens of the man*, in the *very fullest perfection*—and here dwell at this moment some of the *vilest* representatives of the great human family. “The Saviour himself was born in Bethlehem, was brought up in Nazareth, dwelt in Capernaum, was baptized in the Jordan, raised Lazarus from the dead in Bethany, was crucified in Jerusalem, and ascended to heaven from the Mount of Olives.” Such is this *holiest* of Holy Lands!—how replete with interest—how overwhelming in associations!

History tells us that long before Greece had a name, or Rome a written record, the Phœnicians were famed in the arts and in commerce. Their mariners sailed over the “great sea,” and were the first sailors who ever made the sea-faring life a calling. They won for their small country the title which England now peacefully enjoys—the “queen of the sea.” The former splendors of Tyre and Sidon, and the wasteful extravagance of beautiful Damascus, well attested, in by-gone days, what Phœnicia, and the subjacent region of Syria, then was. Damascus has *ever remained a city*. *Four thousand years* ago, it was founded by Aram, a grandson of Noah; it speedily grew to magnificence. *To-day*, it is one of the fairest spots on earth, and serves as the connecting link between patriarchal and modern times. The former power and gaudy pomp of Jerusalem—long before it fell by the warring hand of Titus—with its many gates and splendid edifices—among them, one, the most glorious and magnificent work of man’s creative genius—*Solomon’s temple*—

all show, more strongly than pen can write, what *this* land and city *was*. Alas! what is Jerusalem now?

“Reft of thy sons, amidst thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen—forgotten Zion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city—this thy throne—
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?”

“The earliest notices of Syrian history are found in the Bible, which is, at once, the most ancient and the most authentic of all histories. The whole land appears to have been divided, by the nature of its first settlement, into two sections. The *first*, extending from the plain of Bashan, to the heights of Amanus, was colonized by the family of *Aram*, the son of Shem, and called by his name, *Aram*. But, as the possessions of this tribe included also the plains of Assyria, on the east, the western division was named *Aram-Damesk*, ‘Aram of Damascus’ (2 Sam. viii. 6). In every passage of the Old Testament scriptures, where the word ‘Syria’ appears, the Hebrew is ‘Aram?’ (See Jud. x. 6; 1 Kings x. 29; xi. 25, &c.). Damascus was the first capital of the province. Subsequently, the province was subdivided; and thus, in the days of David, we find ‘Aram-Maachah’—a district around the fountains of the Jordan, at the base of Hermon (1 Chron. xix. 6; 2 Sam. x. 6–8); ‘Aram-Zobah’—a district most probably extending from the right bank of the Orontes, towards Aleppo and the Euphrates (2 Sam. x. 6; viii. 3–5). Both these, however, were included in ‘Aram-Damesk,’ so that, as Isaiah says, the ‘Head of Aram is Damascus’ (vii. 8). To this, corresponds also the *Syria Damascena* of Pliny and the Roman

geographers. Aram-Damesk formed, for a long period, a separate kingdom, which, under the royal line of Hadad, often waged successful wars against the Israelites (2 Chron. xxiv.). It was finally overthrown by the Assyrians, under Tiglath-pileser, in B. C. 750 (2 Kings xvi. 9). The name 'Syria' is, probably, derived from 'Tsur' or 'Sur' (Tyre). The Greeks first became acquainted with that ancient city, and then applied its name somewhat indefinitely to the country.

• The *second* division of the country, including Gilead, all Palestine west of the Jordan, and the mountain-range northward to the mouth of the Orontes, was colonized by the descendants of Canaan, the son of Ham. They never appear to have been united under one chief, or to have acknowledged the pre-eminence of one royal city; but were divided into a number of tribes or clans, not unlike those of the Scottish Highlands. On the south, were the Anakim, 'a people great and tall' (Deut. ii. 10;) and probably related to these, were the Emims and other gigantic races on the east of the Jordan (Id.). The Amorites, who came in, or rose to power, at a later period, conquered, and finally exterminated, these giants. Besides these, there was a host of petty tribes scattered over the land, from the Jebusites on the south, to the Hamathites and Arvadites on the north. The Philistines, also descendants of Ham, emigrated from Egypt at a later period, and settled in the plain along the coast, on the south-west frontier. They were enterprising and warlike, equally feared and hated by the Israelites. They obtained a firm hold of a section of the country,

and gave to it a name which it retains to our day—
PALESTINE.

“Of all the aboriginal inhabitants of this country, the Phœnicians—or Canaanites, as they are called both in the Bible (Jud. i. 31, 32), and on their coins—were the most remarkable alike for their independence, their power, and their enterprise. The principal part, if not the whole, of this people were descended from Sidon, the oldest son of Ham; and the city of Sidon was the first centre and seat of their power. From it colonies went out to Tyre and Arvad; both small islands, and thus well adapted for commerce. The whole coast, from Casius to Carmel, soon became subject to them; and from hence they extended their influence and commerce along the shores of the Mediterranean, and through the islands that dot its surface. Carthage, the rival of Rome, was a Phœnician colony; and so also was Cadiz, on the shores of the Atlantic. They had commercial intercourse with every kingdom of the known world. From every country they imported its peculiar products to be manufactured or bartered in their rich marts. They visited Persia and India, Africa and Russia, Italy and Spain; and a few hardy adventurers even penetrated to that little isle of clouds and terrors—the far distant Britain. The Phœnicians and Damascenes long held between them the whole northern part of Syria. Phœnicia attained its greatest power about B. C. 1050; and it enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity for full 500 years. It was at last forced to submit to the sceptre of Alexander the Great.

“In the 15th century before the Christian era another

tribe or nation appeared upon the stage of Syrian history, and totally changed the state of affairs in Palestine. The Israelites, having completed their weary term of wandering through the wilderness of Sinai, suddenly descended from the mountains of Moab to the banks of the Jordan, more than half a million strong. The fame of their exploits and miraculous deliverances had long preceded them; and the Canaanites, though inured to war, trembled at the thought of this Heaven-led foe. The Israelites themselves came on in confidence, feeling that God would assuredly give them the 'Promised Land.' Gilead and Bashan on the east were first taken; then the waters of the Jordan were miraculously opened for them, and they entered Palestine. A war of extermination was waged, and the people were soon settled in their new possessions. The 'Land of Promise' extended from the Arabian plain to the 'Great Sea,' and from the Desert of Sinai to the 'entering in of Hamath' (Num. xxxiv.; Ez. xlvii.); but the 'Land of Possession' was more limited—it was commonly and correctly described as reaching from 'Dan to Beersheba' (Jud. xxi.) Both Philistines and the Phœnicians remained in possession of the maritime regions.

From the time the Israelites entered Palestine till the appointment of Saul, their first king, their government was a pure Theocracy. God was their leader in all their war of conquest, when the guilty Canaanites were exterminated or expelled. In peace, the judges were God's representatives; in war they were His lieutenants. Their appointment was generally communicated to them by an express message from heaven; their great victories were

gained by miraculous or superhuman interposition; their councils were directed by visions and revelations from on high. Their enemies felt and acknowledged this; and were often compelled to admit that the God of Israel was greater than all the gods. I would only allude for illustration and proof to the histories of Samson, of Gideon, of Deborah, and of Samuel (Jud. xvi., iv., and v.; 1 Sam. vii.)

“But the Israelites demanded a king; and in the year B. C. 1095 Saul, a Benjamite of Gibeah, was elected. After his melancholy death on Gilboa, David, ‘the man after God’s own heart,’ was called to the throne. When he had reigned seven years in Hebron, he captured the stronghold of the Jebusites on Mount Sion, and thenceforth Jerusalem became the seat of government and the capital of Palestine (B. C. 1045). His kingdom being firmly established, he turned his attention to foreign conquests. The Philistines, the hereditary enemies and oppressors of his people, were completely subdued. The warlike tribes that dwelt amid the mountains of Sinai and Edom, and that roamed over the plateaus of Gilead and Bashan, were made tributary. His garrisons occupied the chief towns of Syria; and every prince, from the borders of Egypt to the banks of the Euphrates, was forced to acknowledge his rule. The Phœnicians were the only exception. They excelled in the arts of peace. Their merchants and mariners brought the riches of the east and west to their marts, and carried their manufactures to foreign lands. David was wise as he was powerful. He could gain little by conquering their maritime

territory; but by entering into friendly treaties he could secure the most important advantages to his own nation. He therefore made a treaty with Hiram king of Tyre; and Hiram's workmen built his palace on Zion (2 Sam. v.) Phœnician architects, carpenters, and goldsmiths afterwards erected and adorned the Temple of Solomon (1 Kings v., vii.). Tyrian seamen navigated the fleets of Israel to Spain, Africa, and India (Id. ix. 27; x. 11). The power and influence which David had acquired by his arms, Solomon employed for the acquisition of wealth and the advancement of commerce. He built fleets at Ezion-geber on the Red Sea, to establish a communication with the eastern coast of Africa and the southern shores of India (Id. ix. 26); and he founded 'Tadmor in the Wilderness' to facilitate the overland traffic with Assyria and Persia (2 Chron. viii. 4).

“The building of the temple at Jerusalem made that city the religious as well as the civil capital of the whole land; but unfortunately the vices of royalty soon divided the kingdom. Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, retained only two tribes under his sceptre; while the remaining ten elected Jeroboam, an Ephraimite, as their ruler. To wean the people's affection from Jerusalem, and to prevent the probability of reunion on religious grounds, the latter set up two 'calves,' one at Dan, the other at Bethel, as symbols of Jehovah, to which his subjects might resort for worship (1 Kings xii. 28, 29). These symbols were borrowed, as that in the wilderness had been, from the mythology of Egypt; and, in accordance with a custom of the same country, he united the ponti-

ificate of the new establishment with the crown; thus at once assuming both royal and priestly power (Id. 31-33, and xiii. 1). Jeroboam fixed upon Shechem (now Nâbulus) as the seat of his government. After the murder of his son, Baasha the third king intended to remove to Ramah, as a convenient place for carrying on an aggressive war against Judah; but he was compelled to give up this plan (Id. xv. 17-21). Omri, the fifth from Jeroboam, with an ambition not uncommon in the founder of a new dynasty, built Samaria, which was thenceforth the capital of the kingdom of Israel (Id. xv. 24).

“The wars carried on between Israel and Judah need not here be alluded to; but I shall just glance at those with other nations.

“The great rival of Israel was Damascus. Mutual interests at first united them; but jealousies arose, excited by Judah, which led, under Hazael, to the almost complete subjugation of Israel. But on the death of Hazael, Syria began to decline, and Israel regained its independence. The same power, however, which ‘took away the kingdom from Damascus,’ proved fatal to Samaria. It was captured by the Assyrians (B. C. 721), and the people carried away captive. The conqueror introduced colonies in their place from Babylon, Hamath, and other cities. The colonists practised their own idolatries; and the country being infested with wild beasts, they thought, according to the prevailing idea among heathen nations, that their ignorance of the local deity was the cause. An Israelitish priest was accordingly sent to instruct them in the Jewish faith, which

they appear to have, in a great measure, adopted (2 Kings xvii. 24-33). Such was the origin of the Samaritans, well known in the New Testament, from our Lord's interview with the woman at Jacob's Well. A few families of them still exist in Nâbulus.

“The kingdom of Judah survived that of Israel 133 years; and then it, too, fell before an eastern monarch. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, took Jerusalem, after an eighteen months' siege, sacked and destroyed the city, and led the people captive to the banks of the Tigris. Zedekiah, the last of David's royal line, after losing his eyes at Riblah, was carried in chains to Babylon (2 Kings xxv.). Thus ended the Israelitish monarchy, after having existed more than five hundred years. The temple of Solomon fell with the city, and its sacred vessels were afterwards used in the idolatrous banquets of the conquerors. In the year B. C. 536, Cyrus, having captured Babylon, restored the Jews to liberty, and, in twenty years more, the second temple was dedicated. From this time till Grecian power became paramount in Western Asia, Syria and Palestine were governed by a Persian satrap, resident in Damascus. The Jewish high-priest was made deputy at Jerusalem, and thus a large amount of liberty was there enjoyed. Phœnicia was the only province that rebelled against the foreign yoke; but the Persian power was too great to be resisted by a commercial state. The satrap laid siege to Sidon; and the inhabitants, to avoid falling into his hands, burned the city, their treasures, and themselves (B. C. 350). This

was enough to cause the other towns to yield without a struggle.

“The battle of Issus (B. C. 333) was fatal to the Persian empire, and brought Western Asia under the dominion of a new dynasty and new race. Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine yielded to Alexander the Great, with the exception of Tyre and Ascalon. The siege of the former city was one of the most remarkable operations of the Grecian conqueror. Built on an island, four hundred fathoms from the main land, encompassed by lofty walls, and having a fleet to provide supplies for the garrison, it was deemed impregnable. But Alexander, with the rubbish of the ancient city, which stood on the shore, constructed a causeway to the island, and, in seven months, took the place by storm. Alexander’s causeway converted the island into a peninsula, and thus it still remains. Jerusalem had, in the mean time, been summoned to surrender; but the high-priest replied that he had sworn fealty to Darius, and could not violate his oath. Alexander, enraged at the reply, threatened soon to leave the city in ashes. Accordingly, after the capture of Tyre, he turned to Jerusalem. But when he had reached the mountain brow commanding the city from the west, he was met by a solemn and strange procession. The high-priest, arrayed in his gorgeous pontifical robes, attended by a throng of priests, in the habits of their order, and by a number of the citizens in white, presented himself to the astonished monarch. When he saw the high-priest, he immediately advanced, saluted him, and adored the sacred name inscribed on his mitre. This singular conduct he

thus explained to his followers: 'I adore not the man, but the God with whose priesthood he is honored. When I was at Dios, in Macedonia, pondering how to subdue Asia, I saw this figure in a dream, and he encouraged me to advance, and promised that he would give me the Persian empire. I take this as an omen, therefore, that I have undertaken the expedition by a divine command, and that I shall completely overthrow the empire of Persia.' The Jews then received many important immunities. The Samaritans were not so fortunate, for, in consequence of an act of cruelty, they were expelled from their ancient capital, and forced to take refuge in Shechem, where they still dwell.

“On the death of Alexander his vast empire was thrown into confusion; and his generals, left without a leader, desired, each by himself, to wield the sceptre of the conqueror. After twenty years of war, something like order was restored, and four new kingdoms were established. With two of these only are we concerned—that of the Ptolemies in Egypt, to whom Palestine and Cœlesyria were assigned; and that of the Seleucidæ, who obtained Northern Syria. Seleucus, the first monarch of the latter dynasty, founded the city of Antioch, which for a few centuries supplanted Damascus as capital of Syria. This royal line retained their sovereignty for two hundred and fifty years, and then fell before the power of Rome. Under the mild and encouraging rule of the Ptolemies, the inhabitants of Palestine lived for more than sixty years. Then, however, as wars were waged between the Seleucidæ and the Ptolemies, this unfortunate province

became the theatre of every contest, and alternately the prey of each dynasty. Near the close of the third century B. C. it was wrested from the feeble hand of the infant king of Egypt by the Syrian monarch; and the change was fatal to the peace, and almost to the existence of the Jewish nation. In the year B. C. 170 Antiochus Epiphanes plundered Jerusalem, and defiled the Temple. Two years afterwards, when the Jews had been driven to rebellion by cruelty and murder, he sent his general Apollonius to complete the work of destruction. He arrived at the Holy City; but his fearful errand was not suspected. He remained quiet until the Sabbath, on which day, it was known, the Jews of that age would not fight even in self-defence. The soldiers were then let loose, and scoured the streets, slaughtering all they met. The women and children were spared—to be sold into slavery. Every street of the city, every court of the Temple, flowed with blood. The houses were pillaged, and the city walls laid prostrate. Having strengthened the fortifications of the citadel on Zion, Apollonius placed his garrison there to hold the Temple under command. Neither priest nor layman was permitted to approach the sacred precincts. Then, for a time, ‘the sacrifice and oblation ceased,’ and Jerusalem was left desolate. A decree being shortly afterwards promulgated that all under the sway of Antiochus should conform to Greek idolatry, the Temple was dedicated to Jupiter Olympius, and the altar of God polluted by sacrifices offered to an idol.

“But the savage cruelty and mad policy of the Syrian

monarch at last roused the Jews to revenge. The priestly family of the Asmoneans headed a noble band, who resolved to drive from their country the murderers of their kindred, and the blasphemers of their God, or die in the attempt. For twenty-six years the contest continued; and within that period Judas Maccabæus and his brothers succeeded in establishing the independence of their country, and the supreme authority of their house, after destroying more than two hundred thousand of the best troops of Syria. Accordingly, with the year B. C. 143 the Jews commenced a new era, which is used by Josephus, and in the first book of Maccabees. This independence, however, must be considered more as the enjoyment of their own faith and laws under a native chief, than as perfect freedom from foreign control. It was not so much for absolute independence as for liberty of conscience the Jews had fought. The disturbed state of the Syrian empire, and the wars of rival monarchs, contributed much to the tranquillity of Judæa, and enabled its warlike princes to extend their territory. At the conclusion of the reign of Alexander Jannæus the kingdom of Judæa included the whole of Idumæa, Gadara, Gaulonitis, and a part of Ituræa; while on the north it extended to Carmel, Tabor, and Scythopolis. In this state the Jews remained until the conquest of the whole country by the Romans, when they were made to pay a heavy tribute, still, however, retaining their own rulers. In the year B. C. 34 the last prince of the Asmonean line was murdered by the Roman prefect of Syria, and Herod the Great made king of the Jews. In A. D. 6 Judæa was

placed under the government of a Roman procurator; but the Herodian family continued to exercise royal authority over a part of Central Syria until the time of Agrippa, the last of the line, when the Jews revolted against Rome, and brought upon themselves that fearful war which ended in the capture of their city, the final destruction of their Temple, and the slaughter of more than a million of their race. Judæa was now attached to the province of Syria; and soon afterwards the whole of Syria and Palestine was placed under the direct dominion of a Roman prefect, Antioch being the seat of government.

“In this state, the country continued under the Roman and Byzantine empire, until its conquest by the Mohammedans in A. D. 634. The only circumstances worthy of notice, in a sketch like the present, which is chiefly intended to illustrate the historical geography, are the establishment of Christianity under the first Constantine; and the temporary conquests of the Persians under Chosroes II. in the beginning of the seventh century. Christianity had spread widely over the land before its establishment as the religion of the empire; and the extent, wealth, and architectural taste of the church subsequent to that period may still, to some extent, be seen from the splendid ruins of the sacred edifices in the cities, towns, and villages of Syria.

“The Arabs, under the generals Khâled and Abu Obeidah, first invaded Syria in 633; and only five years afterwards the whole country was conquered, and every city in it garrisoned by their troops. In sixteen years

more Damascus was made capital of the Mohammedan empire, which then extended from the shores of the Atlantic to the confines of India. Syria was densely populated. Her cities scarcely yielded to any in the world in wealth, extent, and architectural splendor. Antioch, Damascus, Palmyra, Heliopolis, Apamea, Gerasa, Bostra, Ascalon, and Casarea, were almost unequalled, as provincial cities, in the wide extent of the Roman empire; but under the withering influence of Islâm their grandeur faded, and their wealth was eaten up. Of these, five are now completely deserted; two are mere villages; Antioch, the capital, is little more; and Damascus alone remains prosperous.

“In the year 750 the dynasty of the Abassides was established, and the Khâlifate removed first to Cufa and then to Baghdad. Henceforth Syria became a mere province of the Mohammedan empire. It remained subject to the Khalifs of Baghdad from this period till the middle of the tenth century, when it was taken by the new rival dynasty of the Fatimites in Egypt. Towards the close of the following century Syria was invaded by the Seljukian Turks, and converted into a division of their empire. The cruelties perpetrated by the fanatics on the poor Christian pilgrims that thronged to Jerusalem roused the spirit of Western Europe, and excited Christian nations to the first ‘Crusade’ against the Infidels. In a short time the mail-clad barons of France and England, headed by Godfrey, were seen winding through the valleys and traversing the plains of Syria. The fierce warriors of the Crescent could not

withstand the steady valor of the 'red-cross knights.' Jerusalem was taken by storm; and the cruelties the Mohammedans had perpetrated on the Christians were now amply avenged (A. D. 1099).

“When the slaughter had ceased, and the Crusaders had soothed their feelings by acts of devotion in the holiest places of a holy city, the necessity of forming a regular government became apparent. Godfrey was at once elected first Christian king of Jerusalem. Bohemond reigned at Antioch; Baldwin, Godfrey's brother, at Edessa; and the Count of Toulouse at Tripoli. Thus was the country parcelled out into Christian principalities, and ruled by the bravest knights of Western Europe. Damascus, however, withstood every assault of the Crusaders; and it is still the boast of the proud Moslem, that its sacred precincts have never been polluted by the feet of an infidel ruler since the day the soldiers of Mohammed first entered it.

“This is not the place for a history of the Crusaders, nor even for a sketch of the changing fortunes of the several cities and provinces the Franks held in this country. I shall only add that they sustained a severe check from Nur-ed-Dîn, a Tartar prince, who seized Damascus and some neighboring cities. But his successor, Saladin, was by far the most formidable opponent the Crusaders ever encountered. After gaining a decisive victory over the Christian army at Hattîn, near Tiberias, he captured Jerusalem (1187), and drove the Franks out of almost every town and fortress of Palestine. Jerusalem was not regained for more than forty years; and even then it was

only acquired by treaty. Soon afterwards Syria was invaded by the shepherd-soldiers of Tartary, under Hologou, the grandson of Gengis Khan, and the whole Christian population of Jerusalem massacred. But after the death of this chief, Bibars, better known in Arabian history as Melek ed-Dihâher, brought Syria under the sceptre of Egypt, and drove the Tartars beyond the Euphrates. His victories were fatal to the declining power of the Crusaders. Almost all their strongholds in Palestine were captured, and Antioch itself soon yielded to his arms. The remaining history of the Crusades is one continued tale of misfortunes. At last, in 1291, Acre was taken by the Mamluke sultan of Egypt; and thus terminated the dominion of the Crusaders in Syria.

“ For more than two centuries after this period, Syria was the theatre of fierce contests, carried on between the shepherd-hordes of Tartary and their brethren, the Tartar-slave sovereigns of Egypt. The most fearful ravages, however, were committed by Timûr (Tamerlane), who invaded the country in the year 1401. Antioch, Emesa, Ba'albek, and Damascus were soon reduced to ashes, and their unfortunate inhabitants either murdered or sold into slavery.

“ In 1517, Syria and Palestine were conquered by Sultan Selim I.; and from that time until our own day, they have formed part of the Ottoman empire. During this period, though the country has been visited by few striking vicissitudes, it has steadily declined in power, wealth, and population. The greater part of its people, oppressed by foreign rulers, who take no interest in commerce or

agriculture, have sunk into the condition of helpless and hopeless slavery. What little energy and spirit remain, are exhausted in party feuds. In 1832, Ibrahim Pasha conquered the country for his father, Mohammed Aly. The iron rule of that wonderful man did much to break down the fanatical spirit which had for ages been a curse to the people. In 1841, through the armed intervention of England, Syria was restored to the Porte."

CHAPTER IV.

THE present inhabitants of Palestine present a queer specimen of a race—a mongrel population, in fact—a commingling, to a greater or less extent, of the early Syrians of the infant years of Christianity and the wild Arabs who came in invading armies under their mighty leaders, the wealthy “Khâlifs of the East.” These latter intermarried, and the present modern inhabitant of Syria bears traces to this day of that amalgamation. This intermarriage, however, could not have existed to a great extent, for the Christian and the Mohammedan Arab differ scarcely at all in feature, but owe their distinctive mark to their dress; the original type of the nation is but slightly altered, and is in all cases discernible.

In travelling through Syria, the tourist must be struck with the ease, grace, and nobleness of manner observable in the Arab—the wild, untutored son of the desert. Go wherever you may in the Holy Land, and these peculiar traits of character you will always see; they are inherent, and none the less valuable qualities. However unlettered his mind—however vagrant his associations and associates—however barbarous his tribe and however desolate or barren his desert or his mountain home—the Beddwy

is ever noble in bearing—ever easy in the presence of others higher in social life, and always assiduously polite to all who may chance to cross his path. Never more was I struck with this, than when our good Sheikh, an illiterate but not *ill-mannered* Beddwy, visited us in Jerusalem at the Prussian Hospice. We invited him to partake of breakfast with us, wishing to see for curiosity's sake how he would behave himself, and to what purpose he would apply his knife and fork; for with these he was not burdened at home in his black goat-skin tent. I made it my especial business to watch him. He accepted our invitation, after a little urging, in a most polished and courtly manner—showing himself, immediately, as one of “Nature's noblemen.” Before he seated himself, he scrupulously washed his hands; and having most devoutly said his prayers, he took his seat with as much quiet and as little awkwardness as if he had, for many years, loitered in the palaces of the rich and the powerful. I saw him regard his knife and fork with a quizzical look, and then cast a quiet, quick glance around the table, as if seeking information. Having satisfied himself how the *inconveniences* were used, he handled them with an ease and skill that would have done credit to an experienced caterer.

Nothing is more impressive than Arab politeness, especially when shown in their salutations. The right hand laid first on the heart, then on the lips, finally on the forehead, speaks in a language more eloquent than tongue can articulate—the Language of Gesture. Sometimes, when high esteem is felt for a person, they press the lips to the hand; and in some cases of extreme reverence,

they kiss the feet. As regards American travellers, or foreigners generally, it is best courteously yet firmly to forbid this, giving, for refusing this testimonial of respect, the best reasons of which you are master. The fact is, they seldom *expect* that you will *permit* this ceremony, though they are apparently willing to show the extent of their esteem by this significant method. If the truth must be told, however, Arab politeness, ready and native as it may be, is made up of meaningless expressions, just as the civilities of other nations—the French, *par exemple*, which are in such general use that we may well consider them stereotyped. And, in the same manner, all his unbounded offers of kindness and extravagant manner of giving you any and everything he has simply for the *love of you*, and not for money, are empty protestations. As an example: the Arab merchant, when asked the price of a most *costly* article, frequently replies, *nothing*, if *you* desire it—for *others*, however, he would demand such and such (naming a most exorbitant price)—but *you* can have it for *love*—it is not the *money* that he requires of *you*. *Beware of such as these*; do not take these lying venders at their word, or you will rue it. One old fellow, from whom I was endeavoring to buy a narghilêh, offered me not only the narghilêh, but his entire stock in trade, his shop, his dwelling-house, half of his *hureem*, all of his money, and, in addition, promised to be my slave *for ever and aye!* but, before I left he had recanted—sold me the narghilêh—and—*cheated me out of eight francs!*

There are a certain class of bigoted old fellows—Muslims—however, who are not guilty towards Chris-

tians—I mean, now, *foreigners from any country*—of any politeness at all. The Muslem of this class is plain and straightforward; he can *not* smother his disgust for an “Infidel” or a “Frank dog,” which are but synonymes, in these far-off lands, for “Christian.” Woe be unto the unlucky traveller who, priding himself on his knowledge of Arabic, scanty or ample, should say to one of these stiff-necked, prejudiced Orientals, “*Salâma 'Aleikum!*” (peace be with you). A Christian has no right, in their eyes, to invoke even *peace* on one of the Chosen of the Faithful—and such an expression will call forth a wrath, which is often unappeased with the tongue, as the only weapon. Those, therefore, who wish a *smooth sea*, had better nurture this hint, and avoid the offending expression. It is well, too, perhaps, to remember that this expression *must not be returned by a Christian, should he chance to be addressed by one of these of the particular kind*. He must choose something more suitable from his vocabulary, if he can command it. If he fail here, a profound salaam—a mumbling of some words, in which “Allah” might be advantageously distributed more than once—and a sanctified revolution of the eyes in the socket, will be sufficient.

Another point very noticeable in regard to these specimens of mankind, is the tendency to *titles*. It breaks somewhat strangely on the foreigner’s tympanum to hear, in the narrow streets of Jerusalem, “Your Excellency”—“Your Highness,” (in Arabic, of course) so often spoken. Turning around to behold his “Excellency,” one’s surprise is often greatly increased at the

sight of a squalid Beddwy, in rags and tatters, who carries an old long-barrelled gun on his shoulder—and his companion as squalid as himself—being the representatives of your highnesses.

The traveller is always addressed as “Saadatak,” which, translated, means “your Highness.” As I have said before, and it might as well be impressed—an Arab’s expression of politeness mean as much spoken to you, as they do gibbered at the moon—nothing. They are used for the occasion, and just in strict accordance to circumstances. They are forgotten as soon as uttered, and their meaning unknown, when spoken. It is well the traveller should bear this constantly in mind—else he may be guilty of some gross blunders—blunders which will make him repent the day he ever saw a *bazaar*.

There is one remarkable trait, observable in the Arab, and one which we must admit is to be much admired—their fearlessness, and when fully aroused, their noble independence. You cannot *force* an Arab to do your bidding, by any menace of which you are master—yet you can lead these wild denizens of the desert with a silken cord. And it needs no coaxing—it is as difficult to move them in this way, as by threats. A kind, gentle, yet dignified and firm demeanor, I repeat again, is the all necessary element for a correct course of conduct. Above all things, if you would not rouse the sleeping fires of an Arab’s anger, avoid high words and menacing looks—but, while you are kind and lenient, never allow an undue familiarity. The Arab resembles in this respect many of the slaves of the Southern United States; they

think any appearance of familiarity with them betrays weakness of mind, and they are far from being slow at seizing the opportunity to impose on you.

The inhabitants of Syria, *all*, possess a religion; it is their chiefest and oftentimes only inheritance; regarding which, they are generally proud and fanatical. Each religionist is known by some peculiarity in dress—or rather, more properly speaking, almost every *region* is represented by a different garb, and these different garbs generally indicate different faiths. Thus the wild Beddwy goes about almost unprotected. He has simply a large loose *abba* thrown over his shoulders, while his head is covered with a flowing cloth called the *kufi'iyeh*, which is bound in its place with a rope of camel's hair. The gentleman inhabitant of the city sports long flowing robes of silk, a snow white turban, and red slippers; the mountaineer of the Lebanon Range wears stout short trowsers, gathered just below the knee, and a closely fitting and light turban, &c., &c.

The religions of the land are various, and may be stated as follow—first, Mohanmedan—second, Christians—third, Druzes—fourth, Jews—and fifth, Turks; all are represented and all have devoted followers, each equally proud and confident concerning his particular faith. Many indeed are the wrangles consequent upon this bigoted state of belief. I will briefly glance at each of these sects, and first will consider, in inverse order, the *Turks*. These in my humble opinion form the very dregs of the land. Weak physically and morally, effeminately timid, low, base, and dishonest (unless *poor*) cowardly, avari-

icious, extortionate—they are indeed to be despised of all; and yet these are the despots of the land, who grind down with an iron heel the poor subject—the *far nobler man!*—the rude Beddwy. Office-holding in Syria is but a name—and a *fearful name* it is. The Turk of course fills this office; he who is richest gets the Pashâlic, and then he is at liberty to extort what he may from those under him. The poor creatures have no one to whom they can flee for protection—no law is there to spread over them its guardian wing; and it is to be much wondered at, that a revolution has not long since broken forth and hurled down the tyrannical rulers from their thrones. Indeed, it is yet to be hoped that this will be an event which shall not be postponed an hundred years. Singular indeed that some potent Protestant power of Europe does not take this mighty question of man's thralldom into consideration.

Whenever the Turk is poor or kept from office—the former sure to be true unless the latter be the case—then he is honest and more to be respected. Indeed the best traits of character in Syria are found among the lower orders of society. Fortunately the rule of any pasha is short—some one will *outbid* him, and then he falls a victim to the bowstring or dagger. But while he is in office his gains are inordinately great, no matter through what channel, or by what instrumentality obtained. It will be seen then, such being the state of affairs socially and politically, that the Turk is not overburdened with love for country; so that *his own ends* are advanced, he cares not for the weal or woe of the empire, unless indeed that

weal or woe involves him. The necessary consequence of this feeling is that nowhere do we see anything like the work of internal improvement—the development of natural resources—nor even a feeling manifested to that end. Everywhere dilapidation and decay mark the country and offend the eye; the squalid streets of Jerusalem, the filth of Bethany, the poverty of Jaffa, attest the truth that Syria is of all lands the “curst.” There is only one redeeming city, that I know of in Syria, possessing a higher grade than the generality of cities of the Holy Land—but *it* is elevated by the presence of foreign dignitaries and trade from abroad. The English and American element has done much, morally speaking, particularly towards elevating in the social scale beautiful Beirût. Even in the streets of this, what might be justly esteemed the capital of Syria, are many disgusting features which time, aided by foreign influence, must and will sooner or later expel.

The JEWS form an interesting feature of remark in Palestine and Syria. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago they were driven forth from their native soil, and since that time the peculiar cast of countenance characteristic of this down-trodden people has been observed in every land beneath the sun. How strikingly true is prophecy! The poor Jew yet clings to Jerusalem—his mother—with astonishing affection; and the many rude slabs that scar the sides of Mount Olivet, tell piteous and mournful tales, far more pathetically than words can portray. About twenty-five thousand Jews inhabit Syria and Palestine, yet they are very different among themselves in customs and manners;

those inhabiting Jerusalem, Tiberias, Sâfét, and Hebron, are all foreigners, who have wandered back to the homes of their ancestors, that their dust might repose beneath the turf of their long-lost and once happy land. *They* number between eight and nine thousand, and are as abject as they well can be. But many Jews living in Damascus and other places of Syria, are Arabs in everything—in dress, occupation, customs—except in *religion*. They are natives of the land, and many enjoy the highest influence, especially as moneyed men. Yet a cruel fortune—a fortune incident to the race—seems to follow even them; a Jew may be to-day a millionaire (in Syria)—to-morrow he may be, not only penniless, but—a *dead man*. Singular is that curse, and more strangely true—if indeed we *can wonder* at the workings of the Divine Hand—is that curse fulfilled. A case in point I find recorded in a work on the East which I here give. “The head of the chief Jewish family in Damascus was, in the beginning of the present century, the banker and prime minister of the notorious Jezzâr, Pacha of Acre. He was for a time the actual ruler of a large section of Syria; but the scene was soon changed. He first lost an eye because he was proud—then the nose because he was handsome—then the head because he did not please his master.”

The Christians of Syria and Palestine are composed chiefly of the members of the Greek church, and of Papal divisions called the Greek-Catholic and Syrian-Catholic schism. The Greek church predominates considerably; it numbers one hundred and sixteen thousand—the entire Christian population amounting to three

hundred and twenty-four thousand souls. They possess the finest churches, and their ceremonies are the most imposing of any sect in the Holy Land. The Greek chapel in the Church of the Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, is really a beautiful and costly chamber, and compares well with those of Rome, Florence, and other Italian cities. They have neither statues nor images, as we see in the churches of Italy and of Continental Europe generally. I did not even see a common wooden crucifix; but they possess many paintings, and some of the rarest style of art. The clergy possess no college for the education of their members, and the simple ordination is all that is required. They have several fine schools, however, and their course of instruction is of a high grade; one of the best of these schools is located about a half mile west of Jerusalem; the building used is the old Convent of the Cross, rejuvenated. Russia, to whom the church looks as its grand protectress, has showered on it many kindnesses in the well-appearing shape of yellow gold; it is, indeed, that country which erects the public buildings, and supports the schools of the Greek Church. There is one singular condition upon which, together with certain other requisitions, a member from the *laity* becomes one of the *clergy*—he *must* marry.

The Greek Church is simply Greek in name—Greek, merely because its members profess the Greek or Oriental faith; for almost every man is a native Syrian, as I have taken pains to learn. The *higher clergy*, however, are nearly all foreigners, and are but little acquainted with the Arabic language. The Greek portion of this church

and the Greek-Catholic of the Papal schism, are the only sects in Western Asia which have services in their own tongue; it is considered a great privilege.

The Greek Church has two *patriarchites*—one at Jerusalem, which “includes the whole of Palestine and the country east of the Jordan, and has under it the following bishoprics: Nazareth, 'Akka (Acre), Lydda, Gaza, Sebaste, Nâbulus, Philadelphia, and Petra. Among these, the bishop of 'Akka is the only prelate who resides in his diocese; all the others in Jerusalem. The patriarch generally resides at Constantinople.” The other patriarchite is at Antioch, the patriarch of which usually resides at Damascus—and “includes (in Syria) the eight bishoprics of Beirût, Tripoli, Akkâr, Laodicia, Hamâh, Hums, Saidnâya, and Tyre.” These two patriarchites are under the jurisdiction of the Primate of Constantinople. The ritual of the Greek Church differs (in Syria) from the Romish, “in the calendar—the procession of the Holy Spirit—rejection of a purgatory—communion in both kinds—exclusion of images from sacred buildings, and the marriage of the secular clergy”—making a number of six articles of difference. It is in the Greek Church, as a sect—as the reader will find farther on in this work, that the miserable *façey deception* of the holy fire is performed.

The best informed men of any Christian sect in Syria, may be found among the followers of John Maron, who founded the order of the *Maronites*; this sect originated about the latter part of the *sixth* century, I believe, and increased greatly in numbers in a very short space of time.

Several centuries later, however, they swore allegiance to the Pope, and have been his warmest and most faithful friends and adherents ever since. Yet they differ in some important points with the Latin ritual: their saint's name cannot be found in the calendar; *any candidate for the priesthood can marry*; and their ecclesiastical language is Syriac.

The Maronites, although inhabiting many small and several large towns in Syria, yet may be said to have their dwelling-place chiefly in the Lebanon range, which, however rough and craggy, owing to the industry and skill of this sect, may be justly styled the "Garden of Syria." In the deep and romantic dells, and on the lofty and beetling brow of the flinty precipices, this bold mountaineer-sect lives and rears its convents and institutions of mercy. Their Patriarch resides in the mountain gorge of Kadîsha, not far from the celebrated "Cedars." The Maronites, in proportion to numbers, it is said, possess more convents than any other known sect. Their bitterest foes seem to be the Druzes, who, though considerably less in numbers, are far more warlike than their agricultural neighbors. In Syria they hesitated not to say that this order—the Druzes—is instigated to acts of violence by the under-hand deviltry of the Turkish government—what end to gain I am ignorant. Gregory XIII. founded a college (the Holy See) in Rome for the education of the chosen of the Maronite youth; and two brothers, whose joint fame alone is sufficient to raise the intellectual standard of their church, here received their learning.

J. A. and J. S. Asseman were Maronites, and were two of the most celebrated scholars and authors in the Orient.

There is a native college or high school belonging to this order situated in the district of Kisrawân in the Lebanon, at a place called, if I mistake not, 'Ain Warkah, or, as sometimes spelt, simply Warkah. It stands well as a native institute. The entire number of Maronites in the East rises to the figure of 220,000.

There is yet another *small* sect which, on account of the paucity of its numbers, and of the insignificant rank it holds among the other more powerful faiths, it is almost out of place to mention; yet what *there is* of these people, they are known to be a brave and industrious class. I refer to the Jacobins of Syria, whose stronghold is in a small town not far from Damascus, the name of which has escaped me. Their Patriarch, who is their head, resides in Mesopotamia; their ecclesiastical language is Syriac, which is understood to a greater or less extent among the people: from this fact they sometimes style themselves *Syrians*.

The Mohammedans, or the real rulers of the land, form the largest portion of the community. Their faith leads them to look down with disdain on all other sects—to be proud, fanatical, and overbearing. The upper class of Mohammedans, or those inhabiting cities, are generally effeminate and weak, physically and morally—attributable perhaps to precocious marriages or excessive animal indulgences. The Mohammedan *inhabitant of the country* is a different person altogether, save in religion; he is strong, active, energetic, and worthy of a better position

in life. There is one good feature observable in respect to this sect—Mohammedans, of *all* classes, are very hospitable; their offers of kindness are generally sincere, too.

Mohammedans are divided into several sects, chief among which is the orthodox Mohammedan, or Sonmites (Traditionists), “that is, in addition to the written word of the Koran, which they acknowledge with all others, they recognise the authority of the *Sonna*—a collection of traditional sayings and anecdotes of the prophet, which is a kind of supplement to the Koran, directing the right observance of many things omitted in that book.” Besides the orthodox Mohammedans, there are at least three other divisions or branches, all claiming to be the followers of Mohammed—namely, the Metâwileh, the Ansairîyeh, and the Ismâîliyeh; the first reside in the district of Ba'albeck, near the village of Hurmûl, on the west bank of the river Orontes, and on the southern slope of Lebanon. They believe in Aly as the true Khâlîf, and reject the *Sonna*, and are particularly scrupulous as regards cleanliness. Their ceremonial observances are very rigid. Too much familiarity gives decided offence; a dignified, upright course of conduct should be aimed at. Our ends will be thus more readily gained. It is said by some who are well acquainted with their habits, that they will for ever throw aside a cup which has been used by one of another faith—fancying contamination, of course.

Relative to the Ansairîyeh, some doubt has existed whether they may be classed as disciples of Mohammed or not;—but by the Assemanns it is stated that they are

about half Mohammed, and half Christian. They are a race more to be *feared* than *liked*—as their hands are often stained with blood. They live north of the Lebanon range near to Antioch. “They believe in the transmigration of souls; and observe in a singular, perhaps idolatrous manner, a few of the ceremonies common to the Eastern Church.” Their religion, in fine, to say as much as we know of it, is a mystery. The same can be said of the Ismailiyeh. They are the remains of what was known in the time of the Wars of the Cross as *Assassins*. Their capital or grand rendezvous for the *clan*—for it is nothing more nor less—is in the mountains west of Hamâh.

The Druzes (*el-Deruz*, in Arabic) are the most important people, representing *any* faith, in Syria. They are the *pretended* allies of England, and promised that nation, some years ago, to become Christians. It was simply, however, to gain the national protection of that power. They are known to be scheming, and will use truth and mendacity alike, as regards their interest and convenience. They are quite a warlike people, and are noted for their blood-thirstiness, especially when urged on by revengeful motives. They occupy the southern portion of the Lebanon range, and are represented to a small extent in Damascus and several small villages. The Druzes are divided religiously into the 'Okkâl and the Jukkâl, or the *initiated* and the *uninitiated*. The former are by far the most influential; the secrets of the order, the holy books, &c., &c., are kept by them only. They superintend the secret meetings of the fraternity—which *secret meetings* indeed are now thought to be less of a religious, than of

a *political* nature. They hate the Maronites, and are willing to wage war on *them* to the knife. One Hâkim, a notorious Egyptian of the Fatimite dynasty, it is said first propagated the faith of the Druzes, before the tenth century. He was followed by a wild fanatical Persian at a still later date, who proclaimed the views of Hâkim with uncommon ardor—so much so, in fact, that his raving fanaticism drove him from Egypt to the far off Mt. Hermon, where in time he became the actual founder of the Druze faith. Of this faith, mode of worship, and tenets, we know almost nothing. De Lacy accidentally obtained a few of their books, from which he gleaned the following facts as regards their confession of faith—to wit:—

“1. The Unity of God, and his manifestation of Himself to men, in the persons of several individuals, the last of whom was Hâkim.

“2. Five superior spiritual ministers always existing. These have also appeared in the persons of men at various periods. The chief of them were Hamza and Christ.

“3. The transmigration of souls. The souls of men never pass into animals.

“4. The belief in a period when their religion shall be triumphant—Hâkim shall reign, and all others be subject to him for ever.

“5. The seven points of Islâm are set aside, and the following substituted:—1. Veracity (to each other). 2. Mutual protection and aid. 3. Renunciation of all other religions (implying persecution of others). 4. Profession of the unity of Hâkim (as God). 5. Con-

tentment with his works. 6. Submission to his will. 7. Separation from those in error and from demons."

It is observed that the Druzes build their monasteries and houses of worship in retired places, though always conspicuously, as on high hills—to gain complete privacy I suppose. Their numbers amount to nearly 80,000.

What we mean by Syria and Palestine is that grand section of country lying on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, extending from the peninsula of Sinai on the south to far off Asia Minor in the north—the Great Arabian Desert bounding its eastern border; or it lies between $31^{\circ} 30'$ and 37° north latitude. Its greatest length thus being 360 geographical miles, its breadth 50 to 100, and possessing an area of 28,000 square miles. The surface formation of the country is generally simple, though its different sections present widely varying and different scenery. For example, among the mountain ranges of the north, in the deep dingles and yawning chasms of Lebanon, the landscape is bold, striking, and grand; while the low, flat, sandy districts of the south—the Plain of Sharon for instance—are uninviting and barren in scenery. A mountain range made of divers chains runs throughout the entire length of the country; and near the "entering in of Hamath," not far from Beirût, stern and awe-inspiring Lebanon lifts itself up 10,000 feet above the sea, and frowns down in sullen grandeur on those once fair and famed, but now sunken cities of the Plain—Tyre and Sidon, Gebal and Berytus. What a change and a contrast these places must now present to their magnificence and splendor long

buried beneath the wreck of rolling centuries! It is mournful to contemplate the miserable debris of what these cities once were; their glory has departed, and, withers now beneath the curse of offended Deity, they moulder away in the shadow of haughty Lebanon.

Grouped by themselves, solitary and completely alone, on the highest terrace that graces the craggy slopes of Lebanon, are the far-famed "Cedars." Their number is now small, and the rude blasts which howl through their white arms tell us, they too, soon will be gone.

As we come down towards the south, Philistia is spread before us, and the broad and fertile Sharon—stretching from the base of the southern section of the Lebanon range for the space of one hundred and fifty miles—opens its vast and pleasing panorama to our view. I never saw a *sterner* scene of beauty than is presented in the extended champaign of Sharon; the soil here, must even *now* teem with qualities indicative of the highest fertility. Its broad bosom sparkling with ten millions of beautiful and many-colored flowers, presented the grandest sight I ever beheld—truly it was the mammoth floral carpet of nature. The ridge of the Anti-Lebanon commences twenty-five miles east of Lebanon, and runs parallel with the latter. Its general height is not so great as Lebanon, yet snow-capped Hermon, belonging to the chain, rivals in grandeur any peak in Syria. It is generally conceded that this range terminates about eight or nine miles north of the Sea of Tiberias. Besides these there are other mountains of note and size—those of Gilead lying along the east of Jordan, which join the Moab mountains in the region of

the Dead Sea. It was through these cliffs the Israelites marched on their way to the Promised Land—and it was from Nebo, belonging to this range, that Moses beheld those broad fields and stretching plains which he was not permitted to enter—the land “flowing with milk and honey.” Yet another group of mountains deserves attention—that of Jebel Haurân, bordering on Bashan, a long way to the east of the Sea of Galilee;—on the slopes of these mountains are many magnificent ruins, some in the finest state of preservation.

But without doubt the grand physical feature of the country is the great valley running from north to south. It seems to be the result of some grand geological convulsion. Antioch, Hamath, and Emesa stood in it; and from it went forth much of the enlightenment of those days far gone. As far down as the valley of Coelesyria this immense gorge actually forms the bed of the river Orontes. In this valley also rests the Dead Sea—the mystery of mysteries—whose history and correct explanation of its singular phenomena have puzzled the wisest of men. In this connection I am proud to say our own country has done more towards enlightening the public mind relative to this waveless sheet, than any other nation on the globe. On the far off shores of this desolate sea our vernacular has been spoken, and our banner has here floated on the breezes of Palestine. But its broad folds covered none but a body of working men—men who, by sanction of their government, had gone to that distant clime to aid in distributing a quota of knowledge to the world concerning this wonderful handiwork of nature’s

God. Lieutenant Lynch and his indefatigable party have won for themselves an enviable fame for the eminent services they rendered to mankind, by delving into this *desolate secret* of far away Judea.

Chief among the rivers of Palestine stands of course the God-consecrated Jordan. In its waters Jesus of Nazareth was baptized, and over it passed the hosts of the Israelites. One of the most striking physical features of the Jordan is the fact that its level is far below that of the Mediterranean. It has in reality three sources—one near the ancient Cæsarea—Philippi, on the south side of Hermon—the second near the western base of this mountain, and the third on the plain of Hûleh. They all three coalesce in one, and empty into the “waters of Merom” of the Bible. It takes its course through the little Sea of Galilee, and continues down the great valley, of which we have spoken, towards the Sea of Tiberias and the Dead Sea; between which two localities—a distance of sixty miles or thereabout—there is a fall of over six hundred feet. Throughout its greater length the Jordan has two separate and distinct banks, and lower down towards its farther end it has three. Lieutenant Lynch, writing in this connection, says—“The high alluvial terraces on each side were everywhere shaped by the action of the winter rains into numbers of conical hills, some of them pyramidal and cuneiform, presenting the appearance of a giant encampment, so perfectly tent-like were their shapes. * * * * The banks were fringed with the laurustinus, the oleander, the willow, and the tamarisk; and further inland, on the slope of the second terrace, grew a

small species of oak and the cedar. The arbutus was mingled with the flowers of the plain." The total length, air-line, of the Jordan is ninety-six miles—though should we reckon each meandering, the distance would be increased to over two hundred miles.

The Litâny is a beautiful stream, and of considerable importance. In regard to its name, some contention has existed; some say it should be, *not* Litâny, but *Leontes*. Dr. Porter, whom I take to be the best authority on Syria and Palestine, prefers Litâny, and I have so recorded it. The river has its source somewhere near the site of ruined Ba'albek, flows its rugged way through a wild gorge in Lebanon, and finally empties into the Mediterranean, fifty miles from its source.

The Orontes is a fine river, and if superiority in size should give it priority of notice, it should have been mentioned before the Litâny; it is next in size to the Jordan. This stream apparently runs *backwards*, and hence the Arabs call it *el-Maklûb* (*the inverted*). From the far-off foot of the Anti-Lebanon it rises, and after turning on itself once or twice, and running throughout its length a most singular course, it finally and abruptly falls into the Mediterranean Sea near Seleucida. It is longer than the Jordan or the Litâny, being about two hundred miles from source to mouth.

The fourth river is the most beautiful, and, it is said, the most useful stream in Syria. It is the Abana of Scripture, or, more properly, the *Barada* of the Arabs. It arises in the Anti-Lebanon, courses through the mountains to the plain of Damascus, runs through this plain,

and finally empties into the lake el-Kibliyêh. Its course is through a fertile and prosperous country (comparatively), and many villages border on its banks.

The Pharpar (or rather, those streams making this river) arises at the base of Mt. Hermon, runs almost due east, and, after a wild and picturesque course through the Plain of Damascus, tumbles into the lake of Hîjâneh. It is a beautiful stream. Well might the haughty Naaman interrogatively reply to the prophet: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" (2 Kings v.)

With the end of this chapter is finished all that I think necessary to give, in such a brief introduction as has been spread before the reader in the preceding chapters.

Chapter V. commences my journal, to which reference has been made in the preface.

CHAPTER V.

*At sea. Mediterranean, French ship Quirinal. }
Monday Eve, February 14th, 1859. }*

THIS Journal is written on the heaving bosom of the Mediterranean. Once again my foot has left “the dry land,” and I am embarked on the wide waste of waters! God protect me in my wanderings! The day has been spent by me in various places and modes. Early this morning I made final arrangements with my passport—had it visèed—settled my bill at the *locanda*—and was cheated by my rascally courier, Petinelli, out of some thirty *carlini*. relative to my pistol purchased for my Syrian tour. These guides are a cunning set of fellows; and, to avoid being badly imposed on by them, the traveller must keep his eyes open and wits about him. A few days since, I called near the Palais Royal, at a gunsmith’s, and decided to take a handsome pistol. Petinelli told me that I had better leave the weapon at the shop until the morning I should sail, as without a government permit I could not take the pistol with me while I resided in Naples. I consented to be *guided* by his advice, and deposited two Neapolitan piastres, for *bonne confiance*. Never mistrusting any rascality, I called this morning at the gunsmith’s, on my way to the

steamer. What was my surprise, when I was told that Petinelli had been there, according to my orders *he said*, and taken my two piastres, alleging I wished not the pistol! The rascal had bid me good-bye in the morning, before I arose, saying he had to leave early with an American family for Capri, and had to say farewell then. But I will remember him when I return to Naples. So much for misplaced confidence!

I left a card of good-bye for my dear old friend—of Paris memory, who is stopping at the Hotel d'Angleterre—and then continued up the *Chiaia*, and laid in a stock of medicines likely to be needed in the East. But the hours wore on, and finally the time for sailing drew near; our party said good-bye to Naples, and repaired to the wharf. Here we were again cheated by an official, who wished to examine our trunks. S. was quite angry, and came near tossing the fellow into the bay; but at last we shoved off, and after a long pull, for the sea was rough and angry, we reached the steamer. Here my good friend, Frank G., who had accompanied us to the gangway, bade us a sorrowful adieu, and kept his seat in the boat. Poor fellow! he hated to part with me, very much; and loth was I to say good-bye to him. We have been together now so long—have traversed France, Belgium, Prussia, Germany, and Italy together—and, moreover, he and myself were the *first movers* in this Holy Land expedition. But it could not be helped; a hard squeeze of the hand—a long embrace—a smothered “God bless you!” and he tore himself away. I am in hopes he will join us at

Valetta, in Malta, where *we* will be compelled to tarry eight days. * * * * *

And so I have once again turned my "anxious prow" towards a more distant land, and my back is still on my republican country, far towards the sunset. Yes, America has been left, the continent of Europe has sunken from my sight, and I am wandering yet on the face of the deep. The ruins of buried Herculaneum and of exhumed Pompeii—the gay Chiaia, and the crowded Toledo of Naples—Vesuvius with its smoking crest and fiery cataracts, with the placid bay spread wide at its base—are far in the distance. Shall I ever see them again, and wander amid those scenes made so interesting to me by classic associations? Many miles of watery waste have to be crossed before I again rest my eyes on that spot where rises the tomb of the Prince of Latin poets, and God only knows whether I shall ever again return to that city I left five hours since.

We are on the French steamer, Quirinal, a fine boat belonging to the line of the *Messageries Impériales*; and are comfortably fixed. We broke our wheel, or something connected with it, about two hours since, and for a time, there was some confusion; but the promptness of the officers has enabled us to be under way again, and now we are nobly dashing on once more. It is a wild, dark, stormy night, and the water is very rough. I hope the Quirinal will be equal to her duty. The wind whistles in an awful manner through the rigging, and the sudden, jerking motion indicates that the ship labors. I just can

manage to write my journal. The sun set to-night behind a cloud.

At Sea, south of Messina—steamer Quirinal. }
Tuesday, February 15th, 1859. }

This has been a most rough and disagreeable day. Nothing but toss, pitch, and tumble. The Quirinal is not as sea-worthy as I at first thought. She labors heavily, and sometimes seems as if she would be knocked abeam-ends. I hope for the best. I have not, as yet, been sea-sick, though to-day, when leaving Messina, and running through the famous pass of Scylla and Charybdis, of classic memory, I came near falling a victim to the sea-monster—so, to avoid *paying tribute*, I hurried on deck, and escaped. All around me are suffering much, and nothing but continued whoops and sighs of agony or of relief, salute my ear as I write these words. Of course, under the circumstances, one must be excused if his subject-matter is not good, and the manner in which he handles it, worse. Some think it an indication of health to be susceptible to sea-sickness. For my part, I believe the assertion. The motion of the ship creates an unnatural motion, and an organ sufficiently sensitive, should feel its effects. I am in *bad* health at present, and generally am never *sick*: at sea—that is, from the rolling motion of the ship—in other words, sea-sick. Be this as it may, I cannot now discuss the subject. During the night through which we have just lived, we had very rough weather, and the briny waves dashed from stem to stern over the Quirinal. But we survived all; and, despite the

weather, early this morning, we cast anchor in the harbor of Messina, in Sicily.

We wished to go ashore and look around, but passport regulations were so stringent as to deter us. So we contented ourselves with walking the deck, and gazing at the grand mountain ranges of the Calabrian coast, where tier after tier rose the lofty ridges of granite, until they seemed to touch the red sky. It is a grand, wild, sublime-appearing country, and I should like much to ramble through its valleys, mountain gorges, and over its rocky heights. That pleasure must be reserved for my return trip. We laid plan on plan as to our future operations in the East, and feel ourselves now thoroughly advised as to our mode of action to pursue when we reach the far-off, down-trodden land of the lost tribes of Israel. I might as well here mention those composing our party, as they will figure to a certain extent in this my journal, hereafter to be filled out. My original party on the European continent have all left me now; some to journey in other parts of the old world, and some to return to their far-off homes in America. The present party with which I am, joined me by agreement in Naples. The one is a young Dr. S., from Savannah, Georgia. He is already an old friend of mine, being my constant companion in the pest ward of La Charite Hospital in Paris. He was to join me in Naples, and was there punctually. He came by the port of Marseilles, and while in that city he stumbled over a German; a nice old fellow he is. S. found out, in speaking to him in his native *Deutsch*, that *Meinher* was bound on a pilgrimage to the far-off Holy City—Jerusa-

lem. The two immediately became *confrères*. Meinherr delights in the name of Johannis Montag, and is from Berlin. So we three make the party, and a right sociable one it is. It would be more so, were it not that Meinherr is profoundly ignorant of every language save his own; but as S. and myself both understand a smattering of the *lingo* of *Vaterland*, we get along well enough.

On the boat, to-day, I made the acquaintance of a Mr. G., from Texas. He is an agreeable young fellow, and was acquainted with my brother-in-law at the West Point Military Academy. He, his wife, and cousin are, like myself, journeying ultimately to Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. We sailed from the harbor of Messina this afternoon, at four o'clock. In spite of our wishes that the storm at sea would lull, it has continued; and directly we were free from the shelter of the harbor, we knew that the weather was rough. At the hour I write (nine, P. M.) it is yet rougher, and has every inducement, and promises every indication, of becoming more so. Meinherr and S. have both succumbed to *stress of weather*, and by *unloading their stomachs*, are endeavoring to "right ship." I am fearful myself of soon being laid low; and I will take Mr. G.'s invitation, and indulge in a rough-and-tumble promenade on what may *now* be most properly called the *hurricane deck*.

Malta Cross Hotel, Valetta, Malta. }
 Wednesday, February 16th, 1859. }

After a most awful stormy, squally night, during the long hours of which I heard more than one "*Ach! mein Gott!*" from Meinherr, we arrived safely, this morning

at ten A. M., in the harbor of Valetta, Malta. And here we had to disembark. The trouble of arranging our *port-habits* and sacks was soon through with, and having slipped some *pauls* into the hand of our good steward, Baptiste, we took a boat, and, being thoroughly wetted by the flying spray, finally landed on this bleak island, midway between Europe and Africa. Climbing the high bluff along the shore, I never enjoyed a lovelier, or rather a grander sight than that which the rough, angry, dark and white chopped sea presented, stretching out as far as the eye could reach. I gathered some flowers which were blooming plentifully around, and was struck by their sweet odor. Under the guidance of Michele Pisanni, after climbing the steps in the street of Santa Lucia, we entered this—the Malta Cross Hotel, kept by the individual mentioned. After much wrangling between us, all three being determined to frown down cheating of every description, for which we were warned native Maltese are noted, we finally concluded to take rooms. We are now most comfortably fixed, and, as Meinherr, seated over the other side of the spacious hearth, mutters something about “*Gott in himmel!*” I suppose he is returning thanks to the All-Wise, and agrees with us that it is more pleasant here, with the odor of a nice supper stealing through the closed door, than it was in the wet cabin of the pitching Quirinal. Even already, our future destination is known, and we have been bored and vexed very much by guides who wish us to take them as drago-men, to serve us in our Syrian trip, and we fourteen hundred miles from Jaffa! Completely ignorant, how-

ever, as yet, how to proceed, and not believing a single word they say, we are undecided how to act. In looking over the recommendations of one of these fellows, I was surprised to see the name of J. H. S., Philadelphia,—a gentleman I know well, at sight. *This* is no spurious recommendation, at all events. I have sent to Mr. G., of Texas, who has stopped at a different hotel, to see if he will unite with our party in taking said dragoman. At last we are started, and fairly too, on our expedition—nothing, now, can turn us back. It is my *haven* of *travelling desire*, at all events, to stand under the shadow of the Temple, and walk the streets of the City of the Great King. 'Tis singular—ha! what is the matter? S. insists it is time to retire to our chambers, and Meinherr simply ejaculates, though he knows nothing of English, understanding S. by intuition, I suppose—“*Ja, ich bin sehr schlafrig also—Gott in himmel!*” and so I must close, though I feel like scribbling more, inasmuch as Morpheus has not yet claimed me as his subject, and I am seated by a most genial fire. The cold winds that creep up the narrow street out there, seem inconsistent with the gay flowers blooming on the beach, and with the ripe fruit—oranges that fill the fruit-stands in the streets. Another most decided and prolonged *twanging* yawn from Meinherr's capacious jaws, once more reminds me that soon it will be time to sleep.

Malta Cross Hotel. }

Thursday, February 17th, 1859. }

The close of this day finds me once again at my Journal. It is often my solace and only comfort!

And so we have spent one whole day in Malta! We commenced operations this morning, or rather operations were commenced by S., who awoke me, saying I was talking secrets in my sleep. I thanked him, and arose. We descended to breakfast, much refreshed by our slumber, and soon, Meinherr, who had risen long before we had, and had attended *matins*, came in, his face radiant with rosy tints, gained by exposure to the frosty atmosphere, and wreathed with smiles—the effect of the pleasant sight of the good meal before us. Herr Montag is a strict religionist in his peculiar faith, Roman Catholic, and never lets an opportunity pass unimproved when he can bend his knee to the Holy Virgin. He is travelling to Jerusalem, be it known, for the sole purpose of devotion during the coming Easter holidays, when the Holy City is thronged with palmers from every land. Some two months ago, Meinherr fell sick, and came nigh unto death. His sixteen years of huzzar life, in camp and field, had tended to estrange his thoughts from his Maker, and Meinherr sagely inferred his sickness was a Providential visitation, and made a sacred vow, should he be spared this time, he would do penance for his evil deeds, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. He is on his way to fulfil that vow now, and it will remain to me, I hope, to record in this journal that good Meinherr lived up to his vows.

Having finished a most substantial breakfast, we sallied out to take a look at the fine old town of Valetta, called after the gallant Templar, who so nobly defended it years ago from the Turkish forces in 1565. We were

much struck with the means of defence in the shape of fortification on fortification, rising on each other, until nothing is seen from a short distance but the dark mouths of cannon with which the ramparts bristle. Malta, geographically, is situated finely for an insular and commanding fortress. Gibraltar is the key to the *entrance* of the Mediterranean; but Malta, accessible easily to “three quarters of the globe, and having its situation in the centre of the *Middle Sea*,” is the key to the sea itself, and the shores of the rich countries bordering thereon. Its harbors, particularly those at Valetta, are very fine, and afford safe anchorage to largest class ships. The soft nature of the stone which abounds to a great extent in the island favored much the erection of the giant fortification—the largest *artificial* protection in the world—that frowns on all sides of the island. As Major Porter of the British army well says, the fortifications of Malta are not the work of one man—one ruler in the band of brothers who made it their home—but rather it is a mighty *patch-work*: to which every Grand Master, zealous in the cause of the Order, and desirous of leaving behind him some substantial monument to perpetuate his name, added a *patch*. Thus it grew up successively. It may be as well to mention here that St. Michael and St. Elmo were the first forts erected on this island. Could the rude rocks and their many crannies and deep indentations into which the sea rolls its incessant thunder speak, what a tale could Malta tell—more graphic, thrilling, more touching and pathetic than that told by the historian. The cry of war and the clash of steel have often echoed

over this little speck in the ocean. The Turkish scimitar has here reflected the flash of the knight's heavy sabre; the crescent has waved alongside the white cross banner of the Christian soldiers of St. John of Jerusalem; and the shout of Allah and the Prophet has been answered by the Templar's battle-cry—"The one and the true God!"

Of course Malta is invested with interest in the eyes of historians and readers, as being the long abiding-place and final resting-spot of that noble band of men who won for themselves a name in the far-off times of the Crusades—the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Knights Templars. Here the white cross flag waved its last time.

Malta has sustained one of the most terrific sieges on record—that by brave La Valetta against the Ottoman army, headed by Mustapha, in 1565, but which was terminated—although St. Elmo fell, and with it every one of its noble defenders—by the withdrawal of the Turkish army, and in the victory of the brave Grand Master. The island was first and for ever lost to the Order of St. John in 1798, when Napoleon Bonaparte treacherously entered the city of Valetta, which was *not defended at all* by the cowardly Hemptesch, who was the Grand Master at that time, and, without a struggle, the white cross of the once glorious and noble order was torn down. It seemed as if retributive justice followed the footsteps of the grasping Napoleon, and, after two years' sway under French rulers, Malta was retaken by the gallant Nelson. It has ever since remained in English hands,

and the proud standard of Great Britain waves now over the walls of St. Angelo. Long may it float there!

It was with a good deal of interest, then, that we lounged about the old town which had once been the theatre of such strife, and it was with mingled feelings that we gazed on the massive walls of St. Angelo, and the bristling ramparts of the Floriana. The city of Valetta is built mostly on the hill, at the summit of which stood formerly the fortress of St. Elmo, which resisted two fierce assaults from Mustapha's forces in 1565, and which fell at the third onset, every knight being stretched a mangled corpse before the enemy stood inside the dearly defended walls. Thus we passed the day, wandering about and satiating ourselves on the historic lore here afforded. Each one, even Meinherr, giving his quota of information concerning the noble order, here once supreme, and of incidents happening in the history of Malta.

I have stood in many cities of the globe—in famous London, in gay Paris, in sober Frankfort, in beauteous Florence, in classic Rome, and in many others, yet never was I more subjected to importunities and impudence from guides or couriers than here. I have generally succeeded in Europe in getting rid of these bores by simply, emphatically, and once for all declaring that their *services were not needed*. But here nothing suffices save an appeal to a policeman, or a menace with your cane. From the time we left the door of the hotel until we entered it again, late in the afternoon, we were surrounded by guides—begged, nay, *commanded* to engage their services,

one and all! It was enough to try one's temper. Meinherr, profoundly ignorant of what they wished, continually bowed to them, thinking, perhaps, they were ardent friends of ours. I informed him correctly as to the matter, and he remarked, quite audibly, "*Der Tuffel!*" and treated them quite rudely henceforth. I warn all who walk as strangers the streets of Valetta to provide themselves with a heavy cane, and *an unusual allowance of patience.*

In order to equip ourselves for our Eastern tour, and acting in accordance with the advice of guide-books, we repaired to-day to a gun store. S. purchased a very handsome English double-gun, and all the accoutrements. I look forward with pleasure to the time when we can test its qualities against the pigeons and partridges which, we are told, abound in the valley of Jordan. Meinherr bought a formidable-looking knife, and a less formidable-looking pair of single-barrel belt pistols; and I bought a beautiful knife. I added this armory to my pistol merely for the beauty of the weapon, and more for the purpose of having a *Maltese souvenir*, than with any idea of ever *wetting it in Arab blood.* God forefend such an end! I find the inhabitants of this godly city are not a whit more prompt in business affairs than in other sections of the world. I ordered a strap for my pistol and knife from a saddler, and was told it should be done for "*Signore*" in half an hour. "*Signore*" called at the specified time, and it was not *commenced.* After *three* successive times that I had darkened the door of the shop, each time propounding the terse

question—"That strap done yet?" I received said article, and was charged exactly double what I was told would be the price. I took care not to pay it.

Late in the afternoon we took dinner at a miserable restaurant, styling itself "Hotel Minerva." Miserable, indeed, was the fare; for fear of *faring* worse, we all three offered up a vow not to go within a square of the place again, and we will not.

Late this afternoon, or rather early after dusk, we took a stroll along the bastion by the sea. It was a wild scene; and we watched long the beautiful moon hanging over the rough, seething sea, while the spray dashed over us, although sheltered by the thick ramparts. We have now returned, have just partaken of tea in our room, and are seated snugly around the glowing grate. I would fain think of those loved ones far away, but Meinherr is no respecter of such feelings—being "sixteen years a huzzar," they are withered and wilted in him. He is preparing to spin us a yarn of a haunted castle in far-off *Deutschland*, and, *nolens volens*, I must lend an ear. * * * *

Malta Cross Hotel. }
Friday, February 18th, 1859. }

At an early hour, despite the fact that we retired very late last night, we arose this morning. By *we* I mean S. and myself; for Meinherr is astir by the time it is fairly light; and when we turn over for our first morning nap, the good old fellow is on his way to his church. He is a genuine devotee to his faith, and has won much on my affections. May he long live to tell his listening friends

in his distant German home, by the Black Forest, of his adventures, and the sights he saw on this eventful tour. By the bye, he told us rather a thrilling story last night ; the one he was about to commence, when, to give him attention. I was obliged to close my Journal. As well as I could understand Meinherr, speaking altogether in his *musical* Teutonic language, the following is about the substance of his story. Be it understood, Meinherr was a participator in the mysterious affair of which he told us so gravely.

On the wooded banks of the far-off Neckar, in a small village, not far from Heidelberg, where Herr Montag first saw the light of life, was an old castle, or rather there were the ruins of an ancient chateau, for nothing remained save a small tower, which was much decayed, a large heap of rubbish, and two flanking walls all overgrown with ivy, and looking the very picture of decay and melancholy. Around this old site, its tower and rubbish, hung many a terrible tale, and over the ruins every old house-wife in the village had woven her particular tale ; always of mystery and horror. What the castle was, to whom it formerly belonged, none knew, as its present state of wreck and destruction dated back far beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. *This*, they all knew, however, that from those ruins on calm and cold moonlight nights, or nights when made dark by the overhanging curtains of clouds, and terrible by the down-rushing rain, and thunders and lightnings, any one, curious enough to listen, might, at little expense of personal convenience, hear unwonted and supernatural sounds ; some-

times—particularly on cold, calm nights—there could be heard, issuing as from the bare, gray stones themselves, silver tones of sweetest music, or clear and liquid laughter, as from lips and throats only angelic; and on the crumbling battlements of the ramparts could be heard the regular pace, as of a sentinel, and the clink of his musket, as he sometimes trailed it after him over his stony beat. But on dark and stormy nights, when the raging elements were at war,—the wildest and most unearthly shrieks could be heard, and wild gibbering of demoniac laughter swept about on the wings of the wind, while the crunching tread of the airy sentinel, and the hoarse challenge from his mysterious throat, could be distinctly heard. Such were some of the tales rife about this old ruin on the banks of the Neckar.

It was drawing near to Christmas, which, all over Germany, is *the great* holiday of the year,—and the busy, thrifty appearance of the village—the churches decked in holly bushes, the laughing faces of *frau* and *frauleins*, and the abundance of good things and other articles more substantial, were sufficient testimony that the approaching holiday would be inferior, in gaiety, to none of its predecessors. The eventful time came around—all was joy, fun, and hilarity, and the village rang from one end to the other with merry laughter and telling jest. On one particular night of this festive week, a large company had gathered in a good dame's house, to witness the ceremony of marriage, at all times pleasing, but now, doubly so, owing to the auspicious season, and the abundance of goodly feeling, and, what is better, good *things*

around. But, the night in question was wild, stormy, and dark without, and nought of the tower and the ruins, which stood quite near the good dame's house, could be seen, save the dim and broken outline, around which the aged trees shook their white arms, and the wind piped in strangely hollow tones. But the company was large at the good mother's, and the house comfortable. The rain and hail and wind pattered down and swept by unheeded. Meinherr, then quite a young man, was present, and enjoyed, with the rest, the festivities of the occasion. It was fast growing late, and yet the dancers still clattered away to the twanging notes of a harp, struck by a sleepy old harper, and it seemed as if nought could disturb the joy of the occasion. Suddenly, a shrill and protracted unearthly shriek echoed through the apartment, and then another and another—and all was still. The room with its merry company was, in a moment, as silent as death. They all knew—their pale faces spoke it—that those demon-like notes came from the haunted ruin. The new-made bride clung to her swain, who did not look as valiant just then, as he often had on other “occasions,” not *quite* so “trying”—the old harper was now wide awake, and had pushed into the crowd, as far as possible from the door. Not many moments of this awful silence lasted, before these dreadful cries commenced again; it seemed as if fifty devils were fighting with as many other devils, and fifty thousand whirlwinds had broken loose, and a thousand cannon had discharged their thundering contents. The spell of fear which had compelled the company to remain still, was broken, and

the crowd, rushing to the door, beheld a most terrific sight. The old tower and the decaying and ivy-grown ramparts were aglow with a lurid and brilliant light—every stone of the ruin was perfectly distinct. Meinherr could well see the indentations in the rocky sides of the tower. On the ramparts, human forms in fantastic dresses were seen hurrying to and fro, while all above in mid air, there seemed to be some terrible conflict going on. This lasted but a moment, yet long enough for all to see the strange sight, when all at once a most unearthly report shook the village, even to the surrounding mountains. There was a sudden propulsion in the air, of the old tower, ruins, and all—then a heavy crash—then came total darkness, and all was perfectly still, as the rain pattered down, as ever. Next morning, Meinherr went on to state, he, with many others, repaired to the spot, but the tower and flanking walls had completely disappeared, and nothing was there more than usual, save a great number of tracks, evidently made by *cloven* feet, and a barrel, which was blackened and begrimed like soot, and which the neighbors concluded had been the punch-bowl from which the bogles had drunk their infernal potations. Meinherr left the village soon after, and has never since been there.

S. showed some signs of wonder as Meinherr concluded, and I, to humor the “old huzzar,” asked a question or two, as if he had gained my credulity. Just then, I noticed a peculiar twinkle about the old fellow’s eye, which showed, plainly, he thought he had drawn the wool over *our* eyes, and that he was enjoying it hugely.

We have spent quite a delightful day in this good old city. Having previously determined on that line of conduct last evening, we proceeded, to-day, to hire a carriage for the purpose of seeing something of the island. After much wrangling, offers and refusals, and acceptances, Meinherr, S., and self took our seats in a real comfortable open vehicle, drawn by two quick-footed, spirited grays, and, waving a temporary adieu to those at the hotel, we dashed up the steep Strada Santa Lucia, and then emerged at the northern gate, into the country. As we passed out over the draw-bridge, and left the last fortification behind, I looked back at the many defences of the city. It seemed impossible that any force could carry those formidable walls, and well pleased was I that my *olive branch* of *peace* was here more efficacious than ten thousand muskets. Away we dashed—all in good humor, even to *cocher*, who is generally sulky on happy occasions. I never saw better roads in my life—as hard as flint, and, in many places, as level as a railway.

The island of Malta, the *country* part of it, presents a most singular appearance to one who has seen the interminable forests and equally interminable prairies of our western country. No *tree* raises its head on this rocky island, to give shade to the weary or relief to the landscape. Nothing but white, blistering, glaring rocks, garnished, it may be, in some places, with the scantiest of shrubbery, greets the eye. And yet there are *some* spots on this island, which, in richness, luxuriance, and *overburdening* verdure, are Eden-like in beauty. I refer to the *gardens*, of which there are several. I think that

of St. Antonio, which was first visited, one of the loveliest spots I ever beheld. Oranges, lemons, and many other kinds of fruits fairly obstructed our way, and hung about our heads in incredible quantities. As we sauntered down one of the walks in the garden, it really seemed to me as if I was a participator in some Eastern scene, and was perambulating the private garden of some grand old khâlif of Arabian Nights memory. We visited several other gardens, all gorgeous, but none equal to St. Antonio.

We continued our ride, and finally drove into the old town of Citta Vecchia. This is an interesting spot, being the first place torn from the French rule, before the island finally succumbed to the British. It boasts a fine old cathedral, and extensive catacombs. We were bored to death by vendors of all kinds of antique coins, and singular souvenirs of the underground vaults. It required our utmost indifference and stolidity to restrain from buying, in self-defence. Good man Montag, while our backs were turned, was swindled out of several shillings.

Near Citta Vecchia, in a bold bay, which stretches in a considerable arc, we saw the reputed place of the Apostle Paul's shipwreck. There is an immense undertow here, and the meeting of this with the inward swells from the north, makes a considerable commotion over the shoals. This is what, perhaps, the Apostle meant by "two seas." "And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground, and the forepart struck fast and remained immovable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves" (Acts xxvii. 41). From this point, a most beautiful view can be obtained. The long

line of rugged fortifications, the swelling undulations of the beach, and the broad expanse of watery waste, make an agreeable picture. It was on this island, and near this place, that St. Paul, having escaped from the dangers of shipwreck, came among the "barbarous people who showed us no little kindness; for they kindled a fire and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold." This is a high recommendation, and one to be trusted, coming as it does from such authority as St. Paul; but nearly two thousand years have elapsed since that time, and the Maltese—to their discredit be it said—have deteriorated sadly. This island then, according to our sacred authority, was called "Melita." I notice on the seal of the superintendent of police the words, "Melita Renascens," and the same motto on the fly-leaf of several books. Some persons, however, have denied that Malta *is* the ancient Melita. Among them is Lord Lyndsay. But at the time he wrote his puling letters, he was a mere school-boy, and wrote it, seemingly, simply to differ with others—to fill up his sheet—or, to say best, *at random*; for he said that Malta was *not* the old Melita, and without giving *one single reason for it*. Such authority does not go far with me. I look upon Mr. Murray's guide-books as better authority on *travel*, and what is to be seen, than any others extant. He agrees with the majority, and calls Malta the old Melita, in his work on "Southern Italy and Malta."

After a most pleasant, and it is to be hoped, instructive ride to all of us, we returned leisurely at a late hour in the afternoon. I don't believe I ever

enjoyed a more pleasant *two hours* than I did this afternoon, as we rode along the bold indentations of the rugged coast. As we approached the large open space, near the Floriana, we saw a body of English soldiers on drill. Having a desire to witness the evolutions of these men, against whose ancestors our grandfathers perhaps fought for the precious boon of liberty, we ordered the coachman to stop his breakneck pace. We watched the manœuvres with much interest for over an hour. I can scarcely make up *my* estimate of a British soldier. I came to this conclusion, that they are inferior to Austrian or French. They do not appear so martial, by any means, as the Austrian particularly, and their evolutions compared to the *Cent Garde*, or even the common light infantry at Paris, were really clumsy. We finally returned to the hotel, and all agreeing to it, we took a long stroll. We saw the church of San Giovanni, or St. John, where the tombs of four hundred knights form one of the finest floors in existence, and, where many grand masters, among them La Valetta, repose in the silence and sanctity of death—but of this splendid edifice, more anon. I have not seen it, save the exterior, thoroughly as yet. S. purchased a hat, and looks *not at all improved by it*. We partook of a hearty dinner, at which we had much fun at Meinherr's expense.

It is now dark, and we are snugly seated around a *grateful* fire, and are enjoying a good laugh—Meinherr, as usual, being the exciting cause. The good “huzzar” was seated very comfortably just now, by the grate, and the silent twirling of his moustache, and the upward and

gentle expression of his clear gray eyes, showed well that his thoughts were engaged most pleasantly in wandering back to his mountain home. S. had warned the old fellow of the uncertain foundation on which he was seated, for the old chair had evidently borne the brunt of many years' hard usage, and now showed manifest infirmity of ripening age. An unguarded twist to make himself more comfortable, unequally distributed Meinherr's heavy weight. Result—a quick crash, and some confusion, in the midst of which Meinherr's large boot was conspicuously elevated high above surrounding objects. “*Ach! mein Gott!*” was all he said, as he good-naturedly recovered himself and looked around. S. being a sort of workman, has taken upon himself the responsibility of mending said chair, and is now busily engaged in *setting* the broken limb, though he much fears, he avers—*false-joint.* * * * * *

Finally S. has finished, and order once more reigns; though S. insists on telling some stories, which in vividness excel even Meinherr's of last evening. S., however, is in dead earnest, and vouches most sacredly for the truth of what he says. He has just commenced a thrilling narrative of personal experience relative to ghosts, whether in rivalry to Meinherr's Haunted Castle, I cannot say, yet he positively asserts that *every word is true*; and knowing his character for veracity, and his contempt for believers in witches and bogles, I must say his story smacks strongly of the marvellous—so strongly and strangely, indeed, that I now lay aside my journal to listen.

An hour has elapsed, and S. has finished. Truly marvellous and intensely thrilling! I am sure I will dream to-night of all kinds of ghosts.

Malta Cross Hotel. }
Saturday, February 19th, 1859. }

We arose quite late this morning, and slowly and in silence took our way to the breakfast-hall, where we as slowly and as silently despatched our meal. Not even the appearance of good John Montag minus his hat, which the wind had taken from him on his way from church, could enliven us. I could not help thinking of S.'s remarkable vision, of which he told us the previous evening; and the sad recollections of the event clouded *his* brain. But the cloud gradually wore off; and Meinherr, who had not understood one word of the narrative, contributed to our amusement by telling of his downhill race after his treacherous hat, the last of which he saw when it was high in the air, performing several somersaults over the bastions near the landing-place. Its probable fate was—"drowned at sea." If I don't forget it, I will record the remarkable *sight-seeing* of which S. was guilty, in some future journal, when I feel more like writing than just now. It is good enough to keep, and, with some slight varnishing, might create a sensation in print.

I wrote several letters to-day to the dear ones at home, and, among them, one to my mother. *Mother!* how singularly charming does that word break on my ear! Singular the emotions created by that one word breathed in your presence! Go where you will, be surrounded by

whatever company you may, the heart still throbs with a kinder beat, as that holy name recalls to you your boyhood's bowers, among which, in days "lang syne," you used to dream away your happy existence, unrecking of the sterner realities of manhood, on whose verge you then stood. Many, very many things have I forgotten, yet my heart will be callous indeed, when I forget the sainted image of her who gave me birth.

We walked over the town a good deal to-day, and examined particularly the shops where the Maltese lace is manufactured. I purchased some at a trifle, compared to the price for the same in America. Almost every house in Valetta has this lace for sale. I was particularly struck with the gold and silver filagree work, of which we see here a great quantity. Some of the most intricate little contrivances made from these metals, formed into chains, brooches, pendants, &c., are presented to your gaze. Some so delicate and tiny that the meshes, contorted in ten thousand different manners, are just perceptible. The favorite form into which this particular kind of work is made is the Maltese-cross. Some of the shawl-pins, pendants, &c., are really superb. We see much fine coral, also, some lava, and some singular-looking and rather shallow cameos. Yet the shell is very pretty, having the rich, velvety appearance indicative of a genuine cameo. Strange to say, these cameos are all mounted in silver, or *argent doré* (silver gilt), showing conclusively that they are not in much demand. There are several other kinds of *bijouterie*, but none of much importance.

In wandering about to-day, endeavoring to "drive dull

care away," we partook of an *iced sherbet*; and really, it was *so good*, and so refreshing, that it deserves a mention in my journal. It seems rather strange to be speaking of *sherbet*, and that *iced*, and it is now one of *our* coldest winter months; yet, so it is; and it was with genuine surprise, on yesterday, I beheld and ate a fine cantelope at our hotel. Before the summer of the present year wanes, I hope to eat cantelopes in my own dear home in the West. Meinherr's eyes sparkled with pleasure as he leisurely sipped the cooling compound, and his speedy demand to be replenished was proof positive he was satisfied with the mixture. And so the day wore on apace.

Malta Cross Hotel. }
Sunday, February 20th, 1859. }

This, the Lord's day, has at length dragged its slow length away. I say *dragged*, because I have been racked throughout the last twenty-four hours with bodily pain, which has been sufficient to cloud my mind also, and make me think too much and too fondly—for my peace of mind—of those dear ones in America. But as I had nothing to do, not being able even to go to church, I was compelled to let my imagination "unfettered" run riot. And sad havoc it has played with my feelings. More than seven years have sped their unseen way to the shades of the past since I could fairly say I was homesick: yet to-day that word does not give the full force of that intense yearning, I have experienced in the last few hours for *home*. It is simply because I cannot occupy my mind. To-morrow it will be gone, and its existence will

not even find a place in my memory. But as the sound of Sabbath bells comes faintly through my closed door, and echoes gently on my ear, I cannot ward off the sadness which steals over me on this bleak and raw eve of February. I have heard the sound of these sacred bells in many a city of the world, but now I suppose I bid farewell to all for a time. Whither I now go, the Christian tocsin is drowned by the Muzzim cry, and the followers of Mahomet and a second Messiah crush out the devotees of Jesus, the Bethlehemite.

Day after to-morrow is our last, for the time, in Malta, and then again we trust our lives to the dangers of the deep. I wish the day was here; yet, to-day, late in the afternoon, for exercise, I sauntered down to the seashore; and, as I stood on the frowning bastions, and gazed far out over the rolling waters, it was rather a chilling feeling that crept over me as I remembered how many miles of *briny danger* I would have to cross and re-cross before I stood here again. I returned late, and found Mr. G. of Texas in my room, who came to return my guide-books. From conversation I learn G. was a West Point Cadet, and was a classmate with my brother-in-law. Singular how we meet and make acquaintances!

CHAPTER VI.

Malta Cross Hotel. }
Monday, February 21st, 1859. }

TWO months ago to-day we left the Chemin-de-fer du Nord, in far-off Paris, en route towards the seat of "Belgium's Capital." How much have we seen, learned, forgotten, and admired, since that eventful afternoon, when, port-habits in hand, we stood in the *gare*, and bought our *billets*, which would insure our passage to Brussels, while we turned our backs on Napoleon's fair capital, which had so long afforded us a gay and happy student-home! Since our nostrils breathed the air of the Boulevards and the Faubourg St. Honoré, our feet have wandered over the field of Waterloo, where was fought the Battle of Nations; we have coursed the Rhine from mouth to source; have delved through the rocky glens of Switzerland; have glided over the placid waters of Lac Lemman; have overcome Mt. Cenis's frozen summit; have laughed away our cares and troubles through Piedmont's sunny plains; have shot over the water streets, and stood on the Bridge of Sighs in silent Venice; have loitered blissfully in the Pitti palace at Florence; have roamed by moonlight the once-bloody arena of Rome's grand old Coliseum; have written our

names on Tiber's yellow sand; have climbed Vesuvius's rugged sides; trod through the exhumed streets of long-buried Pompeii; stood in the underground chambers of Herculaneum's once thriving town—and this day, we stand in British Malta, far away! It is pleasant, yet *unpleasant*, to note the changes in life, and in the condition of men, wrought by the fickle hand of time. Pleasing to recall the bright associations which cluster in brilliant cohorts over our back-wandering brain, and make our minds happy now in the recollection, as then in reality: unpleasant when we shake off the sweet dreaming of the hour, and recollect those joys are gone for ever—that we are left to eke out our allotted existence—that we are but driving Fancy's shining car—that we are but work-horses in the *present* race-course of life. The question, often disputed, whether in anticipation or reality exists most pleasure, has many times, almost unwittingly, too, been discussed in my mind. It is true, the realization of some long-cherished object affords joy of a grade sometimes almost ethereal, and the ecstasy its final achievement and glorious accomplishment generates, can scarcely be equalled by any other emotion of the mind. How sweet the thoughts arise over my soul in this spot, far away from my own sod—thoughts which rush over my thinking being, like the trooping sweep of giant winds—thoughts of my own dear home, and its dearer inmates, far “o'er the lea,” toward the red sunset! Sweet, indeed, the anticipation of my distant meeting with friends and kinsmen, and sweeter yet may be the time when I strain those loved ones to my exiled bosom, and breathe

in their ears words of steadfast affection. *But there can be no doubt*, but that the picture, our recalling memory paints, and hangs up in the halls of imagination—of bright things dead, almost forgotten—of bright things rendered still brighter by the magic touch of association's wand—in point of *unchanging* beauty and interest, charms our souls the longest, and affords the richest enjoyment of which the mind and soul, and senses are capable. Years ago—not any *great many*, it is true, but enough to warrant the expression—when I wandered amid the bowers of my happy boyhood, how sad the feeling which clouded my whole being, when the word *college* was pronounced in my hearing! No joyous emotions coursed through me then, and no anticipated joys lessened the pang of parting with those at home. The bright associations of childhood and riper boyhood flashed in a million of gorgeous rays through my mind, and it was with heartfelt reluctance I stretched forth my backward hand to give and take the farewell grasp—that hand which in this unwilling act was the first to strike at the root of that youthful tree, on whose branches clustered the joys and follies of boyhood. And heavy was my step which trod away from home, and heavier the heart which sighed “o’er and oft” “for joys that we’ve tasted.” And yet, changed is the picture in the halls of my memory. The bright, *ever* bright images of my college life, which float and flicker like will-o’-wisps through some long, dark vista, flash into light, and by their flash envelope themselves in a darkness ten times more impenetrable than before. Ay, well do I remember those loved forms! some are now in

high walks of life, honored and known among men; others are tenants of the last long home. Yet with what a melancholy and sad, yet doubly sweet pleasure, I think, on this cold eve in stinging February, in Malta's rocky limits, do I recall each and every incident, accident, and event which marked my educational course in the halls of my dear old Alma Mater! I *must* lay aside my pen, and *think*. * * * * *

Well—two months ago to-day, and I stood in Paris, a trusty friend on either hand. One loiters now amid the deep glens of Sicily, and listens with pleasure to the thrilling wind of Calabrian horn;—the other, ere this, dashes his watery course towards the far-off west, towards Columbia's boast, and every freeman's pride. I, am *here*, and sad my heart too, as I think of the French capital, the fading form of the noble *Place de la Concorde*, the spreading avenues and groves of the *Champs Elysées*, and the dark walls and turrets of frowning *Notre Dame*. Well—two months will yet wing their numbered days to unseen shades, before my foot treads again amid the tramp and bustle of Parisian life—and so it must be—and so I am content it is.

Among other things our present party arranged to-day, was our passports, allowing us passage on the French steamer, and permitting us to pass unmolested, in the different ports of the Levant. It is an arbitrary arrangement, this *passport* system, I think, for several reasons, especially as regards their nice *viséeing*, as is required in the French steamers' service. This strict *surveillance* over passports, is not local,—in Genoa the law

is the same as in Malta, and it is as rigid throughout the many ports on the Italian coast, as in the above-mentioned localities. Of course they have reasons—the managers of the company—for this scrutinizing vigilance, yet I have made inquiries, and many, from English, Americans, Italians, Germans, and French, for the *reasons* for this procedure, and I was never able to learn a plausible and truthful *why*. You cannot enter a French steamer bound for any port in the Mediterranean Sea, unless your passport is first signed by nearly every official in the town, and before that passport is accredited and deposited aboard the ship;—and you cannot purchase your ticket without your passport; at least this is the fact, in Valetta, island of Malta, in the office of the *Messagères Impériales*. Persons forewarned of these troubles, generally imagine themselves forearmed—an error of the most egregious type, and one into which I fell, throughout all my journeyings on the Continent, in Asia, and in Africa. Passports, then, I record in this Journal, present the embodied form of a European tourist's *nuisance*—a nuisance with which, thank God, *we* do not suffer in America, and one to which, thank God, we would not submit.

Well, I have spent a page on passports, but I like to record my troubles, and my ideas about troubles, so that, perhaps, by a reference to these hastily written pages, in some unborn year, I may *post* a friend on some of the difficulties which beset his path while strolling amid the flowery fields and glacier peaks of Continental Europe.

I was much struck, as I quite modestly asked my

passport of the Superintendent of Police, with the rudeness with which he conducted himself towards *me* particularly, and towards my party generally. The contrast to the polite and efficient French officer in the *Préfecture de Police* in Paris, was painful. I could scarcely brook the official's insolence, and S. strove not to curb down the *spread eagle* spirit of Republicanism which burnt in his soul. Englishmen are as different in manners and civility, as are the varied trees of the varied forest, which spread over nature's ample face. By *some* Englishman I have been treated with a condescending respect, and a *genuine politeness*, which very few Frenchmen have shown me. I well remember once, when strolling—a perfect stranger—over the little fairy bridge which spans a silver thread of water in St. James's Square in mighty London. That time is rendered bright by the burly form of a *genuine-hearted* policeman—one of nature's own nobleman—who saw my embarrassment and lack of knowledge, so essential to sight-seeing, and kindly offered and asked,—*himself* to become my *cicerone*—and a most excellent one he was. Long shall I remember him; yet, “for a' that,” these cases are but exceptions to a rule,—a rule which I found to be generally true, viz., that Englishmen will not “put themselves out of the way” for any one's comfort, save their own, and that they are, in other words—decidedly, as a nation—*uncivil*.

We left the police-office, then, in great disgust—S. and myself in high dudgeon, good John Montag being most gloriously ignorant of our *zunge*, was most effectually indifferent about the cause which raised a flame in *our*

minds. Next, we went to the office of the *Messagères Impériales*, just off the Strada Santa Lucia. What a difference did the sleek-tongued Frenchman present! We gained our necessary information in regard to the next boat for Alexandria and Jaffa, and the port laws of quarantine, &c. Our next visit was to our consul—and this was the pleasant climax to our *calls* this morning. It was the most natural and most whole-souled, most *American* affair, of the day. Right cordially did our noble-hearted representative welcome us, and gave us to understand that he was a genuine American, in name, in family, and in feelings. He is from Boston, and claims as his grandfather, the gallant fellow who headed the Boston “tea-party,” in those days of trial and trouble to our gallant forefathers. William Winthrop is that man’s worthy grandson, and, I am sure, would as willingly, in this, our Republican noon-day of glory and power, head another “tea-party,” to crush out despotism and unjust taxation from our land.

We saw Mr. G., of Texas, again, late in the afternoon, and took occasion to say “good-bye,” once more. Mr. G. sailed for Alexandria, this afternoon, in the English steamer *Para*. Our party had, originally, purchased tickets by the French line, in Naples, which tickets were good to Jaffa, else we would have embraced the opportunity, and gone by the English steamer also. I wish Mr. G. and family a happy and prosperous ending to their travels.

Late this afternoon, when the sinking sun, as if shielding himself from the stinging blasts which flew through the streets, suddenly hid himself behind a large, heavy

cloud in the west, I strolled down to the battlement shores, and there, in the thunder of the breaking spray, and in the music of the passing wind, I thought, long and fondly, of *home*. “*There is no place like home!*”

Malta Cross Hotel, }
Tuesday, February 22d, 1859. }

Washington's birthday has passed, and I have spent it in this far-off island, in the “Mittel Meer.” Quite agreeably, too, have the hours flown by.

We enjoyed, this morning, a most pleasant stroll beyond the northern gate, toward the public gardens. Good John Montag and S. enlivened the time, as usual—Montag by committing several laughable blunders among the soldiers on the walls, and S. by relating many anecdotes of his life, and recounting a number of wild legends, with which his brain seems stocked. We have made the agreement among ourselves, or rather, we made the arrangement in Naples, that we would, each in turn, tell during the long, dull nights which we have to endure on this, our memorable trip, some incident of his own life, or some tale or legend with which he has become acquainted. Several have been, in turn, already related, among them, good John Montag's ghost story, which I translated, and recorded several evenings ago. Henceforth, I shall record them, in substance, when they are told. We find, that by this procedure, our long evenings are too short, that they are gone before the brave “huzzar” gets to the second part of his thrilling story, or before S. concludes from which to choose, among his

many tales of haunts and hair-breadth escapes. While in this connection, I will record, briefly, S.'s remarkable sight-seeing, to which I referred several days since. It is a narrative of personal experience, and perhaps S. may have some objections to my recording it; but, as I do it simply to gratify my own desire, I hope S. will not take umbrage, if, should I be so fortunate as to have my Journal "printed," he should see his haunted story in type. S. hails from Savannah, a sunny city of the sunny South.

On one afternoon, toward the coming death of the fast-sinking sun, he, with several others, took a stroll towards the outskirts of the town. Their steps gradually and imperceptibly led them near the city cemetery. In this cemetery was buried S.'s oldest brother. "As our party approached the burying-ground," continued S., "I chanced to look towards the last resting-spot of my lamented brother,—and, did my eyes deceive me, or was I dreaming! There, before my eyes, as plain as the setting sun, stood the form of my deceased brother! I stopped—spell-bound—at the sight. We were not thirty yards from the apparition, and there could be no mistaking the figure and features; they were those of my brother, and were as fresh to my mind as if I had seen him but yesterday. In compliance with my frenzied action, my party gazed in the direction I indicated, but, alas! saw nothing—for, just as I called their attention to the remarkable appearance, the spectre disappeared from my gaze, and sank into the grave. I knew I was not mistaken. I was compelled to believe my own eyes. I was

an unbeliever in ghosts, and *now* abhor the very idea—yet that one instance is an exception to the general rule, and it does not serve to strengthen my opinion antagonistic to ghosts. My companions laughed at me, and said my imagination was at fault; that fancy had painted the unburied form of my brother, before my gaze; but I believed my own eyes yet, and persuaded them to consent to accompany me to the same spot, at the same hour on the following day. Sure enough, about the same hour the next afternoon, we slowly, and rather solemnly, too, started on the prearranged ghostly promenade. As we drew near the sombre-looking and deeply shaded cemetery, many threw an uneasy glance toward the white grave-stones. I was the only one at all composed. I was composed, because I had formed the resolution in my mind, to meet the spirit; and I was confident we *would* see the vision. How thrilled my heart, then, when a sudden cry from one of my companions burst on my ear—'My God! boys, yonder stands the haunt!' I looked, and in the deepening shade, I saw the self-same spectre, standing in the same position, on the same spot, motionless as marble, and gazing steadfastly at our approaching figures. Awe-struck and pervaded with rising fear, the young men gradually halted, though never removing their gaze, which was riveted on the supernatural object. I advanced alone—determined to see for myself—to satisfy my own mind. Nearer and nearer I approached—ten yards only intervened—and on I strode. The face was bloodless, the lips white—the eyes natural, and fastened on me—the whole person was

enveloped in a seamless garment of brown stuff, which floated and fluttered as the gossamer web in the summer breeze—further I did not observe. Nearer and nearer I approached, and now the length of the grave alone separated us. I stopped—my breath came quick and hurried—my respiration was checked, and my heart's circulation seemed to cease its current. I inhaled a long breath, and cried 'BROTHER!' How quick sweeps the wintry gust over the plain—how suddenly, oft, is heaven's fair face changed! Like a flash of sunlight bursting through a cloud, glancing a moment on the eye, and plunging away to 'outer darkness'—so flashed this spectral form from my sight, and no foot-track or bruised blade of grass told of the presence of the spirit.

"Many a time, on winter's night, and summer's eve, have I since repaired to that sacred spot, where such a vision had more than once burst upon my view; but never again did the spectre appear. I don't believe in ghosts—I *cannot*; yet that one instance is a host in itself to battle down one's unbelief. There are many now living in my native city in America, who can vouch for this. It was 'passing strange,' to say the least."

And such, as near as I can record, was the substance of S.'s remarkable story. Meinherr, whom I had by dint of hard labor kept posted, by my miserable translation, was inclined to raise his martial eyebrows in discredit of the story; but one look at S.'s open face restrained him; that look, however, could not restrain his usual expression "Ach! mein Gott!"

In regard to this subject, as in regard to every other which vexes man's mind, and to which there are two sides, people of this world may be ranked in two grand divisions, *believers* in ghosts, and *unbelievers* in ghosts. It is difficult to say which division possesses the greater number. I mean, of course, these divisions as existing in the *Christian* world. In unenlightened and uncivilized parts of earthdom, where unseen agents are worshipped as gods, and the spirit of the wind is prayed to, by many earnest devotees, it is useless to say that the *believers* preponderate. And I think I would not err *materially*, if I stated that in the Christian world, *believers* in spiritual manifestations, in ghosts, witches, bogles, and supernatural agencies generally, far outnumber those whose lives and souls are not enveloped in rappings, signs, and manifestations and who do not afflict themselves with bad luck and untold evils, because they chance unwarily to step over a broom, or give a *knife* to a dear friend, or commence some important work on *Friday*. We may search our society, American or English, high and low, and it is seldom our scrutiny fails to detect open superstition, or decided taints of belief in supernatural visitations. Few there are, who in childhood learned of "Raw-Head and Bloody-Bones," do not, when in riper years of manhood, cast a furtive glance over their shoulder, as they tread the public highway near the old burying-ground; or who do not, in night's late hour, glance uneasily about as they have occasion to search for some article, in the far away deserted garret at the top of the house, over whose dusty boards, footfalls seldom tramp even in noonday. This

feeling—it is but a *created* emotion of the mind—has clung to *me*, not that I *fear* anything outright, but sometimes uneasy qualms and nervous twitchings have passed over my person, as I was situated in some lonely, deserted, and reputedly haunted spot. It is an inheritance of childhood, and is not a natural emotion. I have felt the same feeling flit through my soul, that I experienced when I wandered amid the deep gorges of the Spectral Hartz, as when, benighted by gloom, I have hastened by the negro burying-ground in my far away Southern home, near the Falling-Run. I have more than once felt a chilling fear steal over me, as some unusual sight startled my vision, and appealed to higher powers than I possessed to be “accounted for.” Many an object, quaint and ghostlike, have I seen, and many a sound of supernatural import have I heard. Most of them I have gradually been able to account for, and others remain to this day, as then, wrapt in profound mystery. I generally credit myself with a quota of courage equal to that of most of the dwellers on earth, not that I am boasting, but as Dr. Wayland, my once revered preceptor, says, I am “*so constituted*,” and I am a firm disbeliever in ghosts, and in *any* and *all* spiritual manifestations, yet more than once have I breathed for many minutes with suspended breath, expecting momentarily real or imaginary ghosts to fill the scope of my visual range. But my humble adventures I must retain, and pass off some of them, as *my* tale, which comes next on the docket.

We returned this morning from our stroll, about twelve o'clock. Before we reached the hotel, we noticed on this

street a shop in which artificers were working a species of very beautiful native stone. It resembles in texture and softness the general building-stone in Paris, but it is a finer stone, and changes its texture altogether after hardening. It is very easily wrought, and makes handsome ornaments. The talent is native, also, and being *Maltese*, it is very creditable. The workmen were busily engaged on the tombstone which was to cover the remains of an unfortunate young American, who died not long ago in this far-away spot, separated from friends and kinsmen, but whose presence was cheered to the last with the generous countenance of our consul. It is sad to contemplate the last resting-spot of a fellow-countryman—his grave dug in a foreign sod; and sadder yet is it for us to know, situated as *we* are at present, that insidious disease is rampant in our systems. Thank God, that enough good blood yet courses through my veins to enable me to reach home, and there awaiting my appointed time, lay my bones amid the dust of my grandfathers, beneath the green turf of old Virginia!

We were visited shortly after reaching the hotel, by our gentlemanly consul, Mr. Winthrop. We spent several hours most agreeably. I find he knows many of my Yankee friends in Providence, where he had the same Alma Mater that once sheltered me beneath her wing. We extended him a very cordial invitation to take dinner with us, and he accepted as cordially. So, just before six o'clock this afternoon he came down, arrayed in full consular dress. He is a splendid-looking man, and habited as he was, in a rich and dashing style, he presented a fine

appearance. Mr. Winthrop is quite a scholar, and has done more than any living person towards the translation of the old Latin records of the Knights of St. John, and the history of the island and fortifications, compiled and written by different authorities in that order. On account of his proficiency in this particular and arduous branch of learning, Mr. Winthrop has been elected a Literary member of scientific societies in London, Paris, in Denmark, &c. He stands high in Malta as a gentleman; and the fact that our government has kept him here for twenty-five years is ample proof of our estimation of him as a consular representative. At our dinner, to-day, we enjoyed a *genuine*, genial, patriotic, American meal; and Washington, the immortal father of his country and fosterer of American liberty, was duly toasted, and his memory drunk in deep libations. And so the evening wore on. Since I commenced to scribble in this, my Journal, another hour has fled by. It is growing late, and I must close. To-morrow afternoon, we trust to the dangers of the deep once more. * * * * *

Wednesday, February 23d, 1859. * * * * *

French ship Méandre, at sea, near Alexandria. }

Sunday, February 27th, 1859. }

Four long days have passed since last I put pen to paper, to indite my different thoughts, and the current events of the day, in the leaves of my journal. Time has nevertheless flown swiftly, and has now placed us in an hour's or so steaming of Alexandria, in Egypt. Singular, indeed, has been the metamorphosis in my feelings!

Last Wednesday I stood in Malta, and felt as if *I* was out of *creation* exactly, and far removed from anything *like* civilization even. And yet, now I am many hundred miles nearer heathenism and the "darkness of Egypt" than ever before in my life, and I feel, singular to say, as if I was approaching a *more civilized* country. But Malta is rock-bound, flinty, and sufficiently contracted to curb one's many ideas of the blessings of civilization or of anything else.

For four long days, then, we have buffeted the waters of the treacherous Mediterranean; and now, to-day, the fifth since our departure, we are cleaving the waters with buried bow, with our first port—old Egyptian Alexandria—full in sight. What a glorious feeling thrills through me, as I see the dark line which marks the far-off shores of Egypt, and the swelling domes and towering minarets and crescent mosque-caps which rise above the city in the distance! I almost forget that I have yet to recross all the wild waste of wide waters behind me, as I stand lost in contemplation. And is this the ancient Egypt of the Potiphars and Pharaohs of olden time? is this the land throughout which Joseph at one time distributed the vital staff, and to which his old father, Israel, and his many sons, went down and dwelt with him? Is this land spread before me, indeed the same, into which Joseph and Mary and "the young child Jesus" fled for safety from Herod's cruel murder of the innocents? And Moses, too, saw the light here; and from hence the Israelites wandered back home to their far Judean hills. Well, we know not what the morrow will bring forth.

Since we left Valetta, we have had alternately good and bad weather; but all the time, nearly, the wind has been in our favor, and has aided much our rather feeble screw. The Méandre, though slow—most dreadfully so, compared to *our North River* or *Sound boats*—is yet a most seaworthy craft, and in tough blows and squalls, which have visited us in the last four or five days, has behaved most nobly, with one exception. She broaches rather bad, causing her to roll like a tub; but she has not shipped a tumblerfull of water since we started out of Valetta, and we have seen rough weather since. Sea-sickness has had its share of victims, but, unfortunately for my health, I have thus far escaped the monster's clutches. I am never sea-sick now-a-days. I well recollect the first time I ventured on the wide and deep waters of the Atlantic. It was six years ago, on a short passage from Norfolk to New York. The winds blew and the rain descended, and the good steamer Jamestown was compelled to lay to; and, in the tossing, tumbling, rolling, and pitching, *I* had to lay to also, or rather I had to lay *low*, and *very* low I was, or imagined I was. From that day to this, I have not been sea-sick, although I have crossed many miles of sea-water in the long interim. Sea-sickness is no respecter of persons; yet it does not attack all alike: for I am an individual exception myself. I believe this to be a general rule in regard to this dreadful sickness;—persons can become habituated to it, and will soon cease to feel the effects of the motion of the billows. This we see in the case of seafaring men—men who sometimes actually stumble, and get virtually *sea-*

sick on land! Some captains say they never were sick from the time they trod a plank at sea a fore-castle boy to the time they now, master of the quarter-deck, commanded a ship of their own. I believe this much in regard to that: if they never were sick—sea-sick I mean—then their systems (either the liver or stomach especially) was *deranged*. Every healthy organ responds to hurtful agencies. Notice the general effect of tobacco on beginners. So in regard to sea-sickness. Place a man on ship-board at sea—let him have a healthy organization—his abdominal and thoracic viscera in a normal tonic state, and that man *must* be sea-sick, unless the sea is as smooth as a mill-pond. Concerning the remedies for the disease, we are taught in our medical schools that the radical cure of all maladies should be directed with an aim *primarily to remove the cause*. If we can render quiescent and placid the sullen roll or angry pitching of the restless deep, then we can cure at the onset sea-sickness; but this we cannot do. According to my individual experience, I found more speedy and grateful relief from a *horizontal position on deck, about midships, keeping my eyes closed all the time*. The latter is especially important, as it is with these organs we can comparatively determine the pitching and tossing more exactly. All this nonsense—it is nothing more—about *citric acid, ether, &c.*, I have found to be a genuine humbug. Be all this as it may, throughout our voyage from Valetta to this fast-nearing port, I have not been sea-sick; so far from it, I have not missed a meal, and I attribute it to an

already unsusceptible and debilitated state of the stomach and liver.

The first day we came aboard the *Méandre*, last Wednesday evening, 23d inst., while S. and self, arm in arm, were pacing the ample deck of the ship, we observed a gentleman of decidedly a *Virginian* cast of countenance. I doubted it; and though we had not heard a word fall from his lips, S. insisted that the gentleman in question was a Virginian, and offered to wager any amount that he was right, and could tell one of my own statesmen better than I could myself. The matter was soon set at rest; the dark-haired gentleman first stepped up to S., and with a graceful bow spoke in our good, sweet vernacular, "this is Dr. S., I believe;" and before the astonished S. could assure him he was right, he turned to me, with "the hope that he had the pleasure of addressing Dr. T." He then introduced himself; and a nice man turns out to be the Rev. H. R. S—tt, of Lynchburg, Va. Yes; S. *was* right, and I gave the palm to him. We were glad enough to grasp Mr. S—tt by the hand; and soon we were in possession of one another's plans. Mr. S—tt has been of late in Rome—how my heart joyfully throbs, as I think of *my* sojourn near the old Campus Martius, and the Tiber!—but his health failing him, he had started on this tour towards the land of the Pyramids. I have been persuading him to go on by Alexandria, and visit Jerusalem and its environs, Dead Sea, Jordan, &c., and then return to Egypt; by so doing he would have company, as that is our idea. I think at present that he will do this, and will return by Greece with me. Besides Mr. S—tt, we

have made the acquaintance of a nice Swiss gentleman from Zurich. His name is Conrad Esslinger; he is *Capitaine d'Etat Major*, in his country. Our party, bound to Jerusalem, has swelled considerably. I am glad to say. It consists of the following members: my friend from Savannah, S.; the good "huzzar," Johannes Montag; Conrad Esslinger; the Rev. H. R. S—tt; a fat Franciscan friar, who calls himself "*Pudre G. du S. Germano di Gerusalemme*;" a German-Jew, and myself, making quite a respectable show of respectable-looking men.

We have concluded to land at Jaffa, and proceed direct to Jerusalem. We understand, however, from the captain, that landing at Jaffa is oftener than otherwise out of the question, and that it is always doubtful. The sea is very frequently quite rough at that sacred port, and breaking over a ledge of rock lining the coast, raises such a surf that a boat cannot live in it at all. If such should be our fate, we will be carried to Beirût, farther up the Syrian coast. The only advantage accruing from this would be, that we are quite near to Ba'albeck and Damascus, and have the Lebanon right at us. I hope, however, most sincerely, that we can land at Jaffa, as that is my favorite plan. I wish soon to be in *El-Kûds*, the City of Eternal Peace. My present plan is, to return with Mr. S—tt to Egypt, visit the Red Sea, Pyramids, "Le Grand Caire," and then sail direct for Piræus, in Greece.

During our voyage, our evenings down in our cabin were enlivened by several stories, which according to agreement had to be told; and thus our time passed merrily and happily away. And after the sea-sickness was

somewhat on the decline, nothing could have presented a more snug and comfortable appearance than did our *Jerusalem party*, seated around the long table in the cabin of the *Méandre*, either listening to a comrade's story, or each engaged with the other, on the all-absorbing topic of the wonders and sacred sights awaiting us in the Holy Land. Since we have been aboard the *Méandre*, we have formed the acquaintance of the ship-surgeon, a very nice old fellow. He has been quite at ease with our party, owing to the fact, perhaps, that he finds two of his brother *meds.* in the crowd. Be that as it may, he has contributed more than his quota to our amusement and comfort. He has ordered *beer* a good many times; and the lavish hand which he shows when he orders it, is convincing proof that when he "treats," he treats by wholesale. At our solicitation, several days ago, he promised us a story; though he seemed rather surprised when we made the singular request of him, for it is not a Frenchman's forte to spin yarns. But, nevertheless, he consented; and, in accordance with his promise, he proceeded to relate to us a rather singular, and yet a very thrilling story of Paris life; a story which was a story but in name, as he, the worthy surgeon, was well acquainted with the parties which figured in the romantic narrative. Out of respect to the narrator, and a wish specially to hear Monsieur le Docteur's story, all of us were at his appointed hour in the cabin, and awaited in respectful silence for the appearance of the Doctor. He was not long in showing us his good-humored countenance, as he saw us awaiting his arrival. Without ado—as he affirmed he had some

writing in hand before he got into Alexandria, and intended doing some that night—he proceeded immediately with his story, which I will here record as correctly as I can recall it.

“ You know, Messieurs,” said the Doctor, “ that I am a native of our capital. Paris ; and always resided, while in that gay city, in what is known as the ‘ Quartier Latin.’ It is in that portion of the city, as you well know, that medical students generally congregate ; and many a happy day have I whiled away on the Rue de Seine, in the magnificent garden of the Luxembourg, or in the holy precincts of St. Sulpice, St. Genevieve, or St. Germain de Près. While I was a student, gentlemen, and when I attended the *cliniques* at La Charité, and at the Hotel Dieu, before Velpeau had won a name, and before Paul du Bois was a Doctor of Medicine, I very frequently met in my rounds in the hospitals a tall, fair-haired, pale-complexioned, yet very intellectual-looking young man. He was a genuine student, as we could well determine from his conduct. He made his appearance in the wards as regularly, rain or shine, and more punctually than did the *agrégé* who had the *malades* here under his charge. Quiet and unobtrusive, yet ever attending to his business, and endeavoring very ardently to stock his brain with knowledge—always *cordially* but not *studiously* polite, he soon became a favorite with all who were accustomed to meet him. Edward Lagautier was a scholar and a gentleman ; and I, after many vain attempts, had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him. I was not slow in following up this acquaintance. Somehow or other I

always felt an attraction toward his sweet and smiling face—this attraction was the occasion of my acquaintance. Only a few weeks elapsed before I had formed a firm attachment toward the young student, and the time rapidly approached when we unbosomed our secrets fully to each other; and each had for the other, a confiding ear. I had not known him for any length of time before he related to me several incidents of his life—a life which had been checkered with many cares and troubles. When quite young, in his native town of Pau, he lost his father by some untoward accident; and thus he, his two sisters, and his mother were cut off from the support which such a prop as father and husband afforded. Death did not cease his doings: his two sisters fell sick and died, and his mother followed in rapid succession. At the demise of the latter every *sous* passed from the family; and when that dear form was hid beneath the earth, a lonely feeling crept in that lone son's bosom—a feeling which none can describe, and a feeling which had been more or less fostered since that time. This accounted for his melancholy, quiet, and brooding appearance. But Edward went on and confided to me another tale—one of sweeter import—it was the tale of *love*. Yes, he told me that, while in Lyons, a year or so previous to the period of this narrative, he had met in that beautiful city a gay young creature who had laid siege immediately to his heart, and had taken the citadel of his soul by fierce assault. I could proceed to narrate touching incidents in the lover-life of these two young people, but time will not permit me.

Edward told me that this fair fairy, who ruled his actions and every thought, was now in the city, and awaited anxiously the time he was to graduate in his profession: at which time he would claim her as his bride. Dearly he loved this bright-eyed one—his *inamorata*—and often spoke to me in glowing terms concerning her; but Love is blind, and I did not credit his half-crazed eulogiums. Time wore on, and the examination-days were fast approaching; thrice anxiously did Lagautier look forward to their arrival: for on their advent, or rather at their expiration, he would be a happy man, and he would find one who would supply to him mother, father, and sister. Alas! we cannot delve into futurity, and bring out its hidden revelations; and perhaps it is better so, as otherwise there are few in this world who would drink at all from pleasure's intoxicating cup. Edward and his fair Marie were one day, arm in arm, strolling along the beautiful avenue des Champs Elysées, talking of love, and breathing love's sweetest atmosphere. Each possessed most fully the secrets of the other's heart, and not a shadow of distrust or suspicion had ever for a moment rested on their minds. Edward urged Marie to confide to him her former life, a subject she had ever studiously avoided; and to Edward her early history was as unknown as the mountains in the moon. Once again she asked him not to request this of her, telling him that when they were married he should know all. This did not satisfy the young man; and the question he had first asked in trifling curiosity, he now pressed with vigorous earnestness. But she would say nothing, and so the sub-

ject dropped. For many days subsequently, Edward sought in vain the presence of his Marie. He inquired for her at her lodgings, but "*Mille. Marie est toujours sortie*"—yes, she was never in; and finally he was told, much to his astonishment, that the young lady had very suddenly on *yesterday* left the premises, and had moved perhaps to another portion of the city; but none knew positively whither she had gone. This was unpleasant news, and thrice deep it plunged Edward into the abysses of melancholy. Yet he was as regular as ever at the hospitals. One day, *and I shall never forget that day*, arm in arm, Edward and myself slowly took our way toward the Hotel Dieu. We crossed the river over the Pont Royal, and continued up the west bank of the river. Slowly we took our way amid the human stream that flooded by, mere powerful than the waters of the Seine over the walls which skirted along the bank. Edward seemed to be in a gayer mood than ever—that is, for the last week—and I knew not to what to attribute it. He laughed and talked, but never referred once to Marie, the cause of his late vexations of mind. Suddenly he said very earnestly—'Gustave, something will happen this morning which will make me henceforth a gloomy man or a happy man!' 'And why think you so, Edward?' I queried. 'Because,' he replied, 'I had a vision last night in which an angel stood by my bed, and repeated these very words to me which I have just uttered to you.' 'Nonsense!' I replied; 'you lower your intellect, Edward, by believing in the awkward fancies of slumber.' 'Well, we shall see,' he answered very decidedly, as if to let coming

events decide as to the truthfulness of his predictions. By that time we had drawn near the far-famed Morgue, of which every dweller in Paris has heard. Arrived here, Edward halted, and said in a joking manner, 'Let's look in, Gustave, and see if any have been silly enough to allow themselves to be fished up out of the Seine! But, Gustave, before we go in, I speak first for *a fine female subject*, if any are here, as I have not done much at the Ecole Pratique of late.' He said this, it seemed to me, in pleasant jocularity—speaking of mortality in the trifling tone customary with students. In we went; I, more to satisfy Edward's desire than to fulfil any cravings of my own. Only the form of one female greeted our gaze; and as the figure was perfectly nude I was struck with the faultless symmetry of the form. It was *a female subject of perfect mould*. Immediately Edward strode up and cast a glance at the features of the dead woman. He started wildly back, and flung his hands high over his head. And such a look as then rested on his face! My God! I shall never forget it. Each feature seemed to stand out in the perfect agony of agonized contortion. That look is engraved on the tablets of my memory, and there it will remain until I am no longer a dweller among men. With a sudden bound he grasped me by the arm, and dragged me with a giant's force towards the suicide's plank. 'Look,' he hissed between his teeth, 'and see MARIE!' I did look. Just Heaven! and was this his Marie? I turned to his distorted features. 'Why, Edward, I know this woman; she is notorious in the Champs Elysées—she is a *common woman*!'

These words fell rapidly from my lips, but their effect was magical; what I had uttered was true to the letter. A wild, frenzied cry of anguish burst from poor Edward's lips, and he fell with a heavy groan to the cold stone floor of the Morgue. He was a maddened, gibbering, shivering maniac. But, Messieurs, I must retire and attend to some business more important than this, I esteem it. If I had more time at my disposal, I could tell you further of poor Edward Lagautier; but, as it is, Messieurs, *bon soir et dormez bien.*"

And such was the surgeon's story, and such the manner in which we spent one evening on shipboard.

Ship Méandre, Port of Alexandria, Egypt. }
Monday, February 28th, 1859. }

In one sense it seems surprisingly long since I penned the last day's journal, yet in another view it is equally as short. The first is perhaps occasioned by the fact that when I wrote my last journal, the day had scarcely commenced to wane, and many hours of sunshine yet remained before night came on. The second, or short view, may be occasioned in this wise—instead of smoke-stack, capstan, compass, cordage, and the wild waste of waters simply to gaze at, we now have under our eyesight crowds of something new on which to rest our gaze. this *something* being in the shape of Turks, Arabs, and native "*darkies*" which swarm around our good old Méandre in boatloads.

Well—yesterday, after getting the city full in view, we signalled for a pilot, and lay to, until one arrived. He

was the first Oriental native that my eyes ever beheld. He was dressed in the costume of his country—turban, full-flowing trowsers, curled-toed red morocco shoes, and all. He was a tall, spare, wiry, and very *humble-looking* fellow; and his countenance seemed to say, when he took command of the steamer, “I beg thousands of pardons! Allah be praised!” I came near getting myself into trouble, when this all-important personage came aboard. In going into the port of Alexandria, when the quarantine laws are in force, if you intend *remaining* on the steamer and continuing your journey up the Syrian coast, you are not allowed to return to the steamer if you once go ashore. If this liberty *is* allowed, then the authorities in the Syrian ports of Jaffa, Beirût, and Tripoli will not allow the steamer to *enter their harbors, even*. So, in remaining on the ship, we are watched most scrutinizingly by a special guardian, who sees *we touch not* the garments, even, of any of the natives who come aboard. All this trouble is on account of the *Pest*, which is generally lurking in the vile dens of Alexandria. Now, when our pilot made his appearance up the gangway of the Méandre, I pushed forward to see him, and get a view of the particular *elephant* in question. Suddenly a harsh voice greeted my ear: “*Arrêtez, Monsieur!*” and at that moment the strong hand of our second lieutenant was laid on my coat collar. He very quickly explained his intentions, which, so far from being belligerent, were conducive to my own welfare. He had saved me from contact with the Egyptian, which, had I been guilty of, in *duty bound*,

I would have been compelled to leave the ship and my companions at Alexandria.

After many orders given in a tongue profoundly unknown to me, and after much manœuvring, our worthy Egyptian brought us safely in the rather dangerous harbor; and soon our ears were delighted with the joyous rattle and splurging of our heavy anchor. Never before or since have I witnessed such a scene as greeted our eyes then. We had many passengers for Alexandria; and, as is the case all over Europe, wherever I have been—and the custom is carried to Egypt—they were compelled to land by means of small boats owned by different individuals. Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Greeks, Englishmen, and “Niggers,” crowded in myriads, forming a most motley swarm around our ship. Such yelling, in every known and unknown tongue, I never heard, and such frantic gestures for patronage I never witnessed. They fairly took possession of our gangway; and when a passenger would venture down to get ashore, there ensued a real skirmish over the *spoil*. Before he had descended two steps down the ladder, he was seized by a dozen brawny, rough hands, and away he went forth from one boat to another, as the tide of victory rested with each particular crew. Sometimes the poor traveller, with not a cupful of air in his lungs, beaten, punched, dragged almost in two, and nearly dismembered, was borne high aloft amid contending hands; and again he would be trampled under foot, while the combatants, dropping mutually “the bone of contention,” endeavored to settle the affair *vi et armis*. It was amusing, yet dangerous. The manner in which the bag-

gage was treated beggars description. Grumblers may speak of the rudeness and smashing habits so peculiar to American railways; but that peculiar trait, as existing in the United States, does not, to use a Western expression, "*hold a light*" to the exploits of a trunk at this Eastern port, and the dangers and vicissitudes of fortunes to which it is here subjected. It is very rare that one ever reaches the boat with a sound and healthy top; and I saw, myself, that day, *more than one disappear for ever in the deep blue waters of the harbor!* Such was the extent to which these noisy fellows carried their tumult, that our first lieutenant, to shield the passengers from a danger which really threatened them, life and limb, seized an oar, and laid about him most vigorously for several moments. The result was, that the gangway was soon cleared, and some order at last restored. I was particularly struck with the stoicism with which a hardy, venerable-looking old Arab permitted his back and shoulders to receive the lieutenant's lusty blows. He seemed willing to endure anything, provided that in so doing he ran some chance of gaining patronage. The greater portion of our company debarked here, directly we anchored: and now the ship is really dull and monotonous, to what it has been. A lady and her little daughter are the only passengers now aboard, save our own *Jerusalem party*. She is bound to Beirût.

While looking over the ship's side, yesterday afternoon, watching the motley mass of variegated humanity struggling for their prey, a row-boat came dashing up with a middy in the stern-sheets. At the stern of the boat

floated the broad folds of the American flag. What a thrill of patriotism fired our souls as we saw our country's banner! S. immediately hailed the boat, and was answered by the middy most politely in native *lingo*. We greeted one another quite cordially; and the young officer, after receiving a bundle of papers from our captain, gave us a pressing invitation to visit the Macedonian—his ship—and gave orders to “give way.” We saw the long high-tierced hull and tall stately masts of the Macedonian yesterday morning, as we came into port. I would like very much to tread her decks, and converse awhile with fellow-countrymen in my own tongue, but I fear we will not have that pleasure; in fact I know we will not, as visiting a ship in port is the same as going ashore.

For to-day's Journal I have not much to record, for nothing much has transpired, and scarcely anything worthy the record. As I have previously mentioned, we were not allowed to go ashore, the *pest* preventing us here; and, on account of it, the quarantine laws at Jaffa. So we had to make as much out of our shipboard confinement as circumstances would allow. We read, we laughed, we promenaded the deck, and had resort to telling tales, which we have of late found to be such an excellent means of passing the dull hours. As it was my turn to-day, or rather to-night, I contributed my humble mite; and, as is my custom, I will record it when I have more leisure, perhaps in my next Journal. I do not feel like writing further to-night, as I have already been seated under the cabin chandelier for an hour or more.

Our crew has been very industrious, so expeditious

indeed, that our cargo for this port is already discharged, and we will sail to-morrow morning at six o'clock. We could leave to-night, but for the bad harbor. So in three or four days at most, shall I or shall I not stand in the walls of widowed Jerusalem—the city of Eternal Peace? The next Journal I hope to write in a spot far more contiguous to the sacred city. What thoughts thrill my very soul as I *know*, God willing, that I shall soon stand under the shadow of the temple, and that my eyes shall behold the revered brow of Olivet!

CHAPTER VII.

French steamer Méandre, Mediterranean Sea. }
Tuesday, March 1st, 1859. }

THIS day has passed most smoothly. Our spirits seem to have glided along with the same oily, easy motion as has the *Méandre* through the perfectly calm waters of the sea. Such beautiful weather, in fact, I never saw. A clear sky, a genial temperature, a bright sun, and a sea like glass! Such are the days when one can enjoy sea-faring life. And this wide difference I have often observed and dwelt on with singular delight; for in the changes of the sea we have a fine comparison with things of lesser life, and *their* sudden changes. It is quite common to meet a friend to-day, who has the sunshine of joy gleaming from his face. His tone is cordial, his grasp earnest and well meant, his eyes glowing with the pleasure in his soul, his step buoyant, his every action speaking of bliss of mind, and sweet happiness, which only contentment can give. And yet, to-morrow, before twenty-four hours have winged their noiseless flight to the shores of Past Time, mark that same friend as he comes rushing along the crowded thoroughfares. His lips are compressed—the mad fires of anger burn in his soul, and pass out through the windows of the

inner man—his buoyant step is hard, crushing, vehement—his cordial grasp he locks in his pocket—his every action is the antipode of yesterday's bright being—a wonderful change has passed over his entire nature, and the fierce storm of angry contentions howls through every recess in his boiling bosom.

It is pleasant to sail the sea when standing on the deck of a noble craft—when sail after sail bellies to the bursting breeze—when the proud craft careers far to the lee-side, as she feels the force of the impelling tide of air heaving her onward in her homebound track. It is pleasant to watch the clipper-bow, curling high the blue waters of the gently-heaving deep—to cast the log, and note the good fact that we are making ten knots an hour, and to hear, in response to the skipper's "up with the spanker," the sturdy and obedient "aye, aye, sir." Yes, this is all pleasant enough; but how different the feeling, when, late on some howling, pitchy night, we stumble like a drunken man up the companion-way, scarcely able to keep our feet, and peep timidly forth into the wild, unearthly, awe-inspiring night! Many a one, who never before used the word, breathes then the name of mighty God. There flies the scudding ship—her snowy canvass, though we cannot see it, is brailed and furled tightly to each yard. One lone storm stay-sail swells to the roaring gale, and keeps the noble craft steady in her demon-like career. The hoarse command of the officer is heard no longer; he has done all he can, and stands lashed to the rigging, while four men man the creaking wheel. Yes, quite different is this sight, and far different

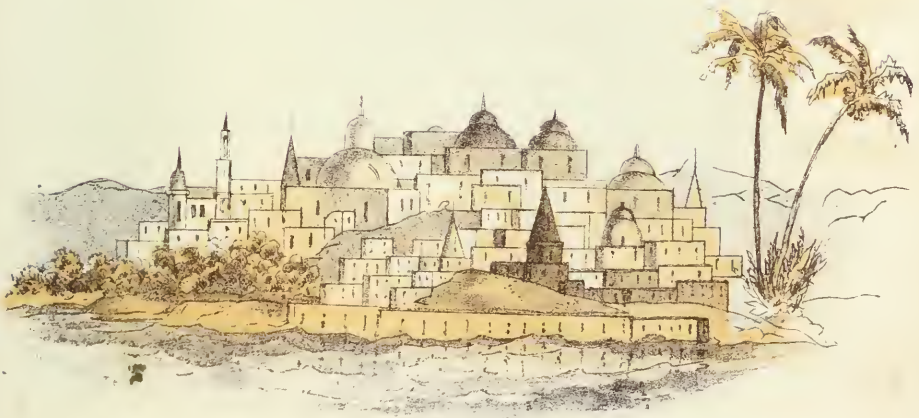
is the music of the taut-breeze, singing mournfully through the cordage, from the maniac gibbers of the storm-god invading his brother sea-god's vast domain, while his infernal pipers peal forth the sailor's doom in whistling unearthly shrieks through the straining shrouds. I have contemplated both of these scenes, and write from well-earned experience.

This morning, before six o'clock, and long before any of us had shaken off the embrace of Morpheus, the *Méandre* loosed her anchor, and stole quietly out of the port of Alexandria. When I awoke, and came on deck to take a look at things around, we were just dismissing our aforesaid Egyptian pilot, and Alexandria was some distance astern, basking in the early morning sunshine. A most pleasing sight we enjoyed to-day, when our good ship was ploughing the waters at a rapid rate. It was when we crossed one of the mouths of the Nile, at its delta. The water of the Nile is pale cream in color, while that of the Mediterranean is perfectly jetty in its hue. These two waters never mingle—at least, *close in*—and so well is there a line of separation drawn, that this singular phenomenon can be observed far out at sea. In shine or storm, in calm or blow, these waters remain unmingled, and seem to repel each other, as do the same kinds of electricity. We watched the beautiful sight for several miles. I was under the impression that we were on shoal water, but our lieutenant, explaining the appearance of the waves, assured us the depth was many fathoms. Well, thus the day came and went, and late in the evening we assembled in the cabin, to arrange

affairs preparatory to landing to-morrow, as we hope to get ashore at Jaffa, before twenty hours from this. We held a mock meeting, or a meeting in mock seriousness, and elected the following officers:—Esslinger was made captain—my friend S., lieutenant—myself, surgeon—the good “huzzar” and the Jew, baggage tenders—and Padre Germano and Mr. S—tt, chaplains, with equal honors. The latter, with Meinherr and the Jew, to do any little extra fighting in which our party might be inveigled. We had a merry time—a speech or so being elicited from several members of the *Jerusalem party*.

Ship Méandre—port of Jaffa in sight. }
 Wednesday, March 2d, 1859. }

I *must* open the leaves of my Journal, and scribble down the passing thoughts which hold sway in my bosom. And such thoughts! Thoughts to which I cannot find adequate expression in words—thoughts which never before flittered through my soul. The hills of blessed Palestine are in full view before me, and those beating waves in the distance lave the shores of the Holy Land. At length my wishes are fulfilled, and the land of Canaan spreads its ample and sacred fields before me. Singular are the transitions in our life, and more singular yet the change in time, the progenitor of these speedy transitions. It is a circumstance, or rather an existing portion of man's nature, on which I have often dwelt, in musing moods. One year ago, this day, I was in Philadelphia—a student at the old University of Pennsylvania—frightened out of my senses, in regard to one



grand question—"Would I or would I *not* receive my diploma?" *That*, then, was the all-important item of my life, and the whole energies of my animal and intellectual system were centered on obtaining that prize for whose possession I had several years studied, with much zeal, and striven for with a devotion worthy of the cause or of a better. The crisis came, and the shock of examination's wars fell on my buckler, but that buckler, fortunately, was strong, and the fierce darts fell powerless at my feet. The conflict over, I wondered why I had been such a *fool* as to be frightened at such an array, and almost wished the contest was to commence again—Commencement came—and my diploma lay quiet in my grasp—I was more than content. Receiving hearty congratulations at home, I turned my back on my native country, and trusted to the dangers of the deep. Since then, varied have been my fortunes—through many lands I have wandered—and to-day, I am in sight of that sacred port, the key to *far more sacred Jerusalem*—old Jaffa, the same port where Jonah embarked on his memorable voyage to Nineveh—where the cedar from Lebanon, for the building of Solomon's temple, was floated in—where Tabitha was resurrected from the dead, and where Peter "abode at the house of Simon, the tanner—which was by the sea-side." Well, I must let my thoughts arrange themselves, and spend their novel surchargings, before I write further. * * *

Since writing the foregoing hasty snatches, many events have transpired, and I am now, as it were, merged into another and a newer era. Since writing some hours

since, I have trod on the sacred soil of the Holy Land! Singular has been the action going on in my mind, since I entered here, the walls of ancient Jaffa. And no wonder, for I am now a sojourner in that land which was the chosen of God—which afforded the stage whereon the grand drama of the Redemption was played, and had for its spectator, the whole world. Here, then, I stand—in the land of the old prophets—among the hills of Palestine—whence sprang the earliest light of civilization and enlightenment. Here, Israel and his host of descendants lived—here, Solomon and David and Jesse—here, in the fields of now neighboring Bethany, was enacted the scene of affection between Naomi and Ruth—here, greater than all, was born the Saviour of mankind—the man-born Son—the divinely-begotten Jesus; and this sacred sod which now crunches beneath my foot, once received the impress of His blood-stained sandal! And can it be that I, too, am here, and am surrounded by holy ground? God grant me power to enjoy this blessed privilege!

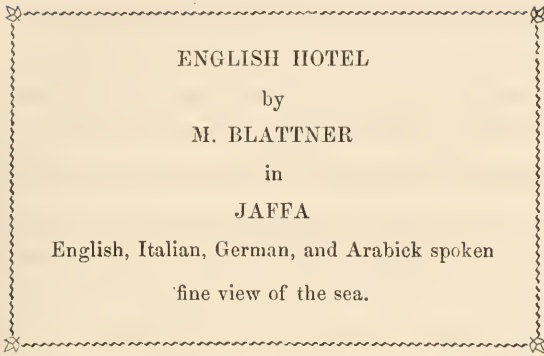
Quite contrary to our expectations, yet in accordance with our fondest hopes, the *Méandre* was enabled this morning, on account of very excellent weather, to sail quite close in shore. The sea was very favorable to our landing—and after some delay, and much gibbering among the natives, who came on board, and commenced wrangling for us in a diminutive Alexandrian style, we finally were seated in a small row-boat. But we were once more delayed by Padre Germano, who was somewhere—or anywhere, but in the right place. Finally he made his appearance, and rolled his fat, good-humored self, down

among us—signified his ease and content, and motioned the boatmen to give way. But lo! and behold, good John Montag likewise lingered behind. The “huzzar,” however, did not keep us long waiting, for he soon rushed to the gangway, and at great risk of going overboard, came tumbling down, and fortunately fell in the boat, while his favorite expression was forced by the shock, from his lips, “Ach! mein Gott!” Our little boat was crowded to the utmost, and I expected every moment, to see the water come in over its sinking bows, but she bore up well, and our Arab rowers, pushing off boldly from the steamer, bent to their tasks and landed us through the breakers, with ease and safety. As we dashed over the long swell of the waves, we wafted a lasting farewell to the Méandre, and those who trod her planks.

At last, we reached a rickety staircase, leading from the water, up over the walls which skirted the shore. Here our crew made fast the boat, and one by one, we ascended the steps. Of all the motley crowds I ever saw, we *there* made our way through the *mottiest*. We were completely besieged, every miserable, eyeless pauper clinging to you, and motioning frantically, for the privilege to carry your baggage. On all sides we were crowded and jammed—our way blockaded, and the “sanctity of our persons” threatened. While this state of pressure was existing to the outer man, the ear was deafened with continued phrenzied cries, “*bakhshish-Hadji! bakhshish!*” which our Jew boy from Blattner’s Hotel informed us, meant, “Gift Pilgrim! gift!” I was much amused during this scene of hubbub, at the alternate shades of dismay,

and then the stoic lines of solid indifference which now and then, in turn, possessed the good "huzzar's" face. He knew not what to do. More than once, he thrust his hand in his pocket for money, as if he half-way imagined their wishes, but then some unlucky Arab would tread on Meinherr's toes, and in return for this, instead of receiving the bounteous hand, he would send the offender tumbling several paces in front of the *motive power*.

We finally got full under way, however—had distributed our quota of baggage to several aspirants in company, who settled the matter by fighting for the prize, and away we went, with our gallant Swiss as captain. We first proceeded in a solid phalanx to the French consul's, and there obtained our passports. The French consul in Jaffa is also agent for the company of the *Messageries Impériales*; in the office we saw our gallant captain of the *Méandre*, and once more said to him adieu. The consul very kindly gave us some information relative to travelling to Jerusalem—to modes of travel—time occupied—resting-places, &c., &c. for which, coming as it did, almost unasked, we were very grateful. We next, under the guidance of the aforesaid Jew boy, who had met us on the steamer, proceeded to his father's house—the English Hotel. He gave me his card, which I here copy, verbatim, *punctuation* and all.



Such is Meinherr Blattner's card. Where it was printed I know not, or who *did his English* I am at as great a loss to know. Meinherr and his sons could all *speak* English, but as to writing it correctly—impossible. Be that as it may, we had not been long in this singular hotel before we were most comfortable. This hotel of M. Blattner, let me assure all who should ever read the pages of this blotted Journal, is nothing like what we mean by hotel, or tavern, or inn, or house of entertainment, in our acceptation of these words. And when we mention, rather *pompously*, it may be—or rather as M. Blattner's card shows it—the name of the "English Hotel," we must not imagine it like our Exchange Hotel in far-off Richmond, Va., like the St. Nicholas, or, on this side of the water, like Morley's in London, or the Louvre in Paris, the d'Angleterre in Frankfort, the Minerva, or d'Allemagne in Rome. No, indeed, such is not the idea to be realized in actual vision. I cannot describe exactly, nor anyways adequately, a hotel in Syria. It is an *institution* of course *peculiar* to the country—I mean this *species* of Hotel of the genus hotel. It, *our* hotel, pos-

essed only one or two resemblances to American or continental hotels, that was, in having a separate *salle à manger*, and in the *beds*, which bore a *faint* resemblance to ours. We climbed into our hotel through a narrow *stone cylinder*, up which led a staircase, and, after being in these narrow quarters for some time, we emerged into a narrow, contracted court, in which were stable, kitchen, loafing-place for lazy Arabs, Greeks, and Turks, and grand receptacle for every species of filth. An uninviting aspect did the court present, but things were changed, and for the better, when we entered the spacious dining-room. This apartment contained two or three Eastern lounges, a table or so, boasted a floor of cement, and thick walls of gray granite. The prospect from the window was superb; looking over the tops of the houses (for Blattner's was on the very summit of the high hill on which Jaffa is built), and far over into the sea, we saw the good Méandre lying at her anchorage-ground, quietly acknowledging the power of the swell. It was quite grateful to stand altogether in this snug and cool apartment, after having arrived safe once more on Terra Firma, and Terra *Santa* at that, and view at our ease the passing strangeness of this novel world, by which we were now surrounded. We immediately ordered dinner, for we were as hungry as fish-hawks, our stomachs being in that peculiar snappish condition left generally when a voyage at sea is ended. Our baggage, which had loitered behind, now suddenly hove in sight, accompanied by a consort of about half-a-dozen custom-house officials. When we landed at Jaffa, we anticipated anything but trouble

in regard to getting through the custom-house; for we had read in "Murray's Guide-Book for Palestine," by Dr. Porter, that the custom-house was extremely lax, its officers being accessible by the most trifling bribes, and that "custom-house," in fact, to use his own words, was "but another name for *bakhshish*." Trusting in this, we found ourselves most disagreeably disappointed, when the guardians of our baggage placed down our doomed port-manteaus, &c., and when the officials stepped up, and demanded in the most uncivil of tones to look in and view our effects. We had nothing on which a duty could be exacted, and told them so, offering at the same time a pretty heavy *bakhshish* to pass the baggage, as we were tired, and were momentarily expecting something more gratifying from Blattner's larder. What was our surprise, then, when in a most impudent manner they spurned the proffered piastres, and rudely seized a trunk, as if about to force it open. The unfortunate property chanced to be that of Meinherr, the "huzzar," who, when he saw the probable fate of his effects, gave utterance to his favorite "Ach! mein Gott;" and with anger beaming in his countenance, he threw the uncivil Turk, as if he were a child, to the farther side of the room. Instead of this doughty act of the brave "huzzar" acting against us, and raising a disturbance, which all of us feared would ensue, it had the good effect to make the official more polite. But the scrutiny with which they searched our baggage I have never seen equalled before nor since. Every separate article was overhauled, taken out, well shaken, *and then left out for us to rearrange*. But they

found nothing for which they could tax our purse. When they had finished, the impudent rascals had the effrontery to ask of us, *bakhshish*. It was all I could do to prevent my Georgia friend S. from applying his heavy fist to their craniums. As it was, he took them severally by the collar and cast them indignantly out of the door. He could not stand "adding insult to injury." Another of our party also made ugly demonstrations with his *boot*.

In about half an hour after this trouble and hubbub had subsided, and we were congratulating ourselves on the good dinner we had just eaten, the *garçon* of the hotel, the aforesaid Jew boy, came to the door, and announced, rather pompously,—“*The American Consul!*” Our curiosity, which was thus so lively excited, was immediately gratified. As the words left the Jew boy’s mouth, in came a splendid-looking young fellow, in a handsome and most costly Arab suit. He was followed, at a respectful distance, by his *cavass*, or body servant, holding in front of him a large cane, resembling a beadle’s staff, with which he thumped the floor at regular intervals, as his master proceeded. At his side he wore a handsome sword, though his superior wore no visible arms. We welcomed our consul as well as we could—but he took the lead of us in good manners, and welcomed us most warmly, not only to the comforts of his own home, but to Jaffa particularly, and to all of Terra Santa generally. I cannot think of the young man’s name. He is a native, however—not a “*native American*” (?)—but none the worse “for a’ that,” and is proud in being our representative. The American flag flies pretty con-

stantly over his house, the consulate. He little wots, I am thinking, of what a nation he is, in Jaffa, the exponent. Report says he is very rich, and also says that he is a most efficient officer. I think his sister was the wife of the former consul here, who dying, this young man, the brother-in-law, obtained the place. I must say, I do not think it could have been better filled. After taking coffee with us, in the Eastern style, and eating an orange, our representative arose, and having once more pressed on us his offer of hospitality, he left, attended closely by his watchful and richly-attired *cawass*. Late in the afternoon, we saw him again.

After our arrival in this place, we learned that it was almost impossible to go on to Ramleh this afternoon, on our way to Jerusalem, as horses could not be obtained for love nor money. Well, we could not alter the stern decrees of fate, so we submitted with as good a grace as we could muster. I had wished to sleep in Jerusalem to-morrow night. We have an idea, among ourselves, that Blattner is in some manner instrumental in our detention. But be that as it may, we lost nothing by remaining; on the other hand, our gain, I consider, has been increased. Under the guidance of Blattner's sons, we bent our steps first to the bazaars, and sauntered slowly through them, gazing at the many sights which were unfolded to our republican view. Singular places, or *hovels*, these bazaars are. The word *bazaar* is apt to strike an American, or any foreigner, as indicative of something rich in all the gorgeousness of Oriental splendor. Such was the idea I had previously entertained concerning *bazaars*; and my

surprise was consequently great, when, impatiently urging on the Jew boy, I asked why he did not take us through to the bazaars; and his reply was, "Why, you are in the bazaars now." I looked around me, through the dim light which struggled down through the roof! The bazaars resemble a covered street, or rather look like an exaggerated American covered bridge. The coarsest wood-work, framed just strong enough to support itself, and to withstand an occasional blast that comes from the plain, is erected over the street; beneath it are the many little shops forming the *bazaars*. The owner of the *boutique* sits always cross-legged, while you hear issuing from near him the continual gurgling sound of his scented narghileh. The seat on which he sits, resembles, in my estimation, more a blacksmith's forge, as we have it in the country in America, than anything else. They have no counters; but, when you wish to buy, they bring the articles for your inspection to the end of the little raised platform, and you continue in the street. Here you stand, and go through the many ceremonies and civilities, and try your best to elude the fellow's cheating tricks. And unless you have been well practised in Yankee Land, you are sure to fall a victim to the Arab sharper. It would surprise an Arab beyond measure if he could be suddenly transported from his own narrow shop to Stewart's palace in New York, or to some of the marble palatial stores in Philadelphia. Greater surprise would be his, I am thinking, than would be that of our grandfathers, could they rise from the grave and view the enormous space in the racecourse of Progress, over which we have strode since

their troublous day. But in these miserable hovels which are dignified by the name of bazaar, I saw some of the most superb and beautiful articles I ever beheld in any city of America or Europe. The most costly silks, scarfs, and weapons abound. If I was surprised to learn that these miserable buildings were the bazaars, I was more than surprised when I saw a lazy Turk take down roll after roll of the rarest kinds of silks—silks which it seems Damascus alone can boast in all their purity. We were very much struck with some fine old Arab arms. Esslinger endeavored to bargain for them, but he was too well *posted* in Arab rascality, and got himself skilfully out of a rather extravagant offer he had made on the spur of the moment.

We continued our stroll throughout the length of the bazaars, and next took our way toward the orange groves. What luxuriance, what richness and *temptations* met our eyes! Oranges, the finest I ever saw, *five cents a dozen*, and eaten, too, on the hills of Judea! Lemons, citrons, and oranges exist in the greatest luxuriance, and one becomes so completely habituated to the sight of the large, ripe, drooping clusters, that very soon the appetite seems sated. It was some time, however, spent in vigorous battle with the juicy opponents, before Meinherr and myself yielded. Finally, Meinherr's usual "Ach! mein Gott!" fell from his lips, and while he complacently stroked his stomach, he continued—"Ich habe genug!" We saw many apricots of the finest type, and afterwards ate some in a preserved state, at the hotel. Our host told us the apricots came originally from Damascus. We

then slowly returned toward the city, and were fortunate enough to get a fine view of Arab horsemen practising military evolutions. The troopers were well mounted, but poorly uniformed. They are surely the most expert horsemen I ever saw. They drop the reins at times, and guide the horse solely by the heel, while they cast their long guns high in air, catch them again, and perform many feats, in fact, which more than astonish even American spectators. As we neared the gate, we saw a great many camels—some standing erect, awaiting the word to go, and obedient to travel. They are veritably “ships of the desert,” and can withstand the fury of many gales and storms.

We think, on the whole, that we have had a pretty good introduction to Eastern life on this, our first day in the Holy Land. The music of the word *Holy* does not jingle well with the clash of arms, but they are mingled; every person we have met to-day, every native I mean, is well armed; and, for protection, and for *moral suasion*, we follow the fashion of the day. It can do no harm, and *may* save us some trouble. Later in the day, and it was our last exploit in sight-seeing, we visited the house of “Simon the Tanner,” in which abode the denying apostle. It feels strange to crunch under our heel the same sand on which Peter stood eighteen hundred years ago, and it is with indescribable emotions that I now think of that fact: so it is. The *house*, it is almost folly to think, has existed since that distant day of prophets and apostles; it is, I think, several hundred years old—no more; but its site is, without doubt, nearly or

exactly the same. It *is* by the "seaside." It stands directly on the sea, on the top of a small bluff overhanging the tide-wash. The old well, too, of Scripture memory stands there yet. We then returned to the hotel, and partook of a supper which was equal to the dinner which Blattner with *Eastern* hospitality had prepared. He has everything extremely well cooked—though cooked as it is in a land long forsaken by the light of the gospel and of civilization, and which now withers under God's curse.

We were quite agreeably surprised this morning at meeting an American. He is a preacher of the Baptist Church, and has often delivered sermons at old Sansom St. Church in Philadelphia. His name is Mr. A——s, of New York. He has been travelling latterly up around Jerusalem, and has returned safely to Jaffa, *en route* for the West. He gave us news of the Rev. J. Wheaton S., who has been travelling in Syria, and to whose splendid discourses I have listened in Philadelphia. Our minister to the court of Russia, Ex-Governor Seymour of Connecticut, and Mr. Johnson, United States Consul at Beirût, are in town also. The American consul here, our *native* friend, has had the stars and stripes flying all day in honor to them. We have been fortunate enough to engage horses, Moukâry (muleteer), &c., to take us to Jerusalem. We pay *thirty piastres* for a horse, or one dollar and twenty cents, in American money. To-morrow, at 10 A. M., we leave Ramleh; next day, Ramleh for Jerusalem; so by Friday night we hope to sleep within the walls of *El-Kuds*. God grant it.

Roman convent, Ramleh, in the Plain of Sharon. }
 Thursday March 3d, 1859. }

Before proceeding to speak of our present whereabouts, I will write a little more of antediluvian Jaffa, whose dull gray walls now lie far behind us. Last night we retired at quite a late hour; our party had sat up until the small hours had begun to draw near. I was called upon for my story, and in substance very brielly told the following:—

“As haunted stories seem to be in vogue, I will give one which was told me by a friend of mine, who was well acquainted with the facts of the case. My young friend was a college-mate of mine, and among other incidents of his youthful life, he gave me this adventure:— One cold night in February, 18—, a jolly crowd had collected in a wayside inn, just out of D., a town in Massachusetts. The night was raw, and the winds bleak and wintry, as they came trooping over the cold carpet of snow, and singing around the corners of the old inn in doleful pipings. But within all was gladness and contentment, for a large wood fire crackled on the ample fireplace, and spread light, warmth, and joviality through the group. Cider and sweet potatoes were placed in great profusion about the room, and all seemed to be joy and gladness. None thought of the stinging winds without, and none thought how cold the homeward path would be. Lost in the comfort and conviviality of the present moment, they laughed away their cares, and drowned all thought of the chilling robe of snow without in deep potations of the ‘apple’s primary juice.’ Thus the night

wore on, and none seemed willing to make the first move or take the first step toward breaking up the party, which sat in such an unbroken circle around the fire. The hard thought, they had *to go*, each would quickly banish from his mind as fast as it arose, and each strove to eke out another half-hour or so by the genial blaze. Stories were told of blood, murder, ghosts, and goblins, and told in such quantity that many of the party had serious doubts arising in their minds if they would not patronize the roadside inn that night, and go home by daylight on the morrow. And some older and more sedate farmers who composed that group, although they had loving wives and several children at the other end of the cold walk, who doubtless were expecting them, and who would give them a warm welcome home—these same farmers, I say, their imaginations somewhat wrought up, and a tale or so of graveyards clogging yet their brains, thought also it was *imprudent* to turn out on such a night, and concluded, some of them, to stay in the inn also. The company was just about separating, bidding each other good-night and God speed, and wishing, and very heartily too, that many such occasions might be theirs. Suddenly the quick jingle of sleigh-bells, and the grinding crunch of a cutter, were heard distinctly by all those who yet remained in the old inn. It was a late hour, and the night was raw for any one to be about in. The sleigh stopped in front of the large door, and in an instant a step sounded on the stone staircase, and then in the hall—and then in strode a tall, bearded fellow. His dress was in much disarray; his heavy buffalo-skin overcoat was wide

open, his hair hung over his face, and despite the temperature of the outside weather which he had lately left, drops of perspiration hung in beads on his forehead. He left them not long wondering as to his mission. 'Landlord,' he said in quick nervous tones, 'have you a horse for love or money—say yes, for a horse I *must* have.' Impatience seemed to stamp his every action.

“ Before the landlord could reply, the stranger—he was a stranger there, for none in the company knew him—commenced again: ‘Think me not strange, gentlemen, in going about my business before I was polite enough to say ‘good evening’ to you; but mine is *doubly* a matter of life and death, and I must appeal to the noble-heartedness of some of this party—yet listen to me, and I will tell you the case briefly. In my cutter, which stands at the door, I have a poor sick, dying friend’—‘Let’s bring him in by the fire,’ spoke quickly the generous landlord, starting off to the door, followed by several of the warm-hearted farmers. ‘On no account,’ quickly and emphatically spoke the stranger—‘on no account; he cannot bear removal; the sands of his life have nearly run out; to move him would be to murder him. That poor friend of mine, gentlemen, reached Boston from Europe a few days ago. He came home to die. He travelled as far as D. by the trains, and there I met him to convey him to his mother’s, the widow H., who lives some eight or nine miles distant, whom I suppose some of you know.’ Several nods of assent greeted his interrogative gaze. ‘And so I left the town of D., intent on my mission of mercy. Just as I neared the last toll-gate out yonder, my servant

met me there in great haste, told me by all means to fly with the greatest haste home, that my house had been burned, and it was feared my wife had perished in the flames. This was told me, gentlemen, not ten minutes ago, and here I am, appealing to your kindness and aid. I *cannot* leave my friend alone; yet I must relieve this awful suspense of mine in regard to my wife and children. If the landlord can furnish me a horse, and if some kind friend present, who upholds humanity's teaching, will consent to drive my poor friend in the sleigh to his mother's, then all will be well. The latter will be a deed of charity which man nor God can never forget, and, added to this, a suitable recompense I will pay immediately myself.'

"The landlord said he could lend him a horse, and as he spoke a young and robust farmer arose and signified his readiness to the stranger to see the sick man, his friend, safe to his mother's, but he did not wish any money for his action—if he could do one good act, that in itself would reward him. The stranger gladly accepted the offer, and after vainly endeavoring to press money on the young man who was so disinterestedly kind, he bade all a hasty good-night, mounted the landlord's horse which had been brought to the door, and soon he clattered quickly out of sight, the horse-hoofs ringing over the hard snow-crust, as he rushed at a rapid pace.

"The young farmer drew on his overcoat, adjusted his heavy gloves to his hands, and, warming himself with another mug of cider, he bade all a cheerful good-night, opened the door, and strode through the snow to the sleigh. There sat the poor sick man, bolt upright; so

cold and rigid, that the young man at first thought he was frozen. 'I have consented to take you to your mother's, sir, for your friend, and am sorry that I kept you waiting so long—hope you are not very cold, sir.' No reply came from the sick man. The young farmer thought a little strange of this, but he fancied he saw the invalid make a sign of impatience, and, without saying further, he sprang into the cutter, arranged the thick robe, and started. The horse in the meantime had rested a good deal, and moved off at a smart trot.

“Some distance was traversed thus, and as yet the sick man had not opened his lips. The young farmer remarked this, but attributed his silence to averseness to conversation, when he knew his days, nay, his very hours and minutes were numbered, and that he was straining every point to reach his aged mother's lap and then expire. So our young philanthropist said nothing, merely remarking occasionally the beauty and brightness of the moon, and the stinging coldness of the night, or making use of some such casual expressions.

“At last, when about four of the eight miles had been accomplished, and not a word had as yet been deigned in reply to the farmer, the cutter drew near a dark tangled wood, through which it was necessary to pass in order to reach the widow H.'s. The road, or *path*, along which they had to go—it was nothing more—was quite narrow, and withal was in very bad condition, and as the snow lay in it in unequal drifts, it was at times indeed a difficult matter to force the cutter through. They, however, had safely reached the bottom of the hill, at the base of which

a small streamlet's bed presented to them a ditch of some size. To surmount this in safety to the patient, and to the cutter, was a matter of some difficulty. The moon peeped over the jagged tops of the snow-laden pines, and shone down its cold argentine beams on the sleigh and its silent occupants; nothing could be heard but the grating runners, and the labored breathing of the faithful steed as he struggled heroically to do his part. A sudden exertion of his full force carried the cutter triumphantly across the gulley, but the jolting motion of the sleigh was so great, that it upset the equilibrium of the invalid, who, until then, in spite of jolts and tumbles, had kept a perfectly motionless and upright position, and he fell heavily against the young farmer. This latter person thought he would immediately recover his accustomed position; but no. He gently raised him, spoke to him, and asked him if he was hurt—no reply. He felt his face—the shock was so icy to *his* already frozen hand that it chilled him to his heart. He raised him up, and pushed back the cap which had been dragged over his brow.

“A deathly sight met his gaze. The cold, stony eye, set and upturned in the rigors of death—the stiff, fallen jaw—the drooping tongue—the bloodless lips, told him emphatically he sat with one who now had joined Death's skeleton band. He gently eased the dead man down; and as he did so, the scarf which had been wound around his neck dropped off, and revealed to the young farmer's now terrified gaze a large cut in the neck under the left ear, from which even now the clotting blood was slowly

oozing. It was an awe-inspired feeling that reigned in the farmer's bosom. Alone with a corpse—with the corpse of a *murdered man*—on this raw, bleak night, at midnight's hour, and in a sleigh with an exhausted horse!

“His feelings were far from being enviable. What should he do? cast out the body, and endeavor to make his way back and tell how it really was, or invent a story to suit circumstances? Of course he would not think of going on to the Widow H.'s. It was all a well-devised, though atrocious hoax—a method of shifting responsibilities—and to this well-laid scheme he had been made the dupe. He determined to act the part of an honest man, at all events—to let justice take its way, and to further its ends in all that he could. He slowly turned his horse around, and silently commenced to urge the patient steed toward the roadside inn.

“Before he had gone many miles, he was met by a party of men—going whither he could not divine, at this time of night. They asked him immediately what was the object he had reclining in the sleigh. Imprudently he evaded their questions; and finally told them it was a dead man, proceeding at the same time to give a plain, unvarnished statement of the whole affair. They laughed at him—said they saw through it all—said it was fortunate they had met him, and ended by telling him they arrested him in the name of the law.

“This was a dilemma, indeed; but all the farmer could say they laughed at. The poor man could say nothing; he had no witnesses. He was taken from the sleigh and placed behind one of his captors, and thus rode solemnly into the

town of D., one of the party at the same time occupying the cutter. Well, the farmer stood his trial for murder; and being defended by good counsel, and good character, was miraculously acquitted; but the stain of suspicion of murder hung to him, until, a few years after, a pastor was called to see a dying man in Sing Sing Prison; who, among other things, confessed the murder of the young man in Massachusetts—that he had invented the stories in the tavern, and had succeeded in fixing the guilt of the murder on the wrong individual—and that he had the murderer arrested by a party *he* sent, having assured them that foul play was going on, on that road. The dying murderer gave all the names, and begged the good priest to give publicity to the facts told him, as he wished to make some reparation to a good man. But the most interesting part of this narrative was, that the young farmer was my young friend's, my college-mate's, father! 'Many a time,' said my friend, 'did my father beguile his children with this tale of his midnight sleigh-ride with a corpse.'

After I had concluded my story, I looked around to see the effect it had produced. Some were half asleep; others paying a semi-divided attention to me and a plate of sliced oranges; and I fancied I heard Meinherr, to whom Esslinger was translating my yarn, give utterance to his usual 'Ach! mein Gott! Herr T. ist ein——.' I could not determine what the remainder was, for Meinherr withdrew with a candle and sought his room. Shortly, all of us followed suit, and sought the sweetest repose of man's life, only to be found in "slumber's pleasing chains." Rev.

Mr. S—tt and myself occupied a nice airy room, overlooking the dark depths of the Mediterranean, and from the windows of which we gazed long on the sleeping Turkish town. Thoughts on thoughts crowded through our minds as we stood by the humble casement of that Eastern hotel, and recalled things of sacred import, while we looked on the flat-topped houses of Jaffa. But wearied nature gradually yielded to her own "sweet restorer," and it was with a sigh of satisfaction that we touched the nice clean sheets which good Blattner had spread for us.

The dawn came, and in sport, I fired a percussion cap on my pistol, and awoke my different sleeping companions. We soon descended, and partook heartily of a good meal—another triumph of our Jewish host in the culinary department. We loitered about the town again for an hour or two, and in our ramble we saw a *portion of the mail service*, as conducted in Syria. This consisted of two genuine *Arabs*, I should take them, dressed in rather a fanciful, but very picturesque style. These men bring the mails from Jerusalem to the sea-coast, and return with the mails, they get at Jaffa, to Jerusalem. If I am not misinformed, they travel on foot, too, yet it is said they make better time thus than horsemen do. That is poor encouragement to us, and *we have procured horses too!* Our consul called on us again to-day; just after he left, in came the chaplain of the Macedonian, United States ship of war, which we saw lying at Alexandria. He was accompanied by an American missionary, by the name of Sanders, a kind, submissive, meek-looking gentleman,

who seemed to be in distressing health. I do not know to what denomination Sanders belongs. He remarked to Mr. S—tt that he received very little spiritual encouragement, and thought his labors as a pastor, and as shepherd of a flock, were far from being blessed.

A hard lot that poor man's must be—away out in that heathen port. It is little indeed that he is thought of in his own native land, where the pavé is crowded on Sabbaths with satinned shoes—where the rustle of silks grates *richly* on the ear, and where princely furs protect the fair wearers who go to God's house to advertise some dry-goods establishment. Little indeed think they of *his* labors. What a contrast is presented! But both are Christians, and both are sure of heaven's shining crown. The one reaches that happy goal because the money in her husband's coffers can be made into *ladders*, by which she can climb into paradise; the other enters more easily—"Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ" is his watch-word—but so wags the world.

The chaplain—I think his name is Bixley, or something like it—has been travelling around Jerusalem, but he came away, and forgot a mission with which he had been charged; so he requested Mr. S—tt to bring him some of the dirt from the Garden of Gethsemane—that was the mission; and the dirt Mr. S—tt was to deliver to him in Rome, where, the chaplain says, he will be when Mr. S—tt returns. They bade us good-bye, and left with many "God speeds."

At last everything was settled up, our bill at Blattner's receipted, and each mounting the first horse he reached,

we rode slowly in a single file cavalcade out of the gates. We presented rather an imposing show, and in fact formed quite a caravan. Each of us was well mounted, and each armed with gun, pistol, or knife. As we gradually left the place, and wound our way through the sandy lanes, bordered by the gigantic cactus, many thoughts of this old city, renowned biblically and historically, flashed through my willing brain. By reference to 2 Chronicles, we find that it was at this port where was floated in the cedar from Lebanon destined to aid toward the erection of Solomon's magnificent temple. In the 16th verse of the 2d chapter we read as follows: "And we will cut wood out of Lebanon, as much as thou shalt need: and we will bring it to thee in floats by sea to Joppa; and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem." The preposition *up* must indicate, I suppose, a rising country; but we will see before we reach the city of the Great King. It was in Jaffa that Peter, as he prayed on a house-top, beheld a singular vision—it was there he heard the voice in reference to the clean and unclean beasts, and which bade him eat "what God hath cleansed" (Acts x. 15). It was in Jaffa also that the great Apostle raised "a certain disciple named Tabitha" to life. "But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down and prayed; and turning *him* to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes, and when she saw Peter, she sat up" (Acts ix. 40). It was from Jaffa the rebel Jonah, wishing to shun Nineveh and get rid of his unwilling mission thither, embarked to Tarshish, whither he found "a ship going:" "so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to

go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord" (Jonah i. 3d verse). According to Joshua xix. 46, Jaffa was given to Dan, one of the sons of Israel. It was then called Japho, and has changed very little since then; as Porter says, "a remarkable instance of the tenacity of Shemitic names." It is coeval with the flood, and has a history since then which will make one ask the question—"and is it indeed true that *I* stand in Jaffa?" In its history, I refer to an incident which occurred in Jaffa in March, 1799. It was a deed of blood—a deed which for ever darkens the name of one of earth's greatest heroes. It was here that four thousand human beings were immolated on the altar of Napoleon Bonaparte's proud ambition. "On the 4th of March, 1799, Yâfa was invested by the French under Napoleon. In two days a breach was made by the cannon and declared practicable. The town was carried by storm, and delivered over to all the horrors of war, which never appeared in a form more frightful. During this scene of slaughter a large part of the garrison, consisting chiefly of Albanians, took refuge in some old khans, and called out from the windows that they would lay down their arms provided their lives were spared; but otherwise they would fight to the last extremity. Two officers, Eugene Beauharnais and Crosier, Napoleon's own aides-de-camp, agreed to the proposal, and brought them out disarmed in two bodies, one consisting of 2500 men, and the other of 1500. On reaching the headquarters Napoleon received them with a stern demeanor, and expressed his highest indignation against his aides-de-camp for attempting to encumber him with such a body

of prisoners in the famishing condition of his army. The prisoners were made to sit down in front of the tents, their hands tied behind their backs. Despair was already pictured in every face, for the relentless frown of the general, and the gloomy whispers of the officers, could not be mistaken. But no cry was uttered, no semblance of cowardice exhibited. With the calm resignation characteristic of the Muslem spirit and faith, they yielded to their fate. Bread and water were served out to them, while a council of war was summoned to deliberate. For two days the terrible question of life or death was debated. Justice, common humanity, were not without their advocates; but savage barbarity, under the name of political necessity, prevailed. The committee to whom the matter was referred *unanimously* reported that they should be put to death, and Napoleon immediately signed the fatal order!

“On the 10th of March the fearful tragedy was brought to a close. The whole of the prisoners were marched down to the sand-hills on the coast, firmly fettered; and there they were ranged in small squares, for execution. The French soldiers were drawn up in front, with a full supply of ammunition. A few minutes were allowed the victims to prepare for death. In the stagnant pools among which they were placed, they performed their ablutions according to the rules of their faith, and then uttered a few words of prayer. Taking each others' hands, after having placed them on their hearts and on their lips, they gave and received an eternal adieu. They made a last appeal—not to the humanity of Frenchmen,

for that they saw would be useless, but to the capitulation by which their lives had been guaranteed. The only answer they heard was the command for the soldiers to fire. Volley after volley was poured in upon them. For hours together nothing was heard but the rattle of musketry and the shrieks of the wounded and dying. One young man burst his bonds, threw himself among the horses of the French officers, and, embracing their knees, passionately implored them to spare his life. No wild Bedawy of the desert *could* have resisted such an appeal; yet Frenchmen sternly refused, and he was bayoneted at their feet. An old chief, slightly wounded, had strength enough left to hollow out with his own hands a rude grave in the soft sand; and there, while yet alive, he was interred by his followers—themselves sinking into the arms of death. After the massacre had lasted some time, the horrors that surrounded them shook the hearts of many, especially the younger part. Several broke their bonds, dashed into the sea, and swam to a ridge of rocks beyond the reach of shot. The troops made signs to them of peace; and when they came back, murdered them! Four thousand human beings were thus butchered; but the vengeance of Heaven followed their murderer to the rocks of St. Helena!”

Another act of Napoleon—a twin to the one above recorded—was the *poisoning of five hundred captives*, by Napoleon’s orders. This occurred in the present Armenian Convent, which the French, prior to Napoleon’s retreat to Egypt, occupied as a hospital. It is a favorite theme for condemnation with the English. Besides the

Armenian Convent, used as above stated at one time for a hospital, there are two others—the Greek and the Latin—but they are all small, as are three Mohammedan mosques which were shown us in the town. There are said to be in Jaffa some antique columns and pillars taken from Ascalon, but although I instituted minute inquiry, I was unsuccessful in finding them. I hope to do so when I return to the ancient port. Jaffa contains, I understand, in the neighborhood of six thousand inhabitants—the greater part being Muslems. Christians number about one thousand, and native Jews about two thousand. Jaffa has a rickety wall towards the sea, but it could be easily sealed, as its defence consists in a few old guns, which are never manned.

We had a lovely and most pleasant ride from Jaffa through the fertile Plain of Sharon, and, as we dashed in hilarity of spirits over the level fields, we entertained hopes that our journey to Jerusalem would not be such an arduous affair after all—but to-morrow's sunset will determine that point. For several miles we had Arab company. Several horsemen seemed to be awaiting us as we issued out at the gate leading from Jaffa, and, uninvited, joined our cavalcade. They jogged along with us until it was evident to them we were a "slow coach," and so they spurred away, and left us to ourselves. The Plain of Sharon is a beautiful level tract of country, overspread with a thick carpet of variegated flowers, stretching as far ahead as we could see. Numerous dry torrent beds scarred the outspread tract, but verdant groups of flowers

clustering on their gulches, in rich profusion, compensated for the disfiguration.

Sharon and Philistia, in ancient times, joined, and many great cities stood on their united plains; but they are now all dead and sunken for ever. "Sharon is like a wilderness," and the cities of Philistia are fallen. Gaza is "forsaken," Ascalon "a desolation," Ashdod is "driven out," and Ekron "rooted up." And as we galloped through this land of biblical record, and thought of what once existed here, our feelings can be far better imagined than described.

Our pace was good, and at half past three we reached Ramleh; and here we are now. We have stopped at the Latin convent, and are indebted now to Spanish Catholics for the hospitality of the night. To tell the truth, thanks to Esslinger's knowledge of Italian, we are now most comfortably fixed.

After we had indulged in a good cold-water wash, we sallied out as fresh as ever to take a look around the town. About half a mile from the convent we came to a large wall enclosure, and in it was an old decayed tower. It stands on the site of what was once a large khân—built in 1310 by the Khâlif Nasr Mohammed ibn Kalâwûn, and is spoken of as the *white tower* by Arabic writers. It was about sunset when we reached this spot, and as fortune would have it, we were just in time to hear an Arab go through with his prayers. In fact, it was his howls and shrieks and unearthly sounds that first attracted us. The man was high up in the tower, and his prayer consisted in *sound*. I could not under-

stand the substance of a monotone—spun out to such a length, that before he concluded, I had sketched the old tower, which I herewith present. Some one said to Meinherr that this resembled his haunted tower in *Faterland* near Heidelberg, and suggested that the noisy somebody in it was nothing other than his Satanic majesty, “*der Tuylfel*.” To this, Meinherr cocked his gray eyebrows, and very vehemently, as usual, uttered—“*Ach! mein Gott!*” I never, in my life, saw finer specimens of cactus than those which grow here around Jaffa, in perfect chaparals. We saw also and gathered some very beautiful single whorl flowers, which Esslinger asseverates is the far-famed rose of Sharon, and he pretends to be “*posted*” on these matters. We were much struck, in passing through the burying-ground, with the manner in which graves are left open. They are *all left* with a large opening at the foot. I had the curiosity to peer down into one, and my gaze was satisfied with the sight of some half dozen bleached skulls, and arm and leg bones in any quantity. It forcibly reminded me of my *dissecting-room days*. When returning to the convent, an accident, which came near being serious, befell one of our party, in which I was a participator. S. and self were casting stones at a species of hawk, which were so tame that the birds would alight within ten yards of you, and would only fly when we sent a stone whizzing by them. S. wished some of the birds for the purpose of stuffing them, but fearing to use his gun, he trusted to stones. He chanced to step before me just as I had propelled with my full force a heavy missile. It fell full on his unprotected

head, and he dropped like one who had been shot. He rose again, but staggered and fell. Finally, I got him to his feet; he is the coolest fellow I ever saw. He would not complain, though at a slight examination I found his pulse went flighty and irregular; and now he is laboring under decided concussion of the brain. I am doing my best for him. His scalp is cut considerably, but his cranium is uninjured.

To-morrow morning at six o'clock we leave here for Jerusalem. It is a long and hard ride over a tall, rough, and flinty mountain *path*—there is no road.

This little place in which we are now so snugly settled, and whose name signifies “sandy,” is a pretty village, situated immediately in the Plain of Sharon. It is intersected everywhere with cactus hedges, while an occasional broad-leaf palm adds beauty to the whole scene. The appearance the houses present, is (like all Arabic towns) very singular. They are all perfectly flat-topped, and are built apparently of a dull, heavy mortar, which gives them a gray, unrelieved, monotonous appearance. The country around us, however, looks so odd, that it is pleasing to a stranger even in *that*. In a favorite author of mine, and from whom I have several times quoted, we find the following succinct account and history of Ramleh:—

“In history there is no mention of Ramleh earlier than the ninth century; and Abulfeda states that it was founded in the early part of the eighth century, by the Khâlif Sulcimân, after he had destroyed Ludd. The same fact is recorded by William of Tyre, and others.

The town soon rose to importance, partly, perhaps, from its situation at the intersection of the great roads from Damascus to Egypt, and from Yâfa to Jerusalem. In the twelfth century, the geographer Eḍrisi calls Ramleh and Jerusalem the two principal cities of Palestine. Before the time of the Crusades, Ramleh was surrounded by a wall with twelve gates; four of these, opening towards the cardinal points, had markets and mosks attached to them. On the approach of the Crusaders in 1099, the city was deserted by its inhabitants, and immediately occupied by the Christians, who recruited their exhausted strength on the provisions the fugitives had left behind them. Here the Crusaders held a great feast in honor of St. George, and formally installed him as their patron, on account of the miracle he had wrought in their favor at Antioch. The homage paid to him here prepared the way for his advancement to higher honors. England soon adopted him, and other countries of Europe followed the example.

· The position of Ramleh made it a post of great importance during the crusading wars. In the year 1187, after the fatal battle of Hattîn, the town, with the whole plain, fell into the hands of Saladin; but four years later the approach of Richard of England changed the aspect of affairs. The Muslims destroyed the castle lest the English should occupy it. But notwithstanding this, the town became the headquarters of Richard, and the plain around it was the scene of many of his daring exploits. On one occasion, at the Feast of All Saints, when riding alone, he came upon a band of Turkish scouts, attacked

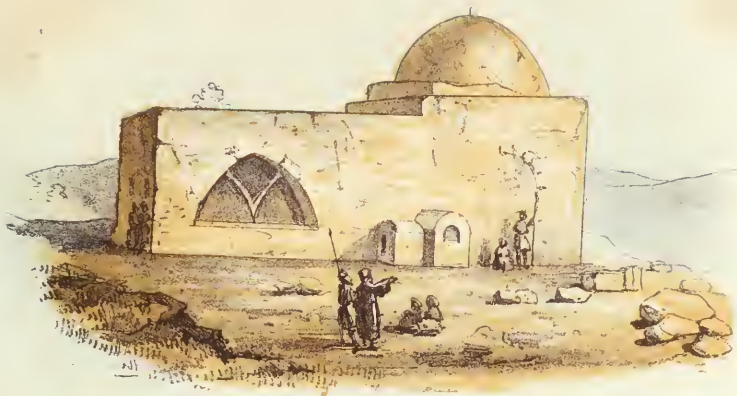


them, killed some, cut the head off a noble admiral with one blow, and chased the remainder to the foot of the mountains! On another occasion, however, he is said to have found a wild boar a more formidable adversary than the turbaned Muslem; for, after a hard struggle, he came off with a broken lance and wounded charger. In the truce between Richard and Saladin, made in 1192, it was stipulated that the plain and coast from Tyre to Yâfa, including the half of Ramleh and Lydda, should remain in the hands of the Christians. In 1202, Ramleh was entirely given up to the Crusaders, and remained in their possession until 1266, when it was finally captured by Sultan Bibars."

CHAPTER VIII.

Prussian Hospice, Jerusalem. }
Friday, 4th March, 1859. }

I AM in Jerusalem! At last I stand in the *holiest of holies*, and my greatest earthly wish is now satisfied. It is a difficult matter, too, seated as I am here, in a snug cosy room by a grateful heat, to realize that I *am* in the City of the Saviour—Him who was the mightiest Prince of David's royal line, and that I have trod those same streets which He and His disciples walked eighteen hundred long years ago—over which the army of Roman Titus rushed in former days, and spread abroad havoc and desolation—where, in fine, have been enacted some of the strangest scenes that were ever played on the stage of time in the theatre of life. Can I indeed believe that I have gazed on sacred Olivet's sloping green, and on Gethsemane's divinely-honored enclosure? Ay! the answer is a blissful affirmative. Here I am, thousands of miles from home, with two deep oceans rolling their salt waters between, and—*I stand in the home of David and Solomon, of Peter and John and JESUS!* It was here the stirring events of their lives robed them in a name, and with a fame, which have been handed down to us, and which will be known as long as time lasts. It



was here Jesus Christ, the humble Nazarene, spent a pious life endeavoring to sow better seed from which a richer and more abundant harvest would spring up; and here He played the most terrible *role* in the grand drama of Man's Redemption—affording spectacular scenes which convulsed the earth—yet which by their exhibition saved the world from *universal* condemnation. No man knows the morrow!

This morning when we arose at Ramleh, my friend S. was a good deal better, thanks to the antiphlogistic effects of cold water. In fact he is a wonderful, incomprehensible fellow; I cannot understand him—or *his physical nature*—at all. His system possesses singular recuperative powers; this morning he was in the saddle sooner than any man in the party. He has an iron constitution, and a will—material or non-material—which can be described by the same metallic adjective. We left the convent and our Spanish entertainers, not very well pleased at our treatment—at least Esslinger and myself were very much *displeased*. When we reached the convent last evening we had every reason to congratulate ourselves on our safe arrival at such a comfortable stopping-place; but when the miserable supper was placed before us, hungry, famished men as we were, things began to wear a different aspect. We did not complain, however, but went to bed half-starved—we were seeking their hospitality, and, being “beggars,” we could not of course arrogate to ourselves the right to be “choosers.” But this morning the breakfast was *worse than the supper* of the previous evening; and when we were about to

leave, Esslinger gave the *Padre* who attended on us *one Napoleon*. What was our surprise when he showed evident signs of displeasure—even of anger! But Esslinger was obdurate, and we had decided that a Napoleon was all that we could disburse for *such* hospitality; so we very leisurely rode away—no doubt accompanied by many flattering anathemas. Writing the word “*Padre*” reminds me of our fat friend, Father “Germano di Gerusalemme.” That good-natured and well-conditioned priest came to see us yesterday morning in Jaffa before we left that town, and expressed his great concern that he could not accompany us, as he had intended, to Jerusalem. Church matters detained the worthy friar, and so we bade him an affectionate adieu. He quite won on us before our voyagings together were over; he embarked with us at Naples aboard the “Quirinal,” and we saw him several times in Valetta, but it was after we came aboard the *Méandre* that the good Padre and ourselves became well acquainted. I hope to see him again. Last night Mr. S—tt and myself had a long and hearty laugh at an adventure with which my poor wounded friend met; I cannot record it for several reasons; it will do to *tell*, but not to *write*.

For three hours after we left Ramleh, we rode over what is a continuation of the Plain of Sharon, along a tolerable path—though the fields owing, to recent heavy rains, were very muddy. At the expiration of the above time, we reached the mountains—and then commenced our trials and troubles! In all my life, I never passed over such a *miserable, horrid road!* Up and down, and

vice versa—we were continually picking our way, over flinty rocks, and jagged thorn-bushes. All the time, as I take it, our necks were in immediate danger; and thus we literally dragged out *six hours!* It was killing—and so it came near being to Esslinger in *reality*. His horse was endeavoring to make a step which would place him some three feet higher than he already was—we were climbing over a tall, beetling, flinty cliff—and the noble animal lost his footing, and fell, carrying Esslinger backward to the ground beneath him. My Swiss friend, however, was in a twinkling on his feet, completely unhurt. Had his gun been capped, the load from two barrels would have passed through my body; I was immediately behind him, and in a direct line. Throughout our journey we met many Arabs—all well mounted, and well armed. While passing along a jagged stony path, through the mountains at one portion of the way, we saw several savage-looking, semi-clad fellows, creeping and skulking about behind the gray rocks—with their long brass-banded guns slung over their shoulders. Our moukâry Hassan, when he saw them, motioned us to close up in more compact order, and, as well as we could understand his *lingo*, advised us to continue so. I took his advice, and was ever afterwards, close to our good moukâry's heels over hill and dale, and stock and stone. But the men we saw, I imagine were peaceful shepherds; they were not handsome fellows it is true, and grace the hills of Palestine better than they would the *salons* of the French capital. Their arms were the only warlike

pretension they claimed, and *they* are worn by the most peaceful and well-disposed.

I thought once, we never would stop to take our lunch—which, owing to our slim breakfast at the convent, was anticipated with much pleasure. On and on, Hassan urged his little donkey, and in spite of our frequent reminders, he would not stop until *he* was ready. Finally we drew a glad rein, on a small green grassy hill, where were profusely scattered the ruins of a house, of a day long ago. We were here very much amused at a scene between Esslinger and Hassan, our worthy guide and muleteer; the former asseverating that *Turk or no Turk*, Hassan surely drank a bottle of our wine—and turbaned Hassan denied most positively the “soft impeachment.” We finally concluded the contest by exonerating Hassan, and attributed the broken neck of the bottle, and the consequent *spillage*, to rough treatment the said bottle had received at the convent in Ramleh.

After having refreshed ourselves by a good lunch, which, let me state, we brought with us from Blattner’s, in Jaffa, and having rested our weary limbs for an hour or so—we once again sprang into the saddle, and commenced our tedious journey afresh. On and on we staggered and clambered, trusting solely to the sure-footedness of our cautious steeds; and it is really surprising what a degree of sagacity some of these animals show. The one I bestrode was a rather stout, but very well-knit, blood bay, with a step as on steel springs. I noticed his intelligence, once or twice. In going up or down a path along which our route lay, whenever he

came to a loose stone, he would first place his foot cautiously upon it, and bear gradually down; if it gave way, or threatened treachery, he would move several rods out of the way—but would universally choose a *safer* route to master and steed. I have become quite attached to the prudent little fellow, and only wish I had him in far away old Virginia.

On our way we passed several mud villages, clinging in clusters to the rough hill-sides. We finally came to one of some note—biblical and otherwise. I refer to old-times *Kirjath-jearim*—which is now known as *Kuryet el 'Enab*. The most remarkable memories which cluster around this miserable spot, are those connected with the Ark of the Covenant, which here rested for twenty years. By reference to 1 Sam. vi.—xxi., we read in regard to the Philistines sending back the Ark: “And they sent messengers to the inhabitants of Kirjath-jearim, saying, The Philistines have brought again the ark of the Lord; come ye down and fetch it up.” This old town once belonged to the tribe of Judah, and was the stand-point to which several of the dividing lines of the children of Israel were carried. We have reference made to “Kirjath-baal, which is Kirjath-jearim,” in Josh. xviii. 14, 15, 28,—x. 17—in 1 Chron. xiii. 5, 6,—in 2 Chron. i. 4, &c.; but, as I have mentioned, the chief interest attached to the dilapidated village lies in the fact that here once reposed the Ark of God’s Covenant. There is a modern notoriety connected with the place also,—from the fact that it had been for several years the headquarters of one of the most blood-thirsty robbers that ever infested

Palestine. On *his* account the village fares badly for a good reputation at this time; and it was with some slight misgivings—knowing the character of the place from hearsay—that we slowly rode by the decaying mud wall. We momentarily expected to see a score of long-barrelled *barâdehs* thrust at us from the corners of the narrow streets. But we only saw a few Arabs—a wild-looking set they were—seated together in a lazy group, carelessly smoking their long-stemmed *chibouks*. The fearful bandit of whom I have spoken, was, not very long ago, taken prisoner by the Turkish authorities, and carried to Constantinople, where he died a miserable death in jail. This I have learned to-night, since I have been within the walls of Jerusalem. Had I known it five hours ago, my heart would not have beaten so irregularly.

Dr. Porter, from whom I have quoted several times, says, in regard to this robber: “There are the hereditary mansions of the family of the once celebrated chief, *Abu Ghaush*, whose daring robberies and cold-blooded murders for a long time kept the whole country in terror, Turkish pachas included. The wild ravine down which the road leads from the mountain ridge west of the village, to the great plain, was often the scene of his exploits. His safe-conduct was necessary to clear the pass; and woe betide the solitary traveller or heavy-laden caravan that attempted it without his permission! On one occasion, two pachas were shot dead, in the midst of their retinues, by this daring bandit. At last, however, after nearly half a century of power and crime, the tardy vengeance of the Turkish government overtook him. The chief

himself, and a number of his principal men, were seized in 1846, and sent to Constantinople. The subsequent fortunes of three of them were told to Dr. Robinson, by a member of the family. One had died in banishment; another was still an exile in Bosnia; and a third, after a banishment of five years, spent at Widdin, had returned home the previous year (1851). A number of the family still occupy the village, and, though forced by circumstances to be a little more circumspect, their character has not much improved."

It is a dark wild gorge in which Kirjath-jearim is situated, and I was heartily glad when we had left it several miles behind us.

After this historically interesting village, we passed several others, but none of any importance. About two miles beyond Kirjath-jearim, however, we came to the reputed house *in which Samuel was born!* It is nothing but the remnants of a mud wall, perched high up on a mountain, and looking barren, silent, and cheerless enough. Further on yet, Hassan showed us a small field between two high hills, in which, he gravely informed us, took place the remarkable duel between David and the giant of the Philistines. It seems singular for us to imagine such things as true; yet many of them, *per force of evidence*, circumstantial and otherwise, we must admit as veracious—or at least plausible.

After surmounting many and, it seemed, interminable difficulties, we at last commenced climbing a high mountain, from the top of which Hassan promised us a view of the Holy City. At length we were satisfied; Esslinger

reached the summit first, and my gallant little steed bore me in just behind him. There lay Jerusalem—the “lone, widowed Queen”—full before our gaze; its compact buildings clustered on a rough, ragged height; no bustle—murmurings of mankind’s busy cares—and no signs of animated life meeting the eye. It was a solemn, yet a pleasing sight, to see the minarets, mosques, and grim, gray walls flashing back the fading fires of the western sun.

One must not imagine the sight of Jerusalem, as it bursts on the view, to be grand and sublime, as is the case with murky London and the French capital. It is a mere handful of houses, as compared to those cities; yet, as we stand and silently contemplate the nestling city before us, a holy charm pervades the scene, and fills our inmost souls with the serenest and most exquisite pleasure that ever thrilled the thinking being. The swelling dome of Omar’s proud mosque, beneath which reposes the “*Holiest of Holies*”—the broad, square outline of the Tower of Hippicus, or house of King David—the tall, arched roofing over the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—and the just visible, swelling, beauteous brow of the Mount of Olives, all lay in sight. My feelings were like those of a dream; I could scarcely realize that my brain was performing its rightful function. I drew my pistol from my belt, and discharged it in the air. As its loud report fell on our ears, the spell which held us was dispelled, and each of us uttered exclamations of joy and wonder, as the full force of our novel position came up before our minds. Our moukâry and his attendants cast

themselves from their horses, and crying *El-Kuds! El-Kuds!* (the Holy! the Holy!) prostrated themselves on the ground.

We rode slowly on, over a broad plateau of rough shrubs, and stones, and with feelings which none can describe, we in a few moments, more solemnly entered the Jaffa Gate, and *stood within the walls of Jerusalem!* Strange emotions those, that flashed through my mind—but they were not allowed to remain in possession of my bosom long; for the swarm of Arab and Turkish boys that surrounded us, was perfectly awful! Among the motley crowd, was a *runner* from the Mediterranean Hotel—a Greek I take him to be. He speaks English and Italian well—he is a most importunate fellow! and even said that *he knew our* desires, and our necessaries, *better than we ourselves did!* He even asserted most authoritatively that we *should* go with him to his Hotel. But Esslinger, whom we had elected Captain, had made other arrangements; so pushing the fellow rudely and decisively aside, he motioned us to come on, and we followed Hassan, who, obedient to Esslinger's orders, was leading the way to the Prussian Hospice. Our Jew friend whom I have mentioned before in this Journal, was met, just before we entered the gate, by his joyous family, who reside here. He is living here engaged in a dyeing establishment; he anticipates great riches. He promised to call in at our quarters, here. When we had fairly entered the city, we had to dismount and go afoot, as the stones were very slippery, and some of the descents and ascents very sharp. I never before saw such streets—not

wide enough for two horsemen abreast, and so steep and broken that it looks like a needless risk of life to ride down them. We were the object of much wonder as we walked through the streets, speaking English and German—but *their* garb and themselves—*toute ensemble*—were sights equally as novel to our gaze. My pistol, purchased in Naples,—hanging in my belt, seemed to attract the avaricious eyes of several young warlike Arabs. Finally, however, we arrived at the Prussian Hospice, where we had previously determined to “put up,” while we sojourned in Jerusalem. And here we are all now, and most comfortably “fixed,” too. We have had coffee and coarse bread, and are much refreshed. While I am writing these words, our company congratulate themselves on our safe arrival in this ancient city. This hospice in which we have been so fortunate as to obtain lodgings, is supported at the expense of the Prussian government, and is solely intended for the entertainment of travellers. It is a snug and most comfortable place; but a very singularly constructed establishment, withal—genuine Eastern style, of course. A high wall or foundation looks on the street, and on it the house proper is erected. We climb up a narrow wooden staircase from the street, and step into a court about forty feet square; around this enclosure, the house is built. The kitchen is directly in front of the door from the street. We ascend a flight of stairs, leading from the first court, and come to a terrace—here are the best rooms. Mr. S—tt and myself occupy one. Another short staircase leads to another terrace, where is situated the room which

has been assigned to Esslinger, S., and the "brave huzzar." Another flight of a few steps leads to the "wall" or top of the house, from which a fine view is to be had, and where I expect to pass many evenings, despite the temperature, which is anything but pleasant. Our room is very airy, and the thermometer is very low. In coming from Ramleh to-day, the sun was so hot in the valley as to burn my face as "brown as a berry"—in fact, so excessive was the heat, that I panted as if I was laboring through one of July's hottest days. But here in Jerusalem, it is quite different; the winds whistle ominously around the buildings, and through the narrow streets, and the sky wears a threatening *snowy* aspect.

From our window, we have a fine view of Mt. Scopus, Mt. Olivet, Church of the Ascension, a small portion of the present Silwân (or ancient Siloam), Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Hill of Evil Advice, the Mosque of Omar, and Mt. Zion. What holy feelings necessarily pervade us, as these sacred objects are thrust on our view!

After we had partaken of coffee, Mr. S—tt called on the missionary, Dr. Barclay, who is so favorably known by his elaborate work, the "City of the Great King." He has just returned, with an invitation to our party to repair thither in the morning, and take our "first *comprehensive* (?) view of Jerusalem from Mt. Zion," whereon the Doctor resides. Mr. S—tt reports that he became acquainted with a young lady at Dr. B.'s *from Virginia!* I mention this, because it seems so singular that a *young lady* should be here *from Virginia*. A long way from home she is!

But I must close my Journal. I believe I could write all night; but I need sleep, and it waxes late, and I must be refreshed in order to enjoy the sacred sites and scenery around me.

The sun has sunk to-night on me in Jerusalem—this same sun, eighteen hundred years ago, witnessed, in neighboring Bethlehem, the birth of the humble Nazarene; and afterwards turned red at His sufferings on Golgotha, up yonder! Singular! and yet—*not* singular.

CHAPTER IX.

Prussian Hospice, Jerusalem. }
Saturday, March 5th, 1859. }

THIS has been a singular day to me—singular, because surrounded by so much of oddity, that my position has been *painfully* novel. We did not rise from our comfortable beds until quite a late hour this morning; we needed rest from the fatigue yesterday's labor entailed on us; and so we courted the Sleep-God until ten o'clock, and were loth even then to loosen his embrace.

Having partaken of a rather simple breakfast—one in which we were much deceived—we started, *en masse*, for the residence of Dr. Barclay, to fill Mr. S—tt's engagement of last evening. We were most hospitably received by Dr. B., at his home on Zion—and we were most agreeably entertained, and, though in Jerusalem, in real “Old Dominion” style. I am much afraid that our *peculiar costume*, chosen in accordance with the rude nature of the country, did not do honor to our worthy hosts. We satisfied ourselves, after we withdrew, with the reflection and hope that they knew we *had* better attire *somewhere* in the world. I am confident, however, that our kind entertainers never once thought of our

apparel, however *brusque* it was. Many a laugh, I hope, our *début* on Mt. Zion will afford me, in coming years! I had an interesting conversation with Mrs. B., whose son, now a doctor of medicine, I have often seen in Philadelphia, U. S. Mrs. B. informs me he now practises at Beirût.

After conversing most pleasantly for awhile—during which *while*, however, poor Montag could not say a word on account of ignorance of English—we all adjourned at the Dr.'s request to the terrace of the house, in order to look around. Dr. B. explained very fluently the various ideas he held concerning the situation of several localities of religious importance and dispute; he put us in possession of facts in regard to sites, &c., &c., of which I have longed, even since childhood, to think. The Dr. informed us that the valley before us once echoed to the footfalls of King David's warlike hosts, and also to the frenzied cry of the rude Romans of Titus's army—that the very house beneath us stood on Mt. Zion, and under it was to this day an aqueduct of Solomon's antique time. To our left he pointed out the magnificent Mosque of Omar, said to possess a dome of the most perfect spring in the world. This reminded me forcibly (though considerably smaller, I should think) of the lordly dome of St. Peter's in Rome—the towering monument of the almost divine skill of Michael Angelo. We gazed with interest at the open enclosure (by which I mean free from trees and much extended) of the ancient Temple or present Haram Area, wherein should a "Christian dog" by mistake or otherwise enter, off goes his head! Dr. B. related to us several

anecdotes of fruitless attempts on his part to enter the enclosure. He wished to explore the whole establishment, in search of objects of interest and ancient antiquities. It had long been his wish to do this; and he had offered bribe after bribe to the *janissaries* to allow him to enter, and on the condition that *he* would run *all risks* when once within the enclosure. Several different janissaries had consented to this plan, but directly the Doctor wished to put his design into execution, the watchful and remorseful guardians of the Pacha's holy things would refuse to perform their part of the contract, and the Doctor was disappointed time and again. Finally, it seems (this was told me by Miss —, the young lady staying at Dr. B.'s) Dr. Barclay offered one of the janissaries a *horse*, provided he would allow him, disguised and arrayed to suit himself, to enter the enclosure. The offer was too tempting to be refused, and this time the janissary was as good as his word. The Doctor was admitted; but, not understanding the locality sufficiently well, he was soon detected; his fleetness of limb alone saved his life on that occasion—a “trying” one truly! He afterwards, however, was sufficiently fortunate to obtain permission from the pacha to visit the Haram, and he then had the satisfaction to visit thoroughly all places of interest within the enclosure. Miss Barclay (the daughter of Dr. B. and the wife now of Mr. Johnson, American Consul at Beirût), whose recently issued work I was fortunate enough to see a few days ago—or rather *yesternight*—gives an account of a visit to the Holy of Holies, which *she* performed at great personal

risk, and which could only have been performed by one possessing the fullest developed powers of determination. It seems the young lady after various bribes, succeeded in winning over to her purposes several women of the Harem, who promised to give her lessons, necessary to a right conduct when once within the enclosure. She took regular exercises in a dress as worn by the women of the Harem, and finally expressed her willingness to undertake the arduous task. Unfortunately she had not practised sufficiently the art of *walking in Eastern sandals*, and that deficiency gave her great annoyance. She entered the enclosure with several of the women, being completely disguised as one of them. She had nearly reached a sentinel who stood with his naked gleaming scimitar—the custodian of the place—by whom it was necessary for them to pass. Suddenly Miss B.'s shoe, which she had been endeavoring for some time to keep on, caught against an impediment and fell from her foot. She was so confused at this, that involuntarily she threw up her long veil which covered her features. In another instant she would have been discovered, but the Turkish sentinel, true to his orders and the custom, turned away immediately, and did not look on her face. It is a severe penalty for them to look on the face of a woman. She then gathered renewed confidence—for she knew from this circumstance that she was not suspected—and she passed safely on. To this is due the magnificent chromograph view of a scene under the proud dome of the Mosque of Omar, which appeared in Dr. Barclay's justly celebrated work, "The City of the Great King." This

was a hazardous adventure when we remember that the penalty, if discovered, was *death*, or *become a member of the hareem*. With our sex there is no alternative; the bowstring is our immediate sentence and doom. So none of our party were sufficiently emulous of fame to try the experiment of standing beneath the "Dome of the Rock."

But I have been guilty of a lengthy digression, and must now return to the roof of Dr. Barclay's house, on Mt. Zion. From our position we could plainly see the Mosque el-Aksa—a long barn-like looking building, with a flat top and a small dome. It reminded me forcibly of a country railway station in America—the dome, on el-Aksa, representing the cupola or bell-house, on the station-house. This mosque does not compare in grandeur with that of Omar. The beautiful slope of Mount of Olives lay before us, its green sides arranged in terraces which stretch from top to bottom. On the summit of the sacred mountain is situated a church, called that of the *Ascension*; because, by some, the spot is thought to be identical with that of the Saviour's ascension. We could plainly see the further wall of the Garden of Gethsemane, in the valley of Jehoshaphat—and the thousands of Jewish tombstones scattered beneath the olive trees—and spotting everywhere the sides of the sacred mount. Jews of every clime, country, and generation, all struggle thither, that their bones may rest in the land of Abraham and Israel; and the love they possess, even now, for poor fallen, dilapidated Jerusalem, is strikingly exhibited in this last act of their lives,

which places their bones under the turf of Mt. Olivet, to bleach beneath the shadow of the Temple wall. It is strange what an unanimity of feature betrays these wandering and widely-scattered people, which were once the largest flock that roamed the plains of Palestine. In Northern Syria alone, we find examples of a race bearing the *name* of Jews, who are very slightly Jewish, according to *our* standard, in features, in manners, or customs. They are a far nobler set than those Jews who flood Jerusalem, and who stock every port in the Levant, and whose face is the guarantee for acts of contumely and contempt towards the unfortunate owners of the Israelitish features. This class, however, affords the only example of diversity of features and habits. Our Jews in America—of course much more refined, and far more deserving, because, in many of our cities, they form the most, and sometimes the only, creditable portion of our population,—show the same similarity of features—the short curly, glossy dark hair; the clear, beautiful skin; the almond-shaped, liquid eye; the large sensual mouth; the still larger and thoughtfully ponderous nose—all are the same as with the richly-attired, turbaned, and red-sandalled merchant who loiters through the narrow streets of Jerusalem, and with the miserable leper-mendicant who begs alms of you, at the Zion gate. And they all show this reverential feeling toward their long and forever lost city—which shone with such splendor in the days of Solomon, and towered so grandly when the humble One of Nazareth suffered crucifixion on neighboring Golgotha.

The Hill of Evil Counsel (or Advice) lay to our right,

and *over against us*. It was here "they took counsel to kill Jesus." Right above is the Hill of Slander (or Reproach) because Solomon in his old age, carried away with lustful passions, and forgetting the God who gave him his riches, wisdom, and power, here erected a gorgeous temple to his courtesans. It is known to this day as the Hill of Slander, and furnishes a good example of how a bad name clings to one, especially when it is deserved. In the same locality, is *Aceldama*—the "Field of Blood"—the small patch of land, bought with the traitor Judas' ill-got money. It is a barren-looking rocky spot—one well befitting in looks the dastardly act by which the bloody tract was purchased. On the site of *Aceldama*, stands now a long low building which is, and has been used as a charnel-house. Farther to the right, below the "gardens in the King's Vale," in the downward torrent-bed of the brook Kidron, situated high against the overhanging cliffs, is the Village of *Silwân*—called so from its proximity to the Pool of Sacred Memory. We could only see the top of some of the straggling mud huts of the village, as the rest was concealed behind the swelling brow of Zion.

After feasting our eyes with the varied scenery of sacred spots from the house-top, we descended and partook of some refreshments in the shape of nice *pound-cake*, and what was better still, we were given to "wash down" the delicious cake, nothing more nor less than *wine from Hebron*—the juice, pure and unadulterated from the wild vineyards of Mt. Hebron! Just to think of that! It

scarcely seems possible that such a lot should be mine—but so it is, and I am thankful.

As Dr. Barclay suggested, we descended, and, with him as our guide, we wound through several narrow alleys, and took our way to that portion of the ancient Temple-wall, where the Jews meet on every Friday, to weep over the misfortunes of their fallen race, and lave the large stones in penitential tears. It is called from this observance the "Place of Wailing." We enter the sad spot by a low gate, and stand in a small enclosed space, quadrangular or rectangular in shape, which is roughly paved. Modern houses stand on one side, a low wall on the other, and the Temple wall on the remaining sides. We saw several stones of magnificent proportions, having a singular flattened or *bevelled* edge, indicative of Jewish workmanship and of great antiquity. There are many large clefts and fissures in the rocks, into which the poor Jews protrude their heads, as far as they can get them when they wail; and the rude rock in many places is worn smooth by reverential tears and kisses. I was engaged in getting a piece of the ancient stone from the wall, as a souvenir of the place, and not with any idea of defacing the masonry at all—when a Jew, of whom there were three or four present, very violently reprovèd me, as I judged from his manner. He seemed as if meditating personal violence, despite the presence of our party. I desisted immediately, and gave a significant glance toward my pistol which hung in my belt. That was sufficient—he left me, poor fellow! and I procured the relic. By those who have witnessed the



scene—which can be done every Friday—the wailing day and its sights, are represented as being affecting in the extreme. Young and old, male and female, rich and poor, all cluster here in swarms, and send forth in prolonged and mournful chorusses their piteous wailings over their lost and now defiled sanctuary. As we stood on the spot, and heard Dr. Barclay so vividly describe the scene, how vividly did all the glowing recollections of Solomon's gorgeous Temple flash in flying battalions over my mind! How sunken now and how changed the scene! The turbaned Muslem treads through the sacred cloisters and archways which once echoed to the footstep of the wisest king of the East—and the lofty towering portico and the brilliant golden fane, are now hid beneath the *debris* of ages, and buried in fragmentary ruins beneath the wreck of time. Truly, indeed, "Oh! God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth. Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem; and there was none to bury them. We are become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are around about us." (Ps. lxxix. 1-4.)

Dr. Barclay wished to show us a gate, or the remnants of one, which he discovered sometime since; but we could not climb over the wall to get at it, and the proper opening was closed. The Doctor says the gate is a magnificent relic of by-gone ages; he considers it one of the ancient

splendid Temple gateways. I made a rude sketch of the "Place of Wailing," but have since found an admirable photographic view of it, which I have appropriated. It is accurate to the utmost minutiae.

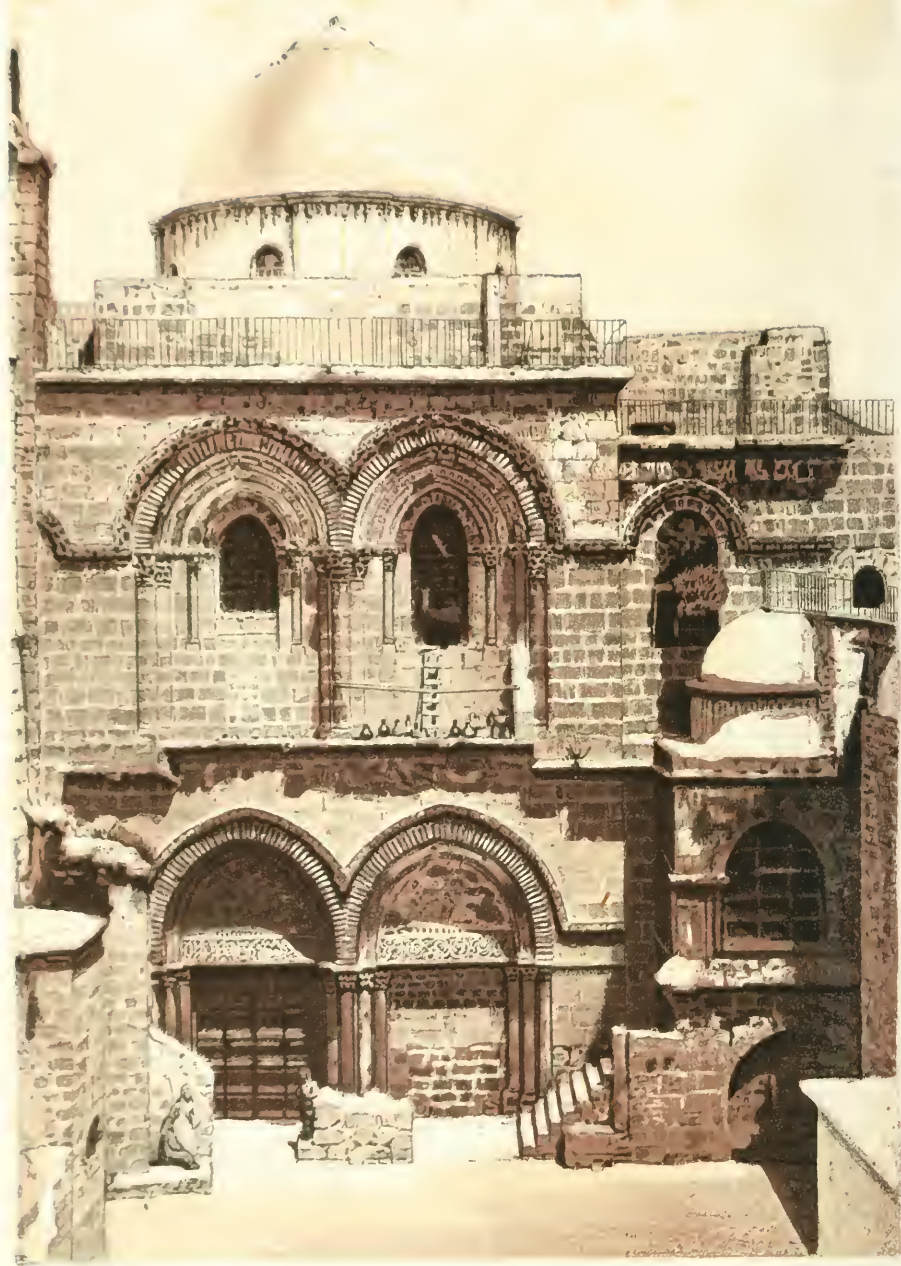
From this place, so sad in its interest, we took our way toward the Bazaars, expecting of course a rare sight of splendor and beauty spread out for our curiosity, our bitter and disappointed expectancy notwithstanding. We found most of the Bazaars huddled together *all in a heap*, so to term it, in one locality. Through these we wind and twist about by a narrow pathway of stone leading the entire length of them. Such a disagreeable, pent-up odor—odor of bad *tâmbac* from gurgling narghilêhs, I never before experienced. The owner of the Bazaar presents quite a different appearance from the well-dressed, smart, polite clerk who stands at your service in Parisian *boutiques*. I was struck with one remarkable trait about the vender—his complete apathy—his entire *non-chalance*—his "I-don't-care-whether-you-buy-or-not" look. This was apparent at first; but when the Turkish dealer became warmed up with the subject of trade, and remembered, too, he had "Hadjis" to fleece, this dull conduct rapidly disappeared; and he rivalled in cuteness and well-conceived and *better-executed* cunning some of *our keenest Yankees*. We lingered long, looking at the many gewgaws and enticing articles which as souvenirs the storemen artfully placed before us. We, the *American element*, could not resist the temptation, and, much to Esslinger's disgust, we purchased several trifles to carry to our far-off friends as remembrances of this old, holy city. Some of

the cornelian stones we find here in the shops are indeed most beautiful, and the skill with which they are cut is surprising—for I am told it is Turkish or Arabic workmanship. As the articles in question were cheap, we, with the exception of our Swiss friend, who wanted none of the “trash,” purchased freely. To-night we have received a hint that the *stones are originally from the Red Sea, and that the workmanship is French!* In other words, the stones have journeyed to France, and back to Jerusalem, and found purchasers in Yankees! Be that as it may, I am quite certain of this, *the stones were bought by us in a Jerusalem bazaar.* Among other things, we saw some very rich and handsome shawls and scarfs, two or three superb-looking native watches with tortoise-shell cases, and a whole cargo of Eastern watches, Oriental Arabic dial-plate, made—where? *Down East in Yankee land!* Yes, indeed; Brother Jonathan makes Arabic watches, and sells them in large quantities—of course at good prices and profits. We saw also some very handsome and truly elegant sabres; and there were many other things to please the curious; but Esslinger became so impatient to be a “ganging,” that, to please him, we left the Bazaars. I was glad myself when we passed into the fresher atmosphere, and heard the last narghilêh gurgle on my ear; for a bazaar, however rich and gorgeous the picture the *word* may paint on the imagination, is far from being a place of pleasure, especially when compared to the *Pincian Hill, the Cremorne Gardens, or the Pré Catelan!*

On our way to the Church of the Sepulchre, whither

we now bent our steps, we passed by several factories of glass armlets and anklets. Such a quantity of this article I never saw in all my life. The Dr. informed us that they were put on a child's wrist or ankle when quite young, and allowed to remain there throughout life. They are considered a great ornament in either place—a cheap one certainly being only worth two piastres (eight cents). On this same street, and just before we reached the narrow entrance before the Church of the Sepulchre, we saw the fine ruin of the once magnificent Hospital of the Knights of St. John. A well-preserved ruin it is. A large and handsome gothic gateway with a pointed arch is the entrance by which access is obtained to the enclosure. To any one who has read the smallest portion concerning the deeds of this heroic ecclesiastical order—to any one who has heard the name of Godfrey or Richard of the Lion Heart—singular emotions must thrill his bosom as he gazes on this sad wreck of what was once a lordly pile—on this spot where once the bold knight's voice, as clear as his battle-bugle, rang on the air. I would like to tell herein the romantic story of the Templars, and would lovingly linger over the chivalrous adventures and final disastrous extinction of the gallant Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; but I have neither time nor ability. I shall visit again the ruin, and there, amid the solitude and sweetness of my own musings, I shall glut my soul by thinking of those by-gone deeds of that gallant Christian band whose baldric and falchion flashed in the battles of the Cross.

I have heard that this large enclosure has been recently



given to the present Napoleon, Emperor of the French, by the Pacha, as a *bakhsish*, or, to make it more appropriate, as a *pour boire*. How true this is I know not. Porter mentions the fact in connection with the ruin, that a tannery exists here now, and that the odor therefrom is insufferable. So unbearable is it, he says, that often anti-quarian and tourist are deterred by it from becoming acquainted with the many curiosities of this once splendid hospital. But of that I discovered not the slightest sign.

Some fifty yards further on, we came to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is said, as all know, by some, that on this site once reposed in death the body of the Saviour of mankind, and that beneath the dome of the church *is now the self-same sarcophagus* which once contained the sacred corpse—also, that under the roof of the edifice is Golgotha. Of course, about all this, as of everything else, there is much dispute; and it is very plausibly asserted that Jesus neither rested here in death, nor is Golgotha here situated. Of all of this I may treat more at length in a coming day's Journal, when I am more familiar with the sacred objects which are here grouped together, and with the facts of the *case*.

The worshippers in this church, Greek, Latin, Armenian, &c., &c., say that *all shall bow the knee*, when entering the court of the church. So *we* came in the category, and had to do as others do. Meinherr, at this point, came near injuring himself seriously; in going through the low stone entrance, he raised his head too soon, thinking he was free from the gateway; the result was, his cranium came in violent contact with the stones; and, as a final

result, Meinherr suffered from temporary concussion of the brain.

As we stood directly in front of it, the church presented a fine appearance; its noble portal and tall swelling dome showed well under the noonday sun. I will defer anything like a description, because we saw nothing to describe—the church being closed, and would be opened only under the influence of a heavy *bakhshish*; this we concluded not to give, knowing that to-morrow morning the portal swings free to all who may enter. It is with the greatest pleasure that I look forward to visiting this sacred place.

Whether or not the church deserves its sacred title, the simple fact, that the Christian sects of the East all agree in bestowing it, is sufficient to cause us to approach the place with the liveliest feelings of awe and veneration. I defy the sternest Atheist, the most unflinching Infidel, the most fanatical Pantheist, to stand before the noble *façade* of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and while he recalls that long dead fact which gave the name to the edifice, to shut out from his bosom the teachings of his conscience—that there *was a* Christ who died for our sins—that there *is a* Christ who reigns for ever—our future Father, our eternal Judge.

We then bade adieu *pro tem.* to Dr. Barclay, and started on our way home to the Prussian Hospice. We were sure of finding our way quite readily back to our quarters, notwithstanding Dr. B. assured us we would *find it* a difficult undertaking. But we merely laughed at him, thinking he was joking us—and took our way

rapidly through the Bazaars. At the other end we expected to turn into a little street, and in a few moments stand at the foot of the outside staircase of the Prussian Hospice. We reached the end of the Bazaar, but *no small street was there!* This looked badly. Well, we wandered about considerably, each man—Esslinger in particular—confident of his knowledge of the way, and giving orders to “follow me!” but we finally came to the conclusion that we were all wrong, *in toto*. Whereupon we held a council of war. We could not speak Arabic sufficiently well, to make any inquiry of those passing; nor could the *silly* Turks and Arabs speak French, German, or English, but we had slight hopes of Italian, as some of the Arabs understand it. So, like a parcel of fools—or *sheep*, to say the least—we were compelled to stand still, and watch out in every direction for some decent-looking fellow, who when he came by, Esslinger would rush out, and accost with a half-mad “*non parlate Italiana?*” A vacant stare, a very puzzled look, and then a volley of gutturals deep enough to choke a German would fall on poor Esslinger, from whom a smothered “*tam!*” alone told us the ill-success of his venture. After shifting head-quarters a dozen times, and wandering about an hour or so, like a disconsolate guerilla party, we at last fell in with a very *Dutchy* looking boy, who in response to Esslinger’s hazardous “*Können sie Deutsch?*” admitted that he could, by opening his mouth and dropping out a most emphatic “*ja! mein herr-so!*” “*Gut!*” ejaculated Esslinger, his eyes brightening up. To make a long story short, the boy very kindly led us about *twenty-five yards*, and turning

sharply to the right, there lay our staircase looking as natural as ever. "Da!" said the boy—and refusing to accept a trifle, walked off, followed by our well wishes. We had walked *around* the Hospice a dozen times.

This adventure reminds me of one similar, in which it was my fortune to participate. It happened in Venice. My good friend, Frank G., of New York City, and myself, sallied out, the afternoon after we had arrived in the far-famed water city, to view the beauties of the *Molo* and the *Piazzetta di S. Marco*—to gaze on the Ducal Palace, the Grand Canal, and the Bridge of Sighs. We very readily found the *Piazzetta di S. Marco*, because the entire promenade-tide set in that direction, and the hour for promenading was near. After satiating our curiosity to some extent, our hunger became so great, that it was necessary to sate *that*, as well. So we turned about, and, walking leisurely toward our hotel, the *Vittoria*, contented ourselves with arraying, in our imagination, the good things our Venetian *albergatore* would spread before us, at the quick-coming *table d'hote*. On we walked, and dived and twisted into and about the narrow streets—but the hotel did not come in sight at all! The houses around us, too, frowned down upon us, and looked very strange and unfamiliar, as they flung their distorted shapes over the narrow streets. Well, we walked, and walked, and walked, and *c'était tout*, as the French say. We could not find our way back, that was a manifest certainty; and, in order to get home and get *something to eat*, we finally entered a store in the *Piazzetta di S. Marco*—back to which we had wandered a dozen times—and

hired a store boy for a *zwanziger* or so, to show us the way. *He* walked about *two minutes*, in a perfectly *straight direction*, it seemed to us, and turned into the court-yard of the Vittoria.

But to return. When once back in the hospice, we indulged in cold water, externally and internally, and then sat down to—I must say, in *justice to my veracity*, in *my* humble opinion—a *most miserable dinner*. *Black bread and GOAT MEAT!* bah! But to compensate for the edibles, we had fine wine from the Judean Hills, and in great abundance. This liquor resembles very much in flavor, and is equally as good as, the *Lachryma Christi* of Rome—and oh! it is so much cheaper! only costing us about twelve or fifteen cents per bottle. Esslinger speaks grandiloquently in its praises, and asserts, with German vehemence and *Oriental* enthusiasm, that he intends sending a ship to Jaffa, and have it freighted with this nice, cool, sparkling wine. S. suggests that he be made *skipper* of said craft—and the subject getting *dreggy*, drops.

Having finished the ordeal of *wadding* down goat meat and black bread, and black bread and goat meat, as the case happened to be, we procured horses, and, pursuant to our engagement with Dr. Barclay, proceeded to his house on Mt. Zion. Esslinger and the valiant “huzzar” did not accompany us; they were deterred by prospects of a rain. The doctor, on this visit, was to take us around the walls of Jerusalem, outside, in order to make us familiar, to a certain extent, with the present and ancient landmarks of the city—an all-necessary, or, at least, very important preliminary step, prior to a

sojourn amid this debris and wreck of antique times. Unfortunately for our plans, the doctor was ailing; he had a violent nervous headache, and could not accompany us. But Miss ——, the young lady staying with Dr. B., most kindly offered her services as our guide; we heartily accepted, and, without wasting our time, off we started, all in good spirits, and, what was better still, in *good saddles*—quite an item for a rough canter here. We dashed rather hastily, and *dangerously*, I thought, along the narrow, rocky, slippery, descending paths—or *streets*. to dignify them by another name. We at last left the city, and by St. Stephen's Gate. Near this gate, they say, St. Stephen suffered martyrdom—hence its name. As we were passing under the arch, we came across a dog of a most ferocious aspect and disposition—so ferocious, that I record it. He was so uncivil to me, that I was half inclined to make him another martyr, without speaking irreverently, by sending a bullet through his head.

We took our way along a portion of the ancient Temple wall—on the east, overhanging on its high bluff the deep Valley of Jehoshaphat. This wall is now in a line with, and is included, I believe, in the general ramparts, forming a portion of the fortification. We in a few moments reached the Golden Gate, which is the most remarkable feature and object of curiosity in this section of the wall, because simply there is nothing more to see. I was not much struck with this Golden Gate, of which I had heard so much, and read more, in English, German, and French guide-books. It is evidently much more recent in date

than the wall *into* which it seems very plainly to be built. It stands out several feet from the general line of the fortification; it has a double portal, and rather handsome arches over each door (these closed by cemented stone). There are several pillars and pilasters—some of the Corinthian and some of the Ionic order—both vitiated. Porter speaks very positively of the comparative modern date of the Golden Gate.

Perhaps some sixty yards below the gate, Miss —— pointed out to us a rough ragged stone, projecting some distance beyond its fellows. On this stone the followers of the Prophet affirm that Mahomet will sit in judgment over the world at the last day. He is to be the judge, and that piece of rude granite—his throne. On that terrible day, the good and the sinful—resurrected of course—are to collect on the opposite slope of Mount Olivet, and one by one they shall attempt to cross over the yawning abyss beneath them on a small wire. The sinners, when half way, shall fall into this valley—which by the Arabs is called Hinnom (or Ge-Henna by the Jews, meaning *hell*)—and there meet their due reward; but the righteous and pure in heart shall pass safely across, and enter the Temple or *Paradise*. If I might venture a comment, I dare say there would be considerable *wire-pulling* on that trying day. Doubtless the Mohammedans borrowed this idea from the descendants of “Father Abraham,” who, as I have mentioned before, flock thither that they may die in Jerusalem, and be buried beneath the sod of Olivet; because *they* think that it is here at the awful day of wrath *their* true Messiah will judge the

"quick and the dead." The similarity of traditions is manifest.

This wall along which we rode is commonly known as the Haram Wall, as it forms a portion (east side) of the Haram enclosure. How beautiful Olivet looked from our position as we stopped a moment to gaze on the picturesque mountain before us, with its venerable olives scattered plenteously on its green brow—olives which perhaps cast a shade here in the time of Christ;—on a close examination into the cortical structure of these trees, I have no doubt but that some of them were cotemporary with Jesus of Nazareth. The Church of the Ascension showed well from this position, and I anticipate the pleasure of going again to that same spot, and enjoying the glorious panorama in early morning, which, I am told, is *the* hour to enjoy the scene here and then presented in all its richness and gorgeousness.

We next descended into the deep vale lying between us and Mount Olivet. This is called the Valley of Jehoshaphat; in it there are four tombs of as much, if not of more, importance and interest than any others in or near Jerusalem. They are arranged in nearly a right line, and a view of one includes all. I shall repair thither at an early day in order to sketch the group.

The Tomb of Absalom, or more properly Pillar of Absalom, comes first in order as we proceed down the valley, and that, I shall first notice. At the inferior portion, the tomb is built of massive solid stones, but the top, somewhat fashioned like an irregular cone, is of masonry of large square stones, I believe, and appears simply to

be stuck on to the lower portion at a much more recent date. The diversity of the styles of architecture, and the difference of material used, might lead us to infer that the lower part of the structure was original work, and that the cruciform appendix was an ornamental(?) adjunct, placed there by a later generation. This was likewise the opinion of Mr. Ferguson, who was a good judge in such matters; but Dr. Robinson thinks that the architecture warrants the statement that the monument is as old as Herod's day at least. This tomb has by some been said to be that of Hezekiah, by others, that of King Jehoshaphat. It cannot be the latter, if my memory serves me correctly; for in 1 Kings xxii. 50, we read—“And Jehoshaphat slept with his fathers, and was buried with his fathers *in the City of David, his father*; and Jehoram, his son, reigned in his stead.” The italics are mine. By the *City of David*, HERE, in this place, is beyond all doubt meant *Bethlehem*. Neither, I think, can this be Absalom's Pillar, for “Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar which *is in the King's dale*; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name, and it is called unto this day Absalom's place” (2 Sam. xviii. 18). Now all concur in placing the “King's Dale” far below this spot, and in the neighborhood of En-Rogel, which I shall notice later; and according to Scripture, if I mistake not, Absalom was killed in the wood of Ephraim by Joab on the day of the defeat of the Israelites, and “they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones

upon him; and all Israel fled away unto his tent" (same chapter, 17th verse). But many Jews, however, thinking this the veritable Pillar of Absalom, always cast a stone at it, and utter an anathema as they pass, in token of their disapproval of the base conduct of David's rebelling son. The stones at present are piled high against the sides of the monument, and exist also in large quantities inside—so much so, that exploration is impossible. The dimensions of the pillar I suppose to be, roughly, about forty-five feet high, and about twenty-five feet front.

The second tomb which we reached was that of the Apostle James. This is quite a large chamber hewn out of the rock in the cliff, and consists of several smaller chambers for the repose of bodies. It is supported by two columns, and two half-columns, of an order I forgot to notice particularly. "In this tomb, says tradition, the Apostle James sought refuge during the interval which elapsed between the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord. The tradition is first found in Gregory of Tours, where it is said, that when James saw the Saviour dead upon the cross, he vowed he would neither eat nor drink, until he should see him rise again. On the third day, our Lord showed himself to the apostle, saying, 'Arise and eat, for I have now risen from the dead.' The story, however, does not appear to have been connected with this cave, until the time of Maundeville, in the fourteenth century." We have then no authority other than this, for believing this to be the tomb of the apostle. If other proof exist, I have not been able to lay my hand on it.



View of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, Greece, showing the ruins of the temple and the surrounding landscape.

However, I was told that this was the tomb of St. James. Every guide in Jerusalem and every writer on Jerusalem speaks of it as that apostle's tomb, and so I have recorded it.

The third tomb was that of Zecharias, him who was stoned, during the reign of King Joash, in the Temple court. In 2 Chron. xxiv. 20-21, we read: "And the Spirit of God came upon Zechariah, the son of Jehoiada the priest, which stood above the people, and said unto them, Thus saith God, Why transgress ye the commandments of the Lord, that ye cannot prosper? Because ye have forsaken the Lord, he hath also forsaken you. And they conspired against him, and struck him with stones, at the commandment of the king, in the court of the house of the Lord." This, then, is the tomb of the victim of Joash, on which we gazed. But God's righteous vengeance was not idle; it soon afterwards, all-wisely, overtook Joash, and that monarch was slain. I know of *no slab* which marks *his* last resting-spot. The tomb in question is rather of simple construction, and is cut from the solid rock. It has a couple of pillars in front, and over the inferior part is built an irregular pyramid. Some authorities say it is the tomb of Isaiah the prophet—but I know not on what basis. The architecture of the tomb makes it only about eighteen hundred years old.

There is yet one other tomb of biblical antiquity, which gives rise to several disputes—to reconcile which, I cannot, of course, make a single attempt. For I must humbly confess I did not *see any of it at all*. Miss —, I believe, pointed it out, or what remained of it. I refer

to the so-called tomb of King Jehoshaphat, to which monarch I have referred, in speaking of the pillar of Absalom. The same objection raised *then*, bears equally well here—that there is but one tomb of Jehoshaphat, and it is in Bethlehem, or the “City of David.” Porter says it “is in the north-east angle of the excavated arch around the pillar of Absalom,” and that “the pediment alone is visible, owing to accumulations of rubbish.” After contemplating, for several moments, these objects of sacred interest, of which I have endeavored to write something, we slowly turned our steeds away, and commenced the winding ascent of the Mount of Olives. We came very soon to a very ancient-looking, gray-walled structure, resting in a sunken court to our left. The façade was quite pretty, consisting of two pointed Gothic arches, with a square architrave and large fine *portail*. This purports to be the tomb and the chapel of the Virgin Mary, the mother of the Saviour of mankind; whether or not it is, I cannot say. The Virgin, I know, has other reputed burying-places. I am told that it is also said—Joachim and Anna, the parents of Mary, and of Joseph, her husband, are also interred here! It is a romantic-looking spot; I hope to visit it, in a day or two, and enter it—this privilege is only obtained very early in the mornings, and on festival days.

We lingered here only a short time, and then rode on toward a small enclosure of heavy masonry. Inside the enclosure we could see a small, squalid, miserable habitation, several rows of flowers, and a half dozen or so magnificent venerable olive trees. This was the famous

Garden of Gethsemane! How my heart leaped as I drew near that sacred spot! and it seemed as if I was threading the mystic maze of a dream as I gazed on the few feet of earth before me, made doubly hallowed by the bloody sweat and agony of the Saviour. It was here He prayed that the "bitter cup" might be spared Him, and it was here that He was betrayed by a disciple's kiss! It was with much interest, then, that we drew up as we reached the garden, and peered inquisitively over the wall, above which we could just see. We had not time, however, to enter to-day. We intend devoting a good portion of our time to this garden. I am told that the Greek Church, out of jealousy toward the Latins, who keep the Garden of Gethsemane, have *made and enclosed a garden* of their own, and intend, when their trees have grown sufficiently large, to allow visitors to enter to see the sacred *places there also!* Shame on such a people! a people honoring, as they profess to do, the name of Christian! Shame!

We contented ourselves with one last parting look, and under the excellent guidance of Miss ——, we once more commenced our way up the white zigzag path leading to the top of Mount Olivet. We passed on very swiftly toward the summit, several minor accidents happening on the way. S. bestrode a steed of rather *singular make*; added to this he had an improper saddle-girth. These together made this consequence: an impossibility for his saddle to remain *in situ*. Slip off it would, in spite of all S. could do; who, to remedy the evil was mounting and dismounting all the time. At length, however, we

reached the top, on which is the reputed place of the Ascension. A small octagonal church is here erected, and pretends to stand on the actual site from which Jesus took his flight to heaven. Dr. Barclay does not coincide with this tradition, although it is the oldest in existence around Jerusalem. In John we read that Jesus led his disciples as far as Bethany and there took leave of them, or "was carried up into heaven." This spot—the top of Olivet—is very near to Bethany, it is true, but *is not*, by any means, *as far as Bethany.*" There was a church here, years and years ago, said to have been built by Helena's directions; but *it* has long since passed away. From the top of the present church, or from the summit of a tower near by, a most complete and magnificent view of Jerusalem is to be had; the city, lying a hundred or so feet lower in situation, is comparatively beneath us. From this elevated position, we can see far away over the wilderness of Judea, even to the Dead Sea, which lies motionless, still, and dark, far away, resembling a glittering mirror of quicksilver, encased in a rocky setting.

Later in our ride, we saw the place of Ascension according to Dr. Barclay. It is just by Bethany, and "up a high mountain." We were shown several caves in the Mount of Olives, all more or less *sacred*—though in what consisted their sacredness, I have forgotten. It is useless, I imagine, to burden one's memory with *all* the superlative nonsense and stuff which are continually poured into our ears. I shall repair to the summit of

Olivet again, and, if I can, write out the magnificent view to be obtained there.

We next passed over the mountain towards Bethany, which ancient town we were all very desirous of seeing. More than probable, our route was the very same over which our Saviour so often trod eighteen hundred years ago; indeed all authentic writers on Jerusalem and its environs, notice this road as the same by which Christ generally wound his way toward the house of Lazarus. Only a quarter of an hour elapsed before we reached the village—for we went at a rapid rate, too rapid to enjoy the scenery so sacred, spread out around us. A few dilapidated straggling huts burst upon our view, and I instinctively knew that I gazed on time-honored Bethany, the home of Lazarus, of Martha, and Mary! and often, in these far days of early Christianity, the grateful resting-place of Jesus Christ. Alas! the glory of Bethany has departed—and the howls of the hungry dogs of the Beddaween tell mournfully of the filth and wretchedness here collected. What singular emotions crowded my mind as I drew in my horse, and gazed long at the forty or fifty decayed mud structures, which nestle over the resting-place of *old* Bethany! This then was the spot made so sacred in the trying scenes of the Drama of Redemption, by the presence of the persecuted Son of Man—this the spot, whence He marched on his triumphant way to Jerusalem—this the spot, where He raised Lazarus “from the dead,” and where He often passed sweet moments at the close of day!

Bethany lies over *the other side* of the Mount of Olives, if

I may so speak—that is, *from* Jerusalem—and its squalid, huddling hovels, nestle closely together, on the south-eastern ledge of the mountain. It is, I imagine, about two American miles from Jerusalem, a “little more than fifteen furlongs,” as St. John has it. The scenery along the road by which we went to Bethany is exceedingly lovely, and our pace was far too rapid to enjoy it. If possible, I shall take a stroll thither by foot, in a few days, so that I may linger as long as I wish, over the sacred way along which our Saviour often trod.

The Arabic name for Bethany is *el-Azir*—which means *Lazarus*. I think the word *Bethany*, as we retain and use it, means “House of Dates.” I imagine it received its name from the fruit borne on palm trees, which, I am told, existed here not many years ago.

Whether or not Bethany is larger now than it was when the humble Nazarene made it a frequent resort, I cannot say. It must have then possessed more life than now, for a more wholly-deserted and desolate-looking spot, I never beheld. Only about a half-dozen of animated objects, of all species, refreshed our gaze there to-day—and those objects were presented in the shape of a miserable motley set of half-clad Arab girls, hanging about, near a well. Bethany is beautifully situated, however, and overlooks the dark deep ravine, which leads through the Moab Mountains to the deep depression of the Jordan Valley. A view in this direction takes in the whole “Wilderness of Judea.” It was from Bethany that Mary and Martha went to meet Jesus, who came from “those distant blue mountains on the further

side of that deep valley," to beseech Him to come and raise Lazarus, their deceased brother. It was in this dilapidated hamlet they chid Him for tarrying so long, asserting—had He been there, "our brother Lazarus had not died;" it was here He raised that same Lazarus, and exalted himself as God and Benefactor; it was here, in the house of Simon the Leper, that the "woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, came and poured it on His head, as he sat at meat." And the house of Simon the Leper once stood in Bethany, where we were this day, for I am told its site is pointed out even now, to the *very* curious. We did not see it. Here, amid these decaying and decayed walls, Jesus so frequently "lodged," and, if I should speak my *thinkings* on a sacred subject, it was here that Jesus passed some of the sweetest moments of His life on earth. It was hence He marched, as I have said before, His triumphal train, and entered the City of Jerusalem; and more than that, there scarcely can exist a reasonable doubt, but that He proceeded over the same route by which we *went* to the "House of Dates." I find in Porter, by the accomplished Mr. Stanley, a magnificent and masterly *imaginative* description of the wondrous proceedings of that wonderful day. I cannot refrain from copying the extract so admirable—feeling confident that all who may chance to read these rudely written sheets, will thank me sincerely for so doing. The scene is described as by an eye-witness.

"Two vast streams of people met that day. The one poured out from the city (John xii. 12); and as they came through the gardens where clusters of palm trees rose on

the south-eastern corner of Olivet, they cut down the long branches, as was their wont at the Feast of Tabernacles, and moved upwards toward Bethany with loud shouts of welcome. From Bethany streamed forth the crowds who had assembled there on the previous night, and who came testifying to the great event at the sepulchre of Lazarus. In going toward Jerusalem, the road soon loses sight of Bethany. It is now a rough, but still broad and well-defined mountain track, winding over loose rocks and stones, and here and there deeply excavated; a steep declivity below on the left; the sloping shoulder of Olivet above it on the right; fig trees below and above, growing out of the rocky soil. Along the road the multitudes threw down the branches which they cut as they went along, or spread out a rude matting formed of palm-branches they had already cut as they came out. The larger portion—those perhaps who escorted him from Bethany—unwrapped their loose cloaks from their shoulders, and stretched them along the rough path, to form a momentary carpet as He approached (Matt. xxi. 8). The two streams met. Half of the vast mass, turning round, preceded; the other half followed (Mark xi. 9). Gradually the long procession swept round the little valley that furrows the hill, and over the ridge on its western side, where first began the descent of the Mount of Olives toward Jerusalem. At this point is caught the first view of the south-eastern (western) corner of the city. The Temple and the more northern portions are hid by the slope of Olivet on the right; what is seen is only Mount Zion, now, for the most part, a rough field, crowned with

the Mosk of David, and the angle of the western walls, but then covered with houses to its base, surmounted by the castle of Herod on the supposed site of the palace of David, from which that portion of Jerusalem, emphatically the 'City of David,' derived its name. It was at this precise point, 'as he drew near, at the descent of the Mount of Olives' (may it not have been from the sight thus opening upon them?) that the shout of triumph burst forth from the multitude, 'Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord' (Matt. xxi. 9). There was a pause as the shout rang through the long defile; and as the Pharisees who stood by in the crowd complained, He pointed to the stones which, strewn beneath their feet, 'would immediately cry out if those were to hold their peace.' Again the procession advanced. The road descends a slight declivity, and the glimpse of the city is again withdrawn behind the intervening ridge of Olivet. A few moments, and the path mounts again; it climbs a rugged ascent, it reaches a ledge of smooth rock, and in an instant the whole city bursts into view. As now the dome of the Mosk-el-Aksa rises like a ghost from the earth before the traveller stands on the ledge, so then must have risen the temple tower; as now the vast enclosure of the Mussulman sanctuary, so then must have spread the Temple courts; as now the gray town on its broken hills, so then the magnificent city with its background—long since vanished away—of gardens and suburbs on the western plateau behind. Immediately below was the valley of the Kidron, here seen in its greatest depths as it joins the

valley of Hinnom, and thus giving full effect to the great peculiarity of Jerusalem, seen only on its eastern side—its situation as of a city—rising out of a deep abyss. It is hardly possible to doubt that this rise and turn of the road—this rocky ledge—was the exact point where the multitude paused again, and ‘He, when He beheld the city, wept over it.’”

Before we turned our backs on this ragged, flat-topped village, we visited the reputed tomb of Lazarus; and saw just above it the remnants of a very ancient house, said to be the one in which the brother lived with his sisters Mary and Martha. This seemed more like the shattered and tottering wall of an old fort or rampart, than anything else. The tomb of Lazarus is entered by a low, dark opening, into a large overhanging cliff. You descend several steps, and reach a small chamber, in which, tradition says, Lazarus once lay dead—from which state, by the puissant arm of Him “in whom there was no guile,” he was raised again to life. Whether or not this is the identical spot of the miracle, I cannot affirm; that it *was* here or near here, I have every reason to believe; for it was *in* Bethany—and *any* point in Bethany, from the nature of circumstances, *must* be near this place. I am inclined to think seriously that the reputed place is the correct spot.

During all of our sight-seeing, however, we were much incommoded by a whistling, roaring, voice-destroying wind. I never before witnessed its equal in violence; it was all our steeds could do, sometimes, in skirting the summit of some of the high hills, to keep their feet, and

more than once, I thought to consult safety by dismounting. But as regards this—if the truth must be told—I considered our necks in danger from the moment we sallied *out* at St. Stephen's Gate, until, far later in the night, we, a most forlorn party, sallied *into* the Jaffa Gate. From Bethany, we started home, and came around, so to speak, by the Valley of Hinnom or Gehenna—a bad place too, for the latter word means *hell!* Our party, however, had a Divine in it, and our *company* was *good*, whatever our *whereabouts*. We visited en-Rogel, or Joab's Well; the Pool of Siloam, and the Fountain of the Virgin; of these localities I will here say a few words, deferring a description to a later portion of my Journal.

En-Rogel, or the Well of Joab, or of *Job*, as some have it, is at the junction of the brook Kidron with the Valley of Hinnom; it is said to be ancient, and, if genuine, is indeed "as old as the hills." It formed a landmark in the boundary lines between the territory of Benjamin and Judah. We read in Joshua, 15th chapter, 7th verse, "And the border went up toward Debir from the Valley of Achor, and so northward, looking toward Gilgal, that is before the going up to Adummim, which is on the south side of the river; and the border passed toward the waters of Enshemesh; and the goings out thereof were at En-Rogel." The well seemed to be quite deep, and moss grew profusely on the gray stones, which reached even down to the water. The whole structure is of rude masonry, covered over with a very modern shed of wood. It is in a lovely situation, and, in spite of the cold weather which has of late visited this region, the grass

grew green and flourishing around. I am told that the well, although from the surface of the ground to the bottom is one hundred and ten feet, yet in the season of rains, the waters swell high and pour even over the rude rim of stones encircling the mouth. Whence is the source of the water I cannot imagine, nor can I learn. It must have its rising, however, I think, from some of the large pools in the same valley. The Arabs call this well *Bir Eyub*, which means "Well of Job."

A short distance above En-rogel is the far-famed Pool of Siloam—the one to which our Saviour sent the blind man, saying, "Go wash in the Pool of Siloam." The Arabs call this place, if I mistake not, *Silwân*; they call the adjacent village *Silwân*, I know. It was once contended that this pool was connected with the Fountain of the Virgin, which is higher up the valley, and this was in fact proved by Dr. Robinson, the energetic explorer, to whom I have already referred several times. After most arduous labor, and a grand display of indomitable perseverance, the doctor actually passed the entire length of the conduit from the Fountain of the Virgin to the Pool of Siloam. He describes the passage through the aqueduct at some places as most difficult, inasmuch as he not only was compelled to go on "all-fours," but "could only get forward by lying at full length and dragging ourselves along upon our elbows."

The waters of Siloam have, since years "lang syne," been noted as not being regular in their flow, and of course the phenomenon was fully explained, after Dr. Robinson's indefatigable researches. The entire distance

of the channel between the two pools is nearly eighteen hundred feet. Josephus is the best authority for locating the Pool of Siloam; he determines it to be just where we find the present pool. We should be indeed thankful to the Jewish historian for so definitely marking a site of such celebrity in Bible history, and around which cluster so sweetly the memories of "the waters of Siloah that flow softly" (Isaiah viii. 6).

The Pool of Siloam "is a rectangular reservoir 53 feet long, 18 wide, and 19 deep; in part broken away at the western end; the masonry is modern; but along the sides are six shafts of limestone columns of more ancient date, projecting slightly from the wall, and probably originally intended to sustain a roof. At the upper end of the pool is an arched entrance to a ruinous staircase, by which we descend to the mouth of the conduit that comes from the 'Fountain of the Virgin.'"

Isaiah's tree, an *imaginary* sacred curiosity, is said to be near the Pool of Siloam. It is a tree so called from the fact, *they say*(?) that the prophet Isaiah was here cruelly sawn asunder by the harsh command of Manasseh. We did not see the tree, however, nor did we at the time of our visit hear any reference made to it.

There is yet one more pool which we included in our ride, and of which I have made mention more than once. I refer to the Fountain of the Virgin. In this fountain probably the *interrupting flow* was first discovered by Dr. Robinson. He gives an interesting account of the circumstance. The natives give this solution of what was once a problem: A dragon of hideous form and dreadful

appearance keeps vigil near the fountain. When he is *on duty*, or awake, the water does not *remit* or flow; but so soon as the grim custodian yields to slumber, the flow commences, and continues until the dragon awakens. Some think the fountain to be identical with the old Bethesda, at which Christ worked a charitable deed (John v.). Some think it Solomon's reservoir, described by Josephus as "between the fountain of Siloam and the southern side of the Temple." How the fountain received its name I do not know; I have been able, however, to pick up two traditions which may probably afford substance enough wherewith to create a title. One is that the fountain possessed the singular property of betraying adulterous women: if women coming to this pool could drink freely of its waters, and not immediately exhibit unpleasant symptoms, then their innocence and chastity were proved beyond cavil. It seems now that Mary, the mother of Jesus, was suspected of being *enceinte* out of wedlock. She gladly submitted to this test, and, as the tradition goes on to state, she passed the ordeal without flinching, and without the appearance of an unpleasant tell-tale symptom. The other tradition simply says that the Virgin came to the pool to wash her child's clothes. In either case we see the aptitude of the name. The Arabs have a jaw-breaking name for this pool, which I never learned thoroughly, and which I have by this time forgotten *in toto*; it means, however, the "Pool of the Mother of Stairs." What the name in this case signifies I cannot tell.

Having, in turn, inspected each of these places of

interest, and learned as much about them as a *horseback preliminary visit* would allow, we turned away. We had nothing in particular now to see, and as the hour of sunset was very near, we raised our horses to a swift canter, and away we dashed! A real breakneck scamper was that! And at this point of our day's sightseeing, commenced filling our cup of troubles, which, before we reached home, was indeed running over. But these troubles were the spice to our adventures, and as everything turned out well enough, why we could laugh at our vexations, *afterwards!* But I am anticipating. Away we dashed—Miss —, S., and myself, ahead. Our gallop soon quickened to a run, and in a few moments it became an exciting trial of speed between our three mettlesome chargers. As for Mr. S—tt, intent on examining holy places, *he* lingered behind, without noticing our rapid departure and the direction we took. We, of course, thought he was in our *wake*. But—*we had taken the wrong road!* This information was kindly given us by some *cut-throat* looking Arabs, lying in the shade of a wild locust tree in the valley. We were astounded, for we had imagined that we were fast nearing the Jaffa Gate. We were going in the opposite direction, and were clattering on toward Bethlehem, and not toward the "City of the Great King." It was at this time very near sunset, when the gates are always closed—the Jaffa Gate being kept open one single half-hour longer. There was no alternative, and no time was at our disposal for consideration. We wheeled around, instantly, and came dashing back at the same breakneck,

flying speed that had carried us thither. On our return, in the midst of our mad race, we met Mr. S—tt, looking very uneasy and “*skittish* ;” for he surely thought he was *lost*, and he *knew*, by reputation, the character of the Arabs who loafed about the pools in the Kidron Valley! He wheeled into our flying squadron, and the din of his horse’s hoofs added to the clatter that made the valley ring again. On we went—my noble little steed stumbled—I drew him up, and, with a few words of encouragement, he was soon amid the others again, striving, it seemed, to reach the flying white charger of Miss —, who heroically led the van. Alas! poor fellow, he struggled in vain—the white was superior in length of limb. I imagined that Miss — was much excited at the terrific gait at which we were speeding along. I determined to keep close as possible to her—so I encouraged my little steed on, and nobly and beautifully did he run. I passed S. and Mr. S—tt easily, and was rapidly nearing Miss —, who was leading directly up the rough, rugged brow of old Zion. Just then, to make a bad matter worse, Mr. S—tt’s horse “kicked up,” and gave S.—who was competing with our reverend friend for turf-honors—a severe blow on his ankle. I turned in my saddle to see the consequence of the kick. S. had dismounted, and Mr. S—tt, also on foot, was assisting him up the hill! I imagined he was not seriously hurt, and suddenly thinking of Miss — and of my ungallant position, I took a last look at my two friends struggling up the hill afoot, and gave free rein to my horse once more. When I reached the summit of the hill, Miss — had disappeared, and there was not a single soul in sight!

I pushed on, and still no appearance of our fair guide. I determined, under the circumstances, to await the coming of my friends. But it seemed that I had to wait for ever! I rode, anxious and uneasy, back to the road up which, as I *thought*, I last saw them approaching—but not a living creature greeted my gaze!

I slowly began to realize my position—a terrible one, truly! Outside of the walls of Jerusalem—after sunset—knew not ten words of decent Arabic, and just then recollected most vividly every instance of *Oriental* cruelty on record, and particularly the recent murder of Miss Crecy!!! To add to this catalogue, I was nearly 8000 miles *from home and relatives* and *very dear* FRIENDS in far away America! No one can imagine the forlorn terror which for a moment held possession of my bosom. To add to my stock of troubles, my steed broke from me—I was on foot, holding him by the bridle—and walked very contentedly off! There was now no alternative presented—but *sleep in a cave*—and perhaps “sleep my last sleep,” or try and catch my truant steed, and ride *somewhere* or *everywhere*. After a little strategy, I coaxed the faithful animal up to me, and fixed the bridle, saddle, and riding appurtenances most securely with my handkerchief: I then sprang upon his back, and in an instant was off like wind. Just as I was turning an angle of the city wall, Miss —— suddenly turned the same corner from an opposite direction, at a pace equal to my own. I was as glad to see her as an angel dropped from heaven. She was an angel to me then indeed, for she succored me in my distress. The noble and kind-hearted young lady had ridden on, and had given orders to the keepers that the

gates should be kept open for our party. Following her directions, I pushed on, and, much to my joy, I soon stood once more within the shadow of the Jaffa Gate, and inside the walls of Jerusalem! In half an hour S. and Mr. S—tt, under the charge of Miss —, came hobbling up, and our party was once more united at the Jaffa Gate. It was a ride for *life*, as I shall always contend, and, as a participator, I shall always remember the adventure.

Before going elsewhere, we went by the Mediterranean Hotel, where Mr. S—tt called on Dr. Gorham, our consular representative, to whom he had letters of introduction from friends in Rome. The said Mr. Gorham is from Boston, and once held a like position in Rome. We then, *en masse*, escorted Miss — home, where we found the doctor's family somewhat uneasy about us, on account of our tardy appearance. We sincerely thanked Miss — for her kindness in conducting us safely once more into the city: and, wishing all good-night, we left. Hassan was there waiting for us, and, under his guidance, we stumbled through the dark streets, and finally reached the Prussian Hospice.

After tea a very kind and affable Mr. J—b—sn called on us, and proffered us his assistance in sight-seeing. He has dwelt here for several years, and, as a guide, is *au fait*, I presume.

Herrn Montag and Esslinger went this afternoon to the Mount of Olives, also to the Church of the Sepulchre. Meinherr, the "Huzzar," is speaking now of the *Grabkirsche*; and Esslinger is so disgusted with the weather, that he advises and earnestly urges instant "flight into Egypt."

CHAPTER X.

Prussian Hospice, Jerusalem. }
Sunday, 6th March, 1859. }

I HAVE spent this day in the City of the Lord. The Lord's day in the City of the Lord! And who would have thought it? *I* did not five months ago—but stranger things have happened.

The last thing I did last night, before going to sleep, was to make an engagement with Mr. S—tt to accompany with him Mr. J—b—sn, who had kindly offered his services, to the Church of the Sepulchre, in order to witness Oriental worship in all its essence and purity.(?) But—and an unlucky *but*—we slept so late, or rather we slept so *hard*, that, when we awoke, the hour of the engagement had passed. But the rain came down in such torrents, that we could not have gone any way. Nevertheless I was very sorry, for I wanted to see the sights that are enacted, perhaps blasphemously, within the walls of the sacred church. “Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;” nevertheless, I live in hope—though it is sadly “deferred”—until next Sunday.

We sat down to a tolerable breakfast. I must say, however, that my meals here give me more trouble and vexation than anything else. Not that I am a glutton—

by no means—but I am in bad health, and need nourishment, in the shape of rich and palatable food; but it will be a long time, I fear, before I can class *goat meat* in that category! But, (again)—we have tolerable coffee—bread that will do—*good* wine—a few eggs occasionally—and after all, I guess I am content.

We concluded, while sitting at the breakfast table, to take a walk, any way, to the Church of the Sepulchre; so we sent around and requested Mr. J—b—sn, to accompany us thither. He very good-naturedly assented, and soon called for us. Off we started, Esslinger and good John Montag in company this time, and after a walk of ten minutes we entered the church—I with the most singular emotions. Would that I could describe what I simply *felt*, as I am sure that *it* would constitute the most interesting page of my Journal. It is impossible to feel *now*, as I then felt, and to experience the same emotions in all their power, which then swept like lightning through my frame. Suffice it to say then, that *most singular* indeed, were the actions of my mind, as I stood under the dome of the Church of the Sepulchre, and heard the sound of my own footfall, echoing away amid the sanctity of holy places. These *holy places* of course we saw, and were duly told by Mr. J—b—sn, every tradition concerning each particular object, which gratified our curiosity. We saw the *Sepulchre* itself, and I stood under the myriad blaze of perfumed oil burnt in golden sconces—and most reverentially, I knelt down and kissed the stone, reputed to be the one in which the Saviour of Mankind once reposed in death. I defy the most

sneering atheist or infidel, to enter this place without the holiest emotions intruding themselves on his mind. It *may* not be the exact spot where the dead Christ once lay, and I am far from believing it—yet four-fifths of the Oriental Christian population agree in placing it here; and, what weighs more in my estimation, with the place is for ever connected the name of Jesus Christ—Immanuel—Him of Nazareth—The Great I Am—Our Lord—Saviour and Redeemer! As I walked into the small and brilliantly lighted chamber, in which is the Sarcophagus, I experienced feelings which I cannot write down on paper, because I cannot even imagine them now—they were so unusual, so peculiar, so *unearthly*. Never shall I forget the deep religious glow which overspread *Meinherr's* face, as he solemnly knelt on the cold stone floor, by the coffin, and lifting his eyes aloft, seemed uttering a heartfelt prayer to the One Supreme.

On entering this place, the natives, generally, not only uncover the head, but also slip off the boots or sandals—as it is worse than pollution to stand in such a holy place, in the same shoes in which you have walked the streets. *We* were allowed, however, to go in with our boots on, though we showed a perfect willingness to conform to the custom of the place. *Meinherr* had gone so far as to take off one of his boots, before we could make him understand that it was not necessary.

I was much surprised at the devotion and almost agony of grief which every pilgrim who came in, betrayed. Tears flowed from their eyes, like rain from heaven, and bedewed the stones on which we stood. Their sobs,

wrung, it seemed, from souls full of anguish, echoed through the narrow vaulted chamber. I was moved by their emotions, and I fancied they gazed on my trickling tears, with a tender and more subdued expression.

Porter says:—"Here I have often lingered, solemnized, almost awe-stricken, looking at pilgrim after pilgrim in endless succession, crawling in on bended knees, bowing lips and forehead and cheeks to the cold marble, and bathing it with tears, and sobbing until the very heart seemed breaking—then dragging himself away, still in the attitude of devotion, until the threshold is again crossed."

And, in speaking of the tomb, he says:—"The vault is said to be hewn in the living rock; but not a vestige of it is now seen: the floor, tombs, wall, are all marble; while the upper part is so blackened by the smoke of lamps and incense, that it is impossible to see what it is composed of. The rock may be there; but if so,

"Oh! if the lichen were but free to twine
 O'er the dark entrance of that rock-hewn cell,
 Say, should we miss the gold-encrusted shrine,
 Or incense fumes' intoxicating spell?
 Would not the whispering breeze, as evening fell,
 Make deeper music in the palm trees' shade
 Than choral prayer or chanted ritual's swell?
 Can the proud shafts of Helena's colonnade
 Match thy time-honored stones, Gethsemane's holy glade?"

The vault is covered over with a small, misshapen structure, perhaps twenty feet high and as many long. The dome of the church was open, and to keep the rain from falling on the sepulchre beneath, a large cloth was

stretched, which spread entirely across the arch, and protected the sacred structure below it, by shedding the water in a different direction. The vault itself is a narrow room, about eight feet long, and six or seven feet high. On the right hand as we enter, is the *identical coffin*—it is asserted by some—in which rested Jesus. I examined it very closely, and saw very distinctly inside, the impression of edged instruments, as plain and apparently as fresh, as if it was hewn yesterday. The *vault* is *not* hewn from solid stone—the sarcophagus is. The edge of the latter is perfectly smooth, and is worn considerably away, by the constant friction from the hands of pilgrims.

In all of the four Evangelists we find reference made to the tomb or “sepulchre” of the Saviour. In only one of the Gospels, do we find “tomb” used—in the other three, “sepulchre” is the word employed. This sepulchre seems to have been considered by one of the Evangelists as belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, and by him Jesus was laid in the tomb. By reference to Matthew, we read, “And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in *his own new tomb*, which he had hewn out in the rock; and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre and departed” (xxvii. 59, 60). In Mark we read, chapter xv. verse 46, after referring to the fact, that “Joseph of Arimathea, an honorable counsellor,” had craved the body of Jesus, “And he brought fine linen, and took him down, and wrapped him in linen, and laid him in a *sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock*, and rolled a stone unto the door

of the sepulchre." The tomb is not here spoken of as *belonging* to Joseph. In St. Luke we read concerning this same man of Arimathea. "And he took it down (Christ's body) and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a *sepulchre that was hewn in stone*, wherein never man before was buried" (xxiii. 53). In the Gospel according to St. John it seems that Nicodemus, who brought the "myrrh and aloes," assisted Joseph in laying away the body. "Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes, with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden; and in the garden a *new sepulchre, wherein was never man laid.*" There is no good reason as yet extant, why this vault which we saw to-day, should be identified with the one of which the Evangelists wrote. Of that and of other vexed questions in regard to the locality of the sepulchre, I shall speak again. I am satisfied however, to keep this as the site, for the present, where this sacred memory should be cherished, content with the undeniable fact—that whatever disputes exist, this *church is in view of the actual spot.*

After leaving the sacred tomb, we turned in a different direction, and commenced the *routine* of the many objects of religious remembrance—sights which fill even the most curious with a surplus of the marvellous, and which, nevertheless, awake in the bosoms of all, something more than a momentary interest. Directly in front of the large entrance—the *only* entrance, by the bye—as we came into the mighty and solemn shadow of the overhanging stone—is a plain slab of dark gray marble. This marble,

it is said, covers the actual *stone of unction*—the stone on which the body of Jesus was anointed by Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea! The marble is superadded as a protection to the more precious stone beneath. The latter, before it was supplied with its present covering, was worn away considerably by friction from the Palmers' hands. We noticed several of these enter; they immediately rushed straight toward the stone, and, bending over it, pressed their foreheads on the cold marble, and covered it with reverential tears. It was an affecting sight! There was *another stone* at Constantinople, or it is there at present, which purports to be the veritable stone of unction. It is of this religious wonder, like of all others of a similar nature. For instance, the Armenian friars in this place, pretend to have the "mighty stone" which was rolled before the mouth of the sepulchre—yet there are one or two other sects who make the same assertion. The *truest* portion of the *true* cross, is said to be in the Church of the Sepulchre—yet we were shown the same thing in St. Peter's, at Rome—while, if my memory serves me at all faithfully, our own American, inimitable Mr. Barnum, had, likewise, a piece of *wood*, which *was shown* as a piece of the cross. So, of this stone of unction. On account of this ubiquity of holy objects and curiosities, the whole church and its wonders necessarily appear as a sham, and the high religious awe with which we should view these wonders, subsides into a stoical, indifferent credulity, which plainly expresses our opinion of everything shown us, as *humbug*.

Turning from the Stone of Uunction, we were next

shown a short circular granite pillar, set in the pavement of the church. We were told that it marks the spot where stood Mary when they were anointing the body of Jesus. How these sites can be so well remembered, is beyond my comprehension. But we must be content to receive all these things as *real*, simply for associations' sake. Another object—*this* of *geographical* wonder—our *au fait* guide pointed out to us; it was nothing more nor less than a *point marking the centre of the earth!* “Beneath the centre of the lantern (in the Greek Chapel) is a circle of marble pavement on which stands a short marble column, said by a tradition as old as the 8th century to mark the *centre of the earth*. It has even attained a higher nominal rank, for Sæwulf assures us that “our Lord Himself signified with His own hand that this spot is the middle of the world, according to the words of the Psalmist, ‘For God is my King of old, making salvation in the midst of the earth.’(!) Fabri tells an amusing story of a companion of his who, perhaps being a little skeptical, determined to prove the point; and accordingly paid a large sum for permission to ascend the cupola, and thus observe whether or no the sun gave him a shadow at noon! A still later tradition affirms that it was from this distinguished spot the clay was taken out of which Adam was modelled!” With all of these sayings concerning this pillar, fresh on our mind, however absurd the traditions, yet we lingered with pleasure for several moments over the little pillar, and as we left in search of something else equally curious, I heaved a sigh of regret that we could not longer delay at *the centre of the world*.

Sure I am, as I walked off, I felt the power of *centripetal* force.

In due time we visited the Chapel of the Apparition, so called because, by tradition, the Lord here appeared to Mary after the Resurrection. That may be, or it may not be—and probabilities point strongly to the latter; but of one thing interesting in this connection we are *certain*—that in this small chamber has ever been performed the ceremony of dubbing those worthy of the honor—Knights of St. John of Jerusalem—and this ceremony is performed here to this day. I copy the words of an eminent writer on the subject. “Kneeling before the superior of the Latin Convent, he (the candidate) answers the various questions proposed, joins in the prayer of consecration, and is girt with the sword and spurs of the heroic Godfrey; that trenchant blade wielded by the Christian hero in many a well-fought field, and with which he is said to have cloven to the middle a Saracen of gigantic stature—relics that cannot be handled even now without some glow of feeling.” This then, because based on a sure foundation, is, I think, the most interesting association connected with the apartment.

There are other traditions afloat concerning it, however, and other noticeable points, which it may be well simply to mention. The particular spot where Jesus stood when he appeared unto his mother, is marked by a stone. It was in the sacred precincts of the small chapel, that Helena, the mother of the Christian Emperor Constantine, placed the three crosses, sad mementoes of that terrible day, when “there was a darkness over all the earth until

the ninth hour; and the sun was darkened, and the vail of the temple was rent in the midst." In a niche in the room also exists a broken shaft of porphyry, styled the *column of flagellation*, from the fact that to it Christ was bound, when he was scourged by command of Pilate. We did not see the *exact* stone, or the *actual* object itself—for it is covered over, a small hole letting through the covering to the stone beneath. We thrust a cane through this aperture, and had the *satisfaction of thus touching the stone!* The pilgrims, in thrusting the cane in, return it and cover it with reverential kisses. Singular taste! As regards this pillar, I am very confident I saw one professing to be the same in Rome—at which church, I have forgotten—at St. John de Lateran, I think. Porter says it is at the Church of St. Praxede. In a house where this chapel now stands, it is said that the Virgin Mary took refuge after the crucifixion; hence it is sometimes called the Chapel of the Virgin. I came near forgetting another tradition relative to this chapel. It is affirmed by the Latins, that a *piece of the true cross* was once concealed in one of the niches of the apartment, and here remained for many years; but that it was finally stolen in the dead of night by the Armenians. This these latter deny most strenuously, and insist that they came by the true cross rightfully. I hear it stated, by some who profess to know, that the Armenians were in truth innocent of the theft; but have *latterly acted on the suggestion*—have *made* themselves a cross, or a fragment, and now show it as the genuine—though by such action, they institute a negative proof of their light-fingered propensities. This piece of

the cross, as I have mentioned before, is duplicated at Rome in St. Peter's. To what an extent will religious prejudice lead many! Comment is unnecessary.

We were shown the flight of steps, at the end of the church farthest from the sepulchre, which leads down to what is called the Chapel of Helena. This receives its title from the mother of Constantine, as it is said it was here that she *found the three crosses*. The most interesting feature of the place, I take it, is an altar here erected to the *penitent thief* who said to Jesus, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." The name of the thief, Porter gives as *St. Dimas*. How he learned it, I know not. Another curiosity here shown is the chair in which, we were told, "*Helena sat* when overseeing the search for the crosses." We did not enter this chapel; we contented ourselves with a look down the cold, damp passage, in which, at a short distance, we could distinctly see the entrance to the chapel.

In a different though not very distant part of the church, is a vault eighteen feet square, which by some has been most properly called the Hall of the *Invention of the Cross*—a suggestive and appropriate title. Some guides and guide-books assert, according to tradition, that all three crosses, and even the nails themselves used in the crucifixion, and the crown of thorns, were here found beneath the sod. So it is, however, they even dispute the veracity of their respective traditions, and their respective legendary localities. I was told by some one that in the *Chapel of Helena* the crosses were found. The Latins deny this, and say they were discovered in the

Hall of the Invention of the Cross. The reason for this disparity of opinion, on their part, may be that the former Chapel (of Helena) is Armenian property, while the latter owns the Latin supremacy. Be that as it may, the actuality of the site claimed by either of the rival sects is valueless with thinking persons.

We were shown a niche in the large aisle of the church, wherein it is said formerly rested the veritable "super-scription" which was written over Him—"The King of the Jews!" It is said that the "scroll" is in Rome now, though I heard nothing of it when there; and I am generally good at ferreting out objects of wonder and curiosity. Not far from this spot we were shown, concealed, or rather protected behind, a glass case, the veritable "*crown of thorns*." With what singular feelings I gazed on that base work of man's hand, and with what disgust and loathing I contemplated for a moment the workings of that lewd, superstitious religion which would lead its ignorant and benighted followers to believe in such wild and unreasonable traditions. The "crown" looks to me old enough, and covered over with much dust and many a cobweb of time; yet there are certain marks about it which cause me to think its date not only not coeval with the time of the Saviour, but that it is not more ancient than some of the "oldest inhabitants" of the fallen city. This tradition, however, is not more absurd than that related us by our guide when showing us a long slender rod of olive wood considerably worn by constant usage. "They say," *he* said "it is the rod with which one of the soldiers of Pilate smote the Saviour!" Yet the pious

pilgrim *kisses* this cane most reverentially. It is a doubtful reverence. Certainly the Lord is not glorified by the observance. Why not snap the accursed stick! This is not irreverentially written. I could scarcely refrain from smiling when our good "huzzar," John Montag, big in his faith, pressed forward, and glued his moustached lip to the well-mouthed rod.

At the farther end of a passage running parallel to the Greek Chapel—down a step or so—there is a low, vault-like chamber about seventeen feet square. This cold, damp-looking place, tradition tells us, was the prison cell of Him of Nazareth. We were also shown, near this place, the stocks in which Christ was placed. These are two large holes cut into the pavement, and—*were made by the Crusaders a thousand years after Christ had left sinful earth!*

In this region of the church I think the tombs of gallant Godfrey and of King Baldwin, his brother, are placed. If I recollect aright, we saw them beyond the Latin Chapel, in a vault several feet below the pavement of the church. I will repair thither to-morrow and satisfy myself. In my deferred explorations, I shall seek—*it is here*, I am confidently told—*the Tomb of Melchizedek.*

Under the roof of the Church of the Sepulchre, is grouped every Oriental religion, with perhaps a single exception. Here we find the Latin, the Greek, the Armenian, the Coptic, &c., &c., all represented. I must say I was more pleased with the Armenians, than with the representatives of the other sects. They seemed to me, notwithstanding their reputed thievish propensities,

a liberal and high-minded order. They were generally lean—quite meagre in flesh—and presented a strong contrast to the oleaginous big-paunched Roman Catholic, who *waddled* with difficulty to the altar in his chapel.

The so-called *Chapel of Mocking* is situated on what is termed Golgotha, the entire extent of which, it is professed, is embraced under the roof of the Church of the Sepulchre. We reached this Golgotha, by ascending an abrupt, but short flight of stairs at the farther end (*from* the sepulchre) of the structure. It is said in this chapel, or on its site, they reviled Him, smote Him, and spat upon Him. We were even shown the stone on which He sat, when they mockingly crowned and heralded Him, as the King of the Jews. In regard to Golgotha—what the word means—our signification of it—and *the* Golgotha on which Christ was crucified, &c., &c., I shall have occasion again to mention, and that occasion, I hope, will be more fitting than the present. Up this stairs, or on Golgotha, we were shown several objects of religious wonder—among them, the holes in the rock in which the crosses reposed, and the rent in the rock made when the sky was darkened, on that terrible day, and when the “vail of the temple was” riven asunder. I had the satisfaction of placing my hand into these orifices, which can only be reached by baring the arm, and thrusting it through an aperture in the marble, which protects the rock, or Golgotha itself, beneath. I could not help smiling in the face of the friar, who watched me very closely, and scanned my features to see what effect the incredible stuff, which he was telling us in a whisper,

would have upon us. The Latin Chapel is here situated; it pretends to stand on the exact spot where Christ was crucified—yet it is not based on the stone itself, but is an isolated chamber, and *stands upon a crypt*. I have never seen a satisfactory explanation of this incongruity. The Greek is by far the richest, most gaudy, and at the same time most substantial chapel beneath the great roof. In it is the seat of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and it is in it also, that we find the stone which marks the centre of the world—to which sufficient reference has already been made. There is nothing worthy of note in the Latin Chapel. Some of the arches in the Greek Chapel, are very beautiful, and being memorials of times of the Crusaders, they will ever be regarded with much interest and admiration.

The clang of closing doors warned us to depart, just as we had finished our hasty survey of wonderful things beneath this remarkable roof. Beneath no other dome in the world is there collected such material for the curious and religiously-inclined, as we find reposing here under the broad shadow of the Church of the Sepulchre. Such, as I have given above in rough detail, were the objects of awe, and monuments of holy wonder which were shown us. “Such is the Church of the Sepulchre, with its eventful history, its thrilling associations, and its absurd traditions, all thrown together in hopeless confusion. It seems to be the common centre of devotion, superstition, and imposture. It is the centre, too, of all

. ‘That romance

Of many-colored life which fortune pours

Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
 Their labors end: or they return to lie,
 The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy
 Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.' ”

The Church of the Sepulchre has experienced a chequered existence. It was first built in order to cover holy places which, years after Christ had atoned for our sins with his blood, were discovered, as marking the scenes of his life and passion. Some doubt has arisen as to whether Constantine or Helena, his mother, began the erection of this building. Different authorities are arrayed on both sides. I believe it is generally conceded that, in the year of the Lord 326, Constantine *began* the church. That edifice presented an appearance very different from the one which now occupies the same site. A conjectural plan of the building, as it then stood, can be seen in “*Williams’ Holy City.*” There is no doubt but that the Crusaders remodelled the whole building, and gave it more of its present appearance than any other people; but even their work has been in a great measure destroyed.

The church, I believe, was first laid in ruins by the Persians, Anno Domini 614. For some time it remained buried in its own wreck; but a rising generation rescued it from neglect and obloquy, and restored it to its former grandeur, adding also many portions useful and ornamental. In the year 1010, the church was once more destroyed by the orders of the fanatic Hâkim; but in the year 1103 the Crusaders came to the land of the Infidel, and under their rule the church was, as it were, built anew, and was much enlarged. It seems that about the

times of the Crusades, an English monk, by name Saewulf, followed the knights to the Holy City, and by dint of indefatigable searching found and determined the exact site of many holy places—to *his own satisfaction*. These holy places include the prison in which our Lord was incarcerated; the column to which he was bound when scourged; the place where he was stripped by the soldiers; the spot where the purple robe was put on him; the place where the soldiers cast lots for his raiment; the rent in the rock made by the earthquake; the place where Adam was raised from the dead; (?) the place where the Lord's body was wrapped in the linen clothes; the spot where the Lord indicated with his own hand the centre of the world; the place where He appeared to Mary Magdalene, and the place where the Virgin stood during the Crucifixion!"

The church flourished under the supervision of the Knights of St. John; and beneath its roof, in that time, some of the most interesting ceremonies of any sect or people were performed. Here many a sunny ray has gleamed through the heavy stained glass, and lit up a glorious pageantry moving in solemn warrior-procession along the aisles of that sombre old church. What tales could these heavy walls relate even of Templar times! One could spend a twelvemonth with profit and pleasure simply communing with the shadowy heroes of the dead past—under the mighty shadow of the *Grabkirsche*.

The church remained as the Christian Knights had left it, until the year 1808, when it and all of its chapels and holy places suffered severely from fire. There are many

living now in the East, who well remember the awful conflagration, and the accompanying scenes of terror, of the night of the 12th of October 1808. Such was the extent of the injury, that the roof fell in, and came near crushing the frail protection over the sepulchre itself. Singular it was to note, as Porter says, how “both Latin and Greek describe, with much exultation, the ravages of the fire in the holy places of their opponents, contrasting this with the miraculous manner in which their own were left unscathed.” But once again, the different religious elements in the church furnished a courage sufficient to recommence its erection even yet once more ; and after much wrangling and much dispute, among the different creeds and sects engaged in the work, the structure was finally completed in the year 1810. It was then consecrated ; the architect, a Greek native of Mitylene, was publicly blest,—and such the church remains to this day, without a single alteration or addition.

I was informed here of a rather novel explanation or account, rather, of the origin of the late Crimean war, in which England, France, and Russia appeared as chief combatants in the grand field of battle. It was this :—The dome of the church directly over the sepulchre gave way, and in a short time, the result was a large opening through which the rains and dews from heaven, and the dust from the streets of Jerusalem, came in without restraint. This state of affairs was deplorable, and must be altered. But—*who should be those FAVORED with the holy work?* That was the question, a sad one indeed, as its sequel well proved. The Greek Church being some-

what predominant, assumed to itself the particular duty of seeing to the reparation of the defect in the wall. This was more than the Latins could tamely bear, and they, in defiance to the Greek Church, immediately arrogated to themselves the duty of being prime movers in this *divine task*, as they termed it. Now it so happened that the Greek Church, then, as now, was represented politically by Russia—and the Latins by France. These respective representatives busied themselves with the matter, until finally it assumed a political aspect entirely. Next we heard of the entanglement of Turkey, and then speedily followed the unjust levies, and *then, war!* *This* origin is far-fetched, but I will tell the tale as it was told to me.”

One of the most remarkable ceremonies that ever takes place under the roof of this church, is the annual giving to the people on Easter Sunday, *the Holy Fire*. I will simply say a few words here, to fill up this day's Journal, concerning this *phenomenon*, if I may so call it, reserving to a later date a more detailed description. It is pretended that this holy fire descends from heaven, transforms water into oil, lights all the lamps of the church, and gives to him who is so fortunate as to light his candle by it, a hope, or almost certainty, of the golden crown in the Great Hereafter. A shallower and baser fraud, and more complete imposture, was never practised on any people. Suffice it here to remark, that though the flame is heavenly, yet it is not more heavenly than that of any other *Lucifer*.

After leaving the sacred edifice under the guidance of

Mr. Theil, our landlord, we strolled through the Bazaars. Sunday here is the great *selling* day of the week; and "sellers" and "lenders of money" congregate around the Temple Wall, and in the streets, as they did in the time of the Saviour. After sauntering slowly through the Bazaars, we returned home and partook of a dinner which, in duty bound, I must say, was the best I have eaten since my arrival in the walls of Jerusalem. Mr. Theil, good soul! had made an especial trip to Bethlehem, and purchased a nice pig, he assured me, for my benefit. I am, indeed, under many obligations to him. In the afternoon Mr. S—tt went to hear Dr. Gobât preach. He was much pleased. I intended going with Esslinger and Montag to German services, but I concluded to remain with S., whose leg, from yesterday's adventure—the horse-kick—confined him to his room.

We passed the afternoon and evening very pleasantly in meditating on and conversing about the sacred sites amid which we are just now sojourners. We were visited after tea by a young East-Indian named Ibrahim Mordecai. He came to us recommended as *dragoman*, by Dr. Gorham, United States Consul in this place. He is a handsome fellow, and intelligent withal. I imagine we will employ him.

Mr. S—tt went out some time since for the purpose of visiting Dr. Barclay; he has not yet returned, and I am afraid he is lost. It is now after 9 o'clock.

Our plans for to-morrow are unsettled. We shall have a photographic view of our party, taken in the Garden of Gethsemane, or shall make an excursion to "Bethlehem of Judea."

CHAPTER XI.

Prussian Hospice, Jerusalem. }
Monday, March 7th, 1859. }

THIS morning we arose after a night of the most refreshing slumber, each man doubly invigorated and filled with recruited desires to see the many noted places crowded together within the walls of *El-Kuds*.

Having finished my breakfast, for which Bethlehem be praised!—for my *pig* again made his appearance—Ibrahim, the East Indian, to whom I have before referred, entered the apartment and made us a genuine Oriental bow. After much wrangling, we made an agreement with him to conduct us to Jordan and the Dead Sea—he acting as our dragoman. The arrangement was, that, upon each one of us paying him *seventy piastres* (or about \$2.80), he would take it upon himself to guide us safely to Jordan—Dead Sea—would allow us to sleep securely amid the ruins at Jericho, and would land us again safely in Jerusalem after all this had been accomplished—he, the said Ibrahim, to be our dragoman, protector, landlord, *garçon*, and cook. In view of the unfortunate state of the weather, we made this condition, that the agreement should be fulfilled on the *first fair day*. Having thus

settled the excursion among ourselves, Mr. S—t and myself, accompanied by Ibrahim, repaired to the office of our consul, and there confirmed our bargain in his presence. This part of our procedure is an all-necessary item, else not only our money would not be safe, but our lives would be jeopardized in an excursion of this extent, leading as it does through the worst districts contiguous to Jerusalem. In agreeing with a dragoman to accompany us on this trip, it is the business of said dragoman always to act under the authority of the pacha. The American Consul (in our case), who witnesses the agreement, holds the pacha responsible for our safe-keeping; and the pacha looks to the sheikhs of the tribes through which we have to pass, with whom he has a standing stipulated treaty as respects this crossing of their territory. *So* safe are we under these arrangements, that, I understand, were we to lose so much (*or so little*, I might say) as a *pin*, we could recover damages to the fullest extent! Our consul—he must excuse me for recording it—treated us *tolerably* politely, omitting, if I mistake not, to ask us to *take a seat*, or to *call on him*; but, to make up for this little oversight, he gave us a view of the ancient pool of Hezekiah (I believe) from a back window of his house. *This* “oversight” was better in keeping than the other. Whether or not this is really the “pool” made by King Hezekiah I cannot say; it corresponds with said pool of antiquity very well. In 2 Kings xx. 20, and 2 Chron. xxxii. 30, we learn that Hezekiah brought this conduit *straight down to the west side of the city*. Doctor Robinson says—“To such a pool the present reservoir entirely corresponds;

and it is also fed in a similar manner." So we were more than repaid for all rebuffs by the sight of this ancient pool.

In looking over the register at the consulate, I saw several names which are quite familiar to me; among others, that of Mr. W. B. Astor, of New York city, U. S., whose acquaintance I enjoyed not very long since in Florence, at the Hotel de Yorck.

From our consul's we crossed over the open space by the Tower of Hippicus, and called on our most important man—*our banker*. My letter-of-credit from John Monroe & Co., Rue de la Paix, Paris, was duly presented, and immediately honored by Mr. Bergheim. I was surprised at the cheapness of gold; I paid no premium at all on napoleons; yet in Rome, many hundred miles nearer the French capital, I paid a heavy per centage. I learn that the reason of this is that the authorities wish, and have given orders to bankers, to get rid of foreign money as speedily as possible, in order to give more value to domestic currency. This is a shallow reason, I think, at best; and I am sure the genuine cause of this *fortunate* effect (to us) is to be found in the laws of exchange, which, so far as regards this region, are but little known to me. Meinherr Bergheim is a pleasant fellow, so to speak; he is a genuine—talking, smooth-tongued, sharp-eyed—German-Jew; and I am convinced, from the humbleness of his attire and speech, that he is—*enormously wealthy*. As a general rule, in regard to Jews (there are exceptions, and particularly at Jaffa), these two *diagnostic symptoms* constitute a sufficient basis on which to pronounce our *prognosis* of wealth or poverty.

From Berghelm's, Mr. S—tt and myself strolled off in search of Deniss the photographer, recommended us by Dr. Barclay. He is the *only* one in Jerusalem; and I say *recommended*, because Dr. Barclay, learning our desires in regard to having views taken, &c., unasked, gave Mr. Deniss a *good name*—a fortune possessed by very few, according to my observations, by “Jew or Gentile,” in *this country*. After numerous adventures, we at length found the house of which we were in search; but our friend the photographer was not in. His wife was kind enough to show us specimens of her husband's art—and, really, I must say they were superb. I have seen photography in New York, London, Paris, Rome, &c., yet I have never seen any to *excel* that of Deniss.

It seems a little singular that Deniss—in plain *parlance*—can *afford* to live here by the fruits of his profession. I understand the natives never avail themselves of his craft; so he must live by selling *abroad* his views of Holy Land scenery, and by the encouragement he receives from visiting *Hadjis* like ourselves. He is a Russian; converses well in several languages; is a very handsome, easy, and accomplished fellow, and is a Protestant. On returning home, Mr. S—tt called by Dr. Barclay's, and I ventured to find the way alone to our quarters at the Hospice. I was repaid for my presumption by being lost for an hour or two. These bazaars are almost interminable, and it puts one “to his wits' end” to keep in his mind the points of the compass. In this connection I would state what I came near forgetting, that S—tt, in coming home last night from Dr. Barclay's,

lost his way among the numerous winding paths of the old city, and came near sleeping in the pacha's *seraglio*, or guard-house. However, he managed to find his way back to Dr. Barclay's, whence he was conducted to the Hospice. He gave us a most vivid and yet a most *ludicrous* description of his feelings as he wandered back and forth through the deserted bazaars, fearing every moment that his flickering lantern would "go out," and leave him in the lurch.

After dinner we accepted Mr. J—b—sn's invitation to show us again around the city, and set out in his company. We called by the Church of the Sepulchre, and gazed on its sacred relics and wonders again. We visited once more the very spot on which we were told that the crucifixion took place. By another examination of the "rent in the rock," I detected plainly, as I thought, by the sense of touch, the *marks of edged tools*. But I did not hint the fact to our reverend guide. To what superlative nonsense we are compelled to listen!

Under Mr. J—b—sn's guidance, we wended our way next to the fine Church of St. James. This splendid edifice belongs to the Armenians, and I think, without exception, it is superior to any like structure in the city, not even excepting the Church of the Sepulchre. The Church of St. James is situated at some distance from the Prussian Hospice, and is very near the Anglican Chapel. I was particularly struck with the arrangement of the floor, which is beautifully tessellated, and with the magnificent inlaid doors of mother-of-pearl—doors which were massive in proportions. This church is built on the sup-

posed site of the death of St. James. In a small side chapel, most gorgeously and most gaudily furnished, we were shown a stone said to be the one on which St. James was decapitated. We also had the pleasure of sitting in a very handsome massive chair said to be the *one formerly used by the apostle*. Judging from its evident costly nature, I am far from thinking that the apostle was in needy circumstances.

Upon presenting a priest with some small pieces of money, we were most plentifully besprinkled from head to foot with rose-water of a most delicate and exquisite odor—a procedure which much surprised Meinherr, the “huzzar.” The Armenian Convent, a magnificent building, is in juxtaposition to the church. At another time I shall speak of it more fully.

On our return to the Hospice, we came by an old German lady’s, and purchased some handsome flowers, beautiful and tasty souvenirs of Jerusalem, of Olivet, Dead Sea, &c., &c. We got home late, and immediately took tea, after which Mr. Deniss, the photographer, called on us, and we made definite arrangements relative to our photograph. The weather is bitter cold.

Prussian Hospice, Jerusalem. }
 Tuesday, March 8th, 1859. }

Last night, after suffering intense agony from a carious tooth, I fell into an uneasy slumber, which, fortunately for my peace of body, lasted till morning. Fortunately for the *piece* of tooth, there is no dentist in this old city, else it had fallen a victim to the forceps as soon as I could

see my way. Toothache, I take it, is man's moral tester. Ache—ache!—throb!—throb!—and it increases the more you endeavor to allay the harrowing torment; while all of your companions, with gentle, easy, regular breathing, sleep away their time and trouble in blissful slumber, and their ear is deaf to your sobs of pain, wrung out in spite—of *your teeth*. Worse than agony, by far! A flattering calm cheats you into the idea that there is a total cessation of pain, and that the grim monster, who, plunging away with hammer and gouge at the roots of your teeth, has finally left you, satisfied with that base work which he can well call *his own*. But, in a twinkling, like a flash of lightning, that same dreaded pang darts through your system, shatters your bright prospects of speedy rest and sweet repose, and hurls before your distorted gaze hideous, torturing pictures of all-night agony! Such was my sad experience last night—a like, I hope, *mine* never to be again. My exhausted energies too forcibly attest now the severity of the struggle last night.

Well, to confess the truth, this day has been spent by us mostly in *grumbling*;—by *us*, I say and mean, *without a single exception*. The weather seems bent on being contrary, and as if determined it will never favor us and our well-laid plans. It is constantly unpropitious, and I really believe it grows worse on every succeeding day. We remained, as a consequence, in doors until late in the day, not daring and not desiring to venture out in such weather. We amused ourselves chiefly by looking at the various curiosities brought us for inspection, and for *sale* (*ultimate object*, of course), by the Arabs, from the city

and from Bethlehem. These curiosities were, pearl-shells and brooches, and olive-wood ornaments, such as small cups, balls, blocks, and cameos. Some of the shells and brooches are carved with a considerable degree of skill, and reflect credit on the rude workers in the art. It is amusing to see at what exorbitant prices these wandering merchants *at first* value their articles. I say, *at first*, for they invariably take, and are very glad to get, even half of their primal price. I have an instance in mind:—I was much pleased with a large pearl-shell which a fellow was exhibiting. He saw my anxiety to procure the article. On demanding its price, I was very much surprised to hear him say, in the coolest manner possible, *five hundred piastres!* (A piastre is worth *four American cents!*) I turned away immediately, and, as S. termed it, tried to “*Come the Yankee*” on him. I pretended I did not wish the shell at any price, and would consider it dear if he should give it to me. Well, I finally obtained the ornament very easily for *twenty-two* piasters—about its worth. Among other articles, I purchased some very pretty black wooden beads—very odoriferous—from Mecca. I laid in quite a stock of sandal and olive wood, and camels’-bone rosaries, bloodstones and cornelians; all were remarkably cheap. It is quite a treat to have an Arab merchant in your room, and a glance at his gewgaws will interest any one.

Pretty late in the day we strolled over to the Mount of Olives, and enjoyed the scene presented from the summit of the sacred mountain. A position is here afforded where we can stand wrapped in our own thoughts and

commune silently yet sweetly with fancyings of the dead past—can bring the long-buried actors of that far religious time into life again, and view in the mind's eye some of those stirring scenes which here presented a spectacle to the world in that great drama in which the Son of God played the tragic part. A melancholy, yet sad and sweet employment—one in which we all indulged. The Mount of Olives is in fact the grand stand-point from which to take a first and final view of Jerusalem and the surrounding country. The general outline of the “wilderness of Judea and the regions beyond Jordan”—the long blue ridge of the Moab Mountains, and the neighboring fields of Bethlehem, in which Ruth gleaned, can be distinctly seen. “Taking our stand, then, we look down the shelving side of Olivet into the dark, bare glen of the Kidron, sweeping from the distance on the right away down to the left. The eye follows it till it is joined by another dark ravine, coming in from behind a high ridge to the westward. That ravine is Hinnom, and that ridge is Zion. On the left bank of the Kidron we can just observe through the olive trees the white pointed top of Absalom's Pillar, and the flat gravestones of the Jewish cemetery, and farther to the left, the gray excavated cliffs and houses of Siloan. In the foreground beyond the ravine is the beautiful enclosure of the Haram—the octagonal mosk, with its noble dome in the centre, occupying the site of Ornan's threshing-floor and Solomon's Temple; the flagged platform around it; and then a grassy area with its olives and cypresses encircling the whole. At the left-hand extremity is the Mosk el-Aksa, easily distinguished

by its peaked roofs (?) and dome—formerly the Church of St. Mary. Beside the enclosure, at the right-hand corner, is a prominent group of buildings, with a tall minaret adjoining them. This is the pacha's residence, and the site of the fortress of Antonia. The massive ancient masonry at the southern angle of the wall is very conspicuous; and so likewise is the double-arched gateway in the side, generally known as the 'Golden Gate,' now walled up. Farther to the right, north of the Haram area, is St. Stephen's Gate, and the white path winding up to it from the bottom of the Kidron at the Garden of Gethsemane. Northward of the gate, along the brow of the valley, runs the city wall, formidable-looking in the distance with its square tower. To the right of the Haram a broad irregular ridge extends northward, thinly inhabited, interspersed with gardens and crowned by a mosk and minaret. This is Bezetha. The low ridge of Ophel is on the opposite side of the Haram, sinking down rapidly into the bed of the Kidron behind Siloan; it contains no buildings, but is thickly sprinkled with olives. It can now be seen how these three hills, Bezetha, Moriah, and Ophel, form one long ridge. Behind them is a valley dividing the city from north to south, and falling into the Kidron just above its junction with Hinnom. At its northern end, hid by Bezetha, is the Damascus Gate; and the southern section of it, beyond the Haram, was anciently called the Tyropæon.

“On another very prominent ridge lies the western section of the city. To the right is Akra, rising to an angle, near which we distinguish the large white build-

ings of the Latin convent, reminding one of a factory; below them, a little to the left, are the two domes and heavy square tower of the Church of the Sepulchre; and still further to the left, a green field, marking the site of the ancient palace of the knights of St. John. Akra is now the Christian quarter of the city. To the left is Zion, still the most prominent of all the hills. Its northern limits are distinctly marked by the massive towers of the citadel, rising up from a slight depression in the ridge. Close to these, but presenting a striking contrast in its fresh look, is the English church; further to the left is the Armenian convent, a vast irregular mass of houses, with a little dome in the midst of them. The Jewish quarter occupies the steep face of the hill, its half-ruinous houses hanging one above another. Without the wall on the south is a group of buildings, amid which we see a white dome and high minaret, marking the Mahommedan, and probably the real, tomb of David. From this, the hill breaks down in terraces of olives to the Valley of Hinnom.

“On the south side of the Valley of Hinnom is the Hill of Evil Counsel, so called by the monks, with a ruined village and a solitary tree on its summit. Beyond it is the green plain of Rephaim, or ‘Valley of the Giants;’ and away on the south, about three miles distant, we observe the convent of Elias, crowning a ridge on the road to Bethlehen. Turning northward, the only conspicuous place in the distance is Neby Samwîl, the ancient Mizpeh, easily distinguished by its high tower. Along the whole western horizon runs a uniform line of

brown hills, about equal in altitude to those on which the city stands.

Such is the western view from the summit of Olivet; and the eastern one scarce yields to it in interest, while it far surpasses it in extent. The latter, however, is but seen from a little *wady*, called Kubbet esh-Shuhāda, 'the Dome of the Witnesses,' about two hundred yards beyond the minaret. Here we stand on the very brow of the mount. The 'Wilderness of Judea' commences at our feet; shelves down in a succession of naked white hills and dreary gray glens for ten miles or more, and then dips abruptly into the deep valley of the Jordan. A scene of sterner desolation could not be imagined. The Jordan valley comes from the distance in the north, gradually expanding into a white plain, and terminating at the Dead Sea, a section of whose waters is seen over the lower cliffs of the 'Wilderness.' The winding course of the Jordan can be traced for some distance up the plain, by its dark line of verdure. Away beyond this long valley rises suddenly a long unbroken mountain range, like a huge wall, stretching north and south, as far as the eye can follow it. The section on the right is within the territory of Moab; that in the centre directly opposite us, was possessed by the Ammonites; while that on the left hand was anciently called Gilead, and still retains its name. Evening is the proper time for this view, for then the pale blue lights and purple shadows on the Moab Mountains are exquisitely beautiful. The glare, too, of the white wilderness is subdued; and the

deep valley below appears still deeper from being thrown into shade."

I did not remain on Olivet as long as the others of my party did; fearing exposure to such inclement weather, I hastened home, and was glad enough when I was snugly seated by a cosy fire at home, with my guide-book in my hand. As I came along, I saw a pair of handsome pistols (Arab), and wishing them, more as a memento than anything else, I offered the old fellow of the Bazaar a fair bargain for them with my Neapolitan, and more effective, weapon. But no—he did not wish to sell them anyway; but if I would pay him the price he asked, and *then* give him *my pistol to boot, perhaps* he would trade. Singular idea, I thought—first, to value my pistol at nothing; second, to be willing, if he sold at all, to sell at a certain price; third, to wish my pistol, after having received *full pay* for his; and fourth, to have articles for sale which he was not anxious to dispose of! He was a Turk, else I would have adjudged him guilty of indulging too fondly in our Western *habit* or—*juice* (?). So I left him.

In the afternoon we called on Mr. Deniss, and were fortunate enough to find him in. We purchased of him quite freely; I bought twelve magnificent photographic views of him, these views representing Jerusalem, Bethany, Bethlehem, &c.

As it is somewhat dull, and too soon to retire for the night, it is proposed that some one tell a story. Esslinger is preparing to gratify our wishes, and so I will lay aside my pen and listen.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XII.

Prussian Hospice, Jerusalem. }
Wednesday, March 9th, 1859. }

THIS has been, in part, the worst day I ever spent anywhere! Snow, wind, and rain—*toujours!* and the thermometer ranging from *low* to *lower* throughout the long, weary twelve hours that measured the space between dawn and sunset. Terrible! and to spend our precious time idly thus, while around us are curiosities of religion and instructive wonder, spread with a lavish hand! It is doubly hard that such should be our fate. However, we should not murmur, bearing in mind that it is a high and blessed privilege to be in this once-favored of all lands, at any time and in any weather He may choose to send on earth. We were compelled to read, in self-defence; the weather was too unpropitious even to stroll through the bazaars. So we laughed, read, lounged, and—*grumbled*; our reverend friend, even, *volens volens*, indulging just a *little bit* in the latter. Esslinger is in perfect despair; and the warlike “huzzar” has relapsed into a perfect state of “don’t care,” as he reflects on the fact that he has to remain here *anyway*, be the weather good or bad, until the ceremonies of the Eastern foolishness are over. *S. would and did go*

out, in spite of the heavy-falling rain; and in about two hours returned with an Arab dress, the trophies of his stroll—though he was half frozen and entirely wet, quite natural results of such temerity. We enjoyed ourselves very much, in want of something better to do, at the ludicrous appearance each of us presented, as, one by one, we habited ourselves in S.'s purchase—"just to see how the thing looked."

After dinner, at his suggestion, we accompanied Mr. Theil to a German establishment in the city, where ornaments of olive-wood are made and kept for sale. We ventured out under promise from our worthy landlord, who assured us the place was *very near*. However, we got "soaking wet"—to use a Virginia expression—and are inclined henceforth to doubt Mr. Theil's word, so far as rain is concerned, or to interpret his expressions differently from what *he* evidently does.

We were surprised to see such thrift and enterprise as was exhibited in the shop to which he led us. When we reached the place, they were engaged in turning out, very rapidly and very neatly, various ornaments, and seemed to have their hands full of work. How they dispose of their stock, I cannot imagine—I am sure the domestic demand is not equal to the supply. I bought several little keepsakes, which I will prize highly, provided I can get them safely to America, though many dangers are to be encountered, and many miles of sea and land to traverse, ere that far coast will be reached. God send, I *may* safely reach that soil!

After supper to-night, we had a general fuss, in regard

to photographs; some wanted one thing, and some another. And now there is a schism in camp, and the "house is divided against itself." The photograph to which I refer, was to be taken by Mr. Deniss, of our *entire* party in the *Garden of Gethsemane*. For some reason, known only to them, our German brothers have declined entering into the arrangement. We three Americans, however, have concluded to have the picture taken at all events. It being now definitely "fixed" to this effect, once again, "order reigns in Warsaw."

Last night we listened attentively to a thrilling story told us by Esslinger. We were much interested in the recital. He spoke to such a late hour, that I was unable to write further in my Journal. As the narrative may not be unacceptable to those whom chance might lead to peruse these pages, I give it here, as nearly as I can recollect, in the narrator's own words.

THE BLACK HORSEMAN OF THE JUNGFRAU.

There is no person (commenced the narrator), who has ever travelled on the Continent of Europe, and has not climbed or seen, or at least heard or read of the glorious and stupendous mountain of the Jungfrau, which rears its craggy peaks in my far off native Switzerland. Its massive bulk can be seen for miles away, and the far off faintly perceptible fleeee of cloud, floating high in air, does not reach its summit. With the dizzy ridges, yawning rifts, and quiet frozen glens of the mountain, are connected many tales and legends of wild and startling import—legends which from their very wildness, gain your atten-

tion, as your hardy peasant-guide striding on before you, staff in hand, pours their full tide into your listening ear. The following dark tale, which I will relate you, was told me some years ago, as resting, prior to attempting to scale the rough sides of the Jungfrau, I loitered at its base. I will give the story as it was told me by my worthy guide, Jean Goujon, of whom some of you may have heard.

It was a Christmas night, now twenty years ago, said Jean, that, in the little hamlet, clustered on the south side of the Jungfrau, was gathered a gay party of bold and hardy rustics, in one of the peaked-roof cottages of the village. The night was intensely bitter, the wind sang dolefully down the long rocky glens of the overshadowing mountain, and crept moaningly among the closely huddled houses of the hamlet. The snow fell in large unbroken flakes, and whirled its legions of fleecy cohorts along the almost wholly deserted streets. So thick was the blinding mass of falling snow, that it was only occasionally that the lights in the cottages struggled through the gloom, and marked the spot as the abode of men.

In spite of the gloom, however, which gave such a funereal, forbidding aspect to out-door objects, it was a right merry company that gathered in the snug cottage of Conrad Richelderfer. It was the auspicious (or *inauspicious* (?)) eve long looked forward to with much anxiety by two loving hearts. For four years, now, had Heinrich Edelmann loved and been beloved by Jeannette Richelderfer. Nothing as yet had come between them and happiness ;—this night was to witness

them man and wife—a relationship filling their cup of joy and gladness to the very brim. Groomsmen and bridesmaids, rustic sons and daughters of the Canton, stood ready to fulfil their appointed pleasing parts, while happiness and good-humor beamed on every face. The hour was waxing late, and some of the company began to show unmistakable signs of impatience at the retardation of the ceremony. It was soon whispered among the crowd that the *bridegroom was not present*; and none knew of his whereabouts. This was a strange procedure; so thought the good folks assembled, and so they spoke. The face of the young maiden, the bride, grew ashy pale at the news, and fear took undisputed possession of her countenance.

At length the father of the bridegroom, who was present, exclaimed:—"Good folks, there is some mystery about this affair; my son is no laggard; and would not be, especially, in such a case as this. Rest assured that some other power than his own keeps him from the marriage feast. Is there any one present who can give tidings of my boy Heinrich?" But no one could say. Some *suggested* one thing, some another. A strange, a fearful feeling had taken possession of all present, and all knew, as by instinct, that some evil of a darksome nature was impending. At length a youth, who seemed as if recalling a circumstance, stepped suddenly forth, and said, "I saw Heinrich just before the evening meal. His yager was slung across his shoulder, and he said he went to hunt the chamois, as he wished a fresh skin wherewith to cover

the shoulders of his fair Jeannette. He bent his stride up the Jungfrau, toward the *Black Crag*."

"The *Black Crag*! and at that time of day!" exclaimed a dozen at once in a horrified breath, while a look of doubled fear settled on the face of each, and Jeannette sank swooning away.

"Why, the lad is crazy!" cried Conrad Richelderfer. "Does he not know that the *Black Horseman* infests the dingles of the *Black Crag*, and that *to-night* is *his yearly time for riding and for—DEATH?*" The last words the peasant uttered in a low, whispered, half-frightened tone, and each one muttered—"for DEATH!"

The *Black Crag* is well known to all who visit Switzerland, and feast their vision on the glorious panorama of that country's wild scenery, in which the Jungfrau forms an object of visionary interest. Every guide impresses particularly on you the glorious views to be had from the high crest of the Crag, and fills your ears with tales of the marvellous concerning witches and spectral hunters, devils and bogles, which inhabit the gorges beneath the rock. Among other legends of the place is the one to which reference has just been made—that of the "*Black Horseman*." This object (it is not a *human being*, but a supernatural creature, they say), is ever, when abroad, an angel of death. He is seen only once throughout the long year, and woe be unto the *single* traveller—in such a certainty he never returns to tell of his sad fate. The solemn report of the Black Horseman's carbine carries death with its echo—*none* can escape the bullet of that demon rifle. Many strange legends the

peasants tell of this bogle, as it wanders on a coal-black charger which apparently *flies* through the thick woods and jungles—for no trace of its foot-track is ever to be found. No peasant dares go into the mountain on *Christmas night*. Then it would be certain death to be in the vicinity of the *Black Crag*. It is said that on one dark Christmas night some peasants, who were crossing the slope of the mountain, saw distinctly this fearful horseman. Their description of him, as he came thundering by on his midnight charger, which snorted smoke and flame, while the long elfin locks of the rider floated back wildly in the wind, and his eyes gleamed straight ahead, was terrifying even to listen to. Such was the Black Crag, and such the *Black Horseman*—names which struck terror to the lately joyous and merry crowd gathered at Conrad Richelderfer's cottage on this Christmas night.

“I am quite sure now,” spoke again the missing lad's father, “that something has befallen my Heinrich; something awful has happened, I am convinced. But,” he continued, noticing the effect of his ill-boding words on the fair Jeanette, “it will be all right by-and-bye. I say, lads, Horseman or no Horseman, we must go in search of Heinrich!”

“Good father,” spoke a young man in reply, “we are willing to face any danger for Heinrich, on this or on any other night; but how could we find our way in the face of such a storm as this? None of us would ever return; and, in our attempts to find poor Heinrich, all of us would fall victims to the cold which freezes everything without,

or to the Black Horseman who scours even now the dark forest, and speeds over the frozen glens of the mountain."

"Aye! think again, good father," spoke another hardy fellow of the party; "if Heinrich is dead, then we could do him no good; and if alive, mind me, the lad is smart enough, and active enough, to care well for himself." A murmur of approbation followed.

"Well, then," replied the old man, "I ask ye not to go; but I will just take my trusty yager, and go in search of my son all alone." Just then, the crunching sound of footsteps striding hastily along the snow-clad streets, fell on their ears; in another instant the door was thrown violently open, and a man precipitated himself right into the assembly. A deathly pallor overspread his face, and he shook in every limb with badly-concealed fear.

"Heard ye not the carbine, folks? *The Black Horseman is abroad!*—his yager echoed but a moment since, up yonder by the Black Crag!" The man spoke in quick, hurried tones. Every one quailed with fright; even old Schwartz, the father of the missing *jungling*, drew back as he heard the fearful words, and seemed to pause in his daring undertaking.

"And how know ye," he asked, anxiously, "that it *was* the yager of the Black Horseman? There are others who own yagers in these parts."

"Ay," returned the man, "*but few, who choose on such nights as this, to hunt the chamois!* Besides, a moment before the dread carbine sounded on the air, I plainly heard the crack of a common *earthly* yager—it was nothing like that of the Horseman's yager. Ah! I

too well know the unearthly report of *that* carbine!" The man shuddered, and drew still nearer the crowd, as he indulged in recollections. "And," he continued, "just before that loud sound echoed in the hamlet, I heard the rushing noise, as of many mountain blasts; yet, friends, I felt *hot air* streaming over me, and a bright light flashed for a moment in the jungles of the Jungfrau! I tell you, folks, the Black Horseman is fairly abroad to-night, and I stir not hence till full broad day. His deeds are not done; it was just this way he gave us his terrible signs, when, on *that dreaded Christmas night*, long time ago, Carl and Hermann Krimlich went to the Black Crag, in defiance of the Horseman, and—*never returned!*"

All kept silent. Poor Jeannette had dropped into a chair, and now wailed her anxiety in pent-up and heart-deep sobs. Still the absent lover—the missing Heinrich—came not.

A low murmuring sound was indistinctly heard, rising over the gentle wailing of the night-wind, along the snow-enshrouded streets, and creeping with death-like sadness into every crevice and chink of Richelderfer's cottage.

"*That's the Black Horseman's moan!*" whispered old Schwartz, while he scarcely seemed to breathe.

"'Tis so!" whispered back the man.

Suddenly a rushing, whirring sound echoed through the air; a light, as that of noonday, streamed through the only window of the cottage, and the sharp, ringing report of that unearthly carbine rang again and again through the apartment. A glance at the window, to

which every eye was directed, showed, standing motionless as a statue, without bridle, martingale, or saddle, the gigantic steed of the dreaded Horseman! A cry of anguish from one of the girls called attention in that direction. There sat poor Jeannette, the cold glaze of death in her eyes, while the purple tide, welling freely over the robe of spotless white, told the accuracy of the demon's bullet. A single exclamation of horror echoed through the room, when all at once the apartment was rendered dark by a huge shadow, and in stalked with giant stride the dreaded Black Horseman! A strange, unearthly object it was that stood before them. His head—a bare skull with the grinning teeth rattling in the white jaw-bones touched the very ceiling. To this bleached skull, long, jagged, scattering locks streamed down in disconnected masses, and eyes of supernatural lustre rolled wildly in their bony sockets. The heavy carbine, smoking from the recent discharge, hung across his back. His huge skeleton feet, encased in goat-hide sandals, gave no sound as he walked. There was no time for fear or for speech: the white jaw-bones opened, and a cavernous, sepulchral voice echoed through the room—“Whoever weds on Christmas night, and pays me homage by wandering through my glens of solitude, *him* I must honor—honor with—*death!* I met *him*, ye mourners, in my Black Crag home. He raised his puny rifle, and essayed to take the life of him who is *doomed to live for ever!* His own boyish aim laid him low—for his smart bullet *discharged my carbine!* He lies high on the Black Crag, away up yonder in the black night, in my own

haunted home. The chilling snow has nearly covered him up, and his blood is cold. I have come for his bride—it is my rule. She has consented to come—there she lies, waiting for these arms to bear her away. Come, sweet bride of death, your lover awaits you, and I am his messenger!” The strange being strode forward and grasped the fair form of the dead girl.

“Cleave him down, lads! cleave him down!” shouted old Schwartz, recovering from his stupor, and snatching his hunting-knife from its sheath; and Conrad Richelderfer drove his heavy blade with the fury of a fiend full at the figure. The keen blade met nothing in its descent save the yielding air; it passed *through* the phantom, but it left no mark. A light, scornful laugh was all the reply. Schwartz hastily snatched a yager near by, and, aiming fair at the demon’s heart, pulled trigger. The ball sped by, the smoke cleared away, and the Horseman smiled that same scornful smile. A moment more, with the dead girl in his arms, while her fair hair floated wildly back, he sprang on his gigantic charger and dashed away through the gloom toward the mountain. In an instant he was gone! A moment more and a lurid glare blazed high up on the cliffs, and in that glare was plainly seen the Black Crag, and on it, the unburied corpse of young Heinrich, half hid beneath the falling snow; while, lower down, the demon steed, with his infernal rider bearing away the dead girl, dashed onward and upward at a flying pace. The light disappeared, and a scornful laugh swept faintly to the ears of the horror-stricken rustics.

Several years afterwards, old Schwartz, Conrad Richel-

derfer, and two others, in wandering through the jungles of the Jungfrau, came suddenly unawares upon the Black Crag. What was their amazement and horror when they espied two ghastly, grinning skeletons lying side by side on the highest ridge of the Crag!

Such was the wild tale told me by my guide, Jean Gougon, who concluded by saying, 'I, myself, have seen the Black Horseman twice, but fortunately I was not alone. There to the right, yonder is Richelderfer's old cottage, and before the sun sets to-day, I will show you the Black Crag and the view we obtain there.'

Such was Esslinger's story, told with good effect by that prince of good fellows.

But while I have been writing, the hours have flown rapidly away, and my friends, one by one, have retired for the night. I must shut up my ink-stand and wipe my pen, for my own eyelids are heavy. To-morrow we have determined, come rain or shine, that we will set out for the Dead Sea, Jericho, and Jordan. Ibrahim is to awaken us early in the morning, with everything ready for the expedition.

I expect to-night, as was my fortune last night, to have sweet dreams of the weird "Horseman," and the two decaying corpses found by old *Schwartz Edelmann* and *Conrad Richelderfer* on the mysterious, haunted "Black Crag."

*In my tent, amid the ruins of Jericho, 10 o'clock, P. M. }
Thursday, March 15, 1859. }*

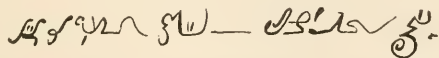
And am I indeed in the Valley of Jordan—in sight of

the Mount of Temptation, the Dead Sea, and "Jordan's stormy banks?" True, indeed; and at this moment, on this calm, moonlight night, I am resting in my little tent, which is spread amid the ruins of that ancient city, which fell before the din of rams' horns, blown seven times around its walls! Singular indeed!

Sometimes—very often, indeed, since I have been on this eastern tour—I have wandered afar from my companions, and, in the solitude of my own communings, I have asked myself, "Is it indeed true, that I stand amid these far away scenes, made sacred by divine and by prophetic deeds?" I find it, *yes*, blessedly true; and here, on this lovely star and moonlight night, I rest near thy banks, oh! sacred Jordan! As I sit here musingly, I recall everything which I ever read or heard concerning this stream; and, indeed, I can scarcely realize, that I rest in one of the loveliest vales under heaven. So it is, and impressed as I now am, I am compelled to murmur, more humbly than ever, Blessed be Thy works, and extended Thy kingdom, oh! God, for ever!

This morning, in Jerusalem, to our joyful surprise the sun came out, bright and beautiful. We have had so much rain and snow lately, that we had determined to commence our excursion to-day, fair or cloudy, thankful for the privilege of doing so at *any* time and under any circumstances. As if in furtherance of our wishes, He gave us a bright sun to drive away dampness from earth, and to bring joy to our hearts. At an early hour, Ibrahim, our good and noble-hearted young dragoman,

made his morning *salaam*, to us in bed—signified his extreme pleasure at seeing us—declared good weather, and hinted his readiness, nay, anxiety, to leave at as early a moment as possible. We were glad to hear such tidings, and straightway commenced arranging matters for our Dead Sea and Jordan jaunt. After reloading our pistols, which had for a time reposed in quiet dignity at the Hospice, and making several other preparations, our party, amounting to seven or eight—Ibrahim and *suite* included—filed slowly out at St. Stephen's Gate, and wound its way again over the beautiful brow of Mount Olivet. On the further side of the sacred mountain we were joined by our *guarantee*, in the shape of a *sheikh* (pronounced *shake*), of the Bedaween. This fellow is a splendid wild-looking specimen of the genuine Beddwy, and glories in long black hair, fiery eyes, sharp features, and brilliant pearly teeth. In going to the Jordan we are compelled to pass several fierce tribes of the desert Arabs, and a sheikh is an all-necessary accompaniment. But to this I have referred more fully in a recent day's Journal. Our sheikh went by the euphonious name of Sahlimah; his autograph I will here endeavor to copy. He was much pleased when I requested it, and seemed proud that he could write:—



This being translated means “Sahlimah, Sheikh for Jordan.” Sahlimah was a good-humoured fellow—a fine

shot, considering his clumsy brass-banded barrel—and a most exquisite horseman. I certainly think his horse the handsomest animal I ever beheld. Sahlimah, with all his good qualities, however, partook of the nature of the rest of his people, and thought perhaps more of *bahkskish*, than of anything else, and continually hinted slyly at it, or spoke right out concerning it. He boasted much and often of his thousands of goats and camels—yet it seemed to me, that our homely adage had a happy application, even in this far Judean clime, “the more one gets, the more he wants.”

We passed through Bethany again, but all was silence and desolation. We lingered a few moments to get some brackish water, and then proceeded leisurely onward. We finally descended quite abruptly, into the valley between the Moab Mountains, and near the fountain *Ain el-Haud*, of the Arabs, at the head of the gorge. We here took a very good though hasty *dejeuner à la fourchette*. How that expression recalls things of the dead past!

The fountain of *Ain-el-Haud* has been thought by some to be the “Fountain of the Prophets,” or even the old *en-Shemesh*. I think, however, a substantial basis for such an opinion is altogether wanting.

Having finished our breakfast, we once again formed in marching order, and pushed ahead. On our way we passed through a wild, desolate ravine, said to be the scene of the Good Samaritan parable. Judging from the solitude and barrenness of the locality, deeds of charity would not go a-begging now-a-days. It was in

this same gorge, if I mistake not, that Sir Walter Scott laid the scenes of Sir Kenneth's marvellous adventures.

After several hours of tedious travel, we came to an old and fast-decaying ruin. I do not know what this formerly was, but I do know it is situated in the bleakest and wildest portion of our road. This is said to be the most dangerous part of the route, and near the spot in question Sir Frederick Henniker came near falling a victim to Arab assassination in 1820. The old ruin may have been, in palmier days, the "wayside inn" of Scriptures. Certain I am, however, that I would not like to frequent the place unless I was sure that a strong escort was in hailing distance.

As we continued our way, we came to the magnificent gorge—the brook, or *Wady-el-Kelt*—and here I witnessed some of the finest, grandest, and most awe-inspiring scenery I ever beheld. Far down the steep rocky, *almost perpendicular* opposing cliffs, which are so close together that a stone can be tossed readily from one to the other, we see a small brilliant belt of limpid water. Its tiny falls and fairy cascades, however, could not be heard at our position.

Speaking of this gorge, a favorite writer remarks, "The sides are almost sheer precipices of naked rock occasionally pierced by grottos, apparently inaccessible to anything except the eagles that now hover round them; and yet history tells us that all these uncomfortable dens were once occupied by hermits. One is shown where an anchorite is said to have lived, the cravings of whose castigated body were satisfied with four raisins a day."

This *wady*, or brook, expands into the beautiful plain of Jordan, and by some has been rightly supposed, in *my* opinion, to be the brook "Cherith" where Elijah was fed by the ravens. The Bible history of the affair is plain—"Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan." (1 Kings xvii. 3). This *must* be the Cherith of Scripture, I think, discarding other reasons; for, had Elijah turned "*eastward*" on the farther or eastern side of Jordan, he would have gone a long way to find "Cherith;" in other words, *there is no such gorge or wady existing*, which is *near enough* the river in question, to warrant the expression "*before* Jordan." In fact, I think the whole dispute turns on the interpretation of the word "*before*." I am under the impression, it means nothing more nor less than *opposite and near to*. Moreover, the "brook" is well fitted for purposes of concealment—Elijah's motive in going thither. The Arabs have a tradition of their own, that priests and hermits of old had been fed by ravens at this place; showing the existence at all events of a legend as connected with the ravens. Some writers, in a far-fetched manner, explain that what is meant by *raven* is *wild Arab* (!) that the Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic words for *raven* are identical in some respects—and that, in the latter language, besides meaning a *bird* or *raven*, it likewise signifies a *Desert Arab*; they say, in fine, it was by these *wild fellows* that Elijah was fed, and not miraculously by *ravens*. I am not a sufficient lexicographer to settle this dispute of words—but *marob*, in Arabic, means *crow*, and also *robber* or *wild man*. For me, I do not believe in the forced

interpretation of Scripture; and if my knowledge of Latin and Greek bears me out, there is no similarity in the words meaning raven, in the separate languages.

That the Wady-Kelt *is* Cherith, I think there exists no plausible reason to doubt, though Dr. Stewart and others argue learnedly to the contrary.

A few moments more and our visions were gladdened with the sacred sights and the glorious beauties gathered in the wide-spreading plain of Jordan. Imagine my emotions when the Mount up which our Saviour was led "to be tempted,"—the Dead Sea,—the ruins of ancient and modern Jericho, and the stream of ever hallowed Jordan, were pointed out to my eager gaze! I cannot describe what I felt.

Before proceeding to camping-ground we continued up the valley, through a rich and fertile section of land, covered with shrubs, and visited the Fountain of Elisha, or "*Ain es-Sultan*" of the Arabs. This fountain bursts right from the base of a rough wall, or from the foot of a mound near it. The water is quite sweet, very warm, and earthy, as if it were from a stagnant pool. This, then, is the fountain (and there can be no doubt of it, Porter says), whose waters, which were "naught," were singularly changed by Elisha, by throwing of salt from a "new cruse" therein. And this fountain stood in the old Jericho of the prophets, and when to-night we drank of that sacred water, we stood of course on the site and amid the ruins of that ancient city. Near the Fountain of Elisha, there is another, the name of which I have forgotten. It helps to irrigate that portion of the valley

lying near it. Not far from the fountain is the site of the ancient Chateau of Doeh. In it, it is said, Simon Maccabeus was slain by Ptolemy, his son.

We then turned our horses' heads away, and took our way to the spot which Ibrahim had chosen as our tent-ground. On reaching the place we found Moses (Ibrahim's assistant) on the ground, the tents pitched, and dinner in fair progress. Our old friend Hassân, our good Moukâry, was also there, with tethering lines for the horses; and some two dozen wild Bedaween, half-clad and fierce-looking, stood around the crackling brush fire, leaning on their long guns. They made a picturesque addition to the scene. Among these fellows were our so-called *escort*, some five or six Bedaween, who had met us when half way, and had accompanied us only a mile or two on our journey. A precious escort, indeed!

Ibrahim has given us the best dinner I have eaten since we left Malta. S. shot some birds, mostly pigeons (resembling the American *tame* pigeon), and in so doing, surprised our worthy Sahlimah very much with the ease he knocked over birds on the wing, with his English double-barrel. I am quite confident that the sheikh would willingly part with one-half of his imaginary or real flock of goats to possess the fowling-piece.

We have just given a high *bakhshish* for a Bedaween chant, a wild, barbarous, unearthly monotone, accompanied with regular clapping of hands, and contorted motions of body, which, in self-defence, and at a sacrifice of a still *larger bakhshish*, we were compelled to break off. I slept awhile, a minute ago, and now here I am in my little tent

with S. We occupy a nice little awning together, a *little too near the Arabs*, perhaps, who keep up a low kind of mumbling song, while they watch around the fire. But it is good enough for us poor, miserable creatures," and *beggars*, as we really are. We have *eaten salt* with our guards, and Ibrahim says we can fully repose in their confidence. The other four of our party occupy a larger tent, while Ibrahim, Moses, and the cook fill a small pocket-handkerchief-affair stretched out there, against a rock.

Strange indeed are my thoughts, to-night, as I sit here amid the ruins of what was, long centuries since, the "City of the Palms." My position is so novel that, while I close my eyes for a time, and let my thoughts wander back to my own republican America, I can scarcely persuade myself that I am now thousands of miles away, and that my feet, at this moment, press the sod of the "Wilderness of Judea." My long stay in Paris—my extensive tour on the Continent—the beauties of the Piedmontese plains—the rugged grandeur of the mountain scenery of Savoy—the lordly Rhine—the classic charm of old Rome, its dead Coliseum, and its gay Pincian Hill—all seem thrown confusedly together to make one gay, chaotic, fantastic dream, and nothing more! This—my presence in this land—in this valley, is the grand feature, the *incomprehensible* achievement of my life!

There have existed two Jerichos. "From the '*Jerusalem Itinerary*' we learn that the Jericho of the 4th century was situated at the base of the mountain range, one

mile and a half (Roman) from the fountain of Elisha, and that the more ancient city had stood by the fountain itself. This corresponds exactly with what we have already seen. The ruins on the banks of wady-Kelt mark the site of the Jericho of Herod, and of the New Testament; while those here around the fountain are the only remnants of the Jericho of the Prophets." The stirring history of Jericho may be found in the following excellent sketch:—

“ Ascending the mound over the fountain, and seating ourselves on one of the old stones, we are prepared to glance at Jericho’s eventful history, and recall its thrilling associations. We have before us the great plains on which the weary Israelites looked down, after their wilderness journey, from the brow of yonder mountain ridge away in the east (Numbers xxxiii. 47, 48). We have at our feet the only remains of the city to which Joshua sent the spies from the plains of Moab, on the other side of the Jordan; and there behind us is the mountain where, on the advice of Rahab, they hid themselves three days to escape pursuit (Josh. ii.). Around this city, too, after the spies returned, the Israelites marched mysteriously during seven days; and on the seventh day, after the seventh circuit, ‘the priests blew with the trumpets And the people shouted with a great shout,’ and ‘the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city . . . and took the city’ (Josh. vi.). Jericho was then wholly destroyed, and a singular curse pronounced on whoever should rebuild it—‘Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho;

he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born; and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it' (Id. vi. 26). And after an interval of some five centuries it was rebuilt and the curse executed. 'In his (Ahab's) days did Hiel the Bethelite build Jericho; he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first-born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son, Segub' (1 Kings xvi. 34). A school of prophets gathered round the spot almost immediately. Elijah and Elisha came down to it from Bethel—an easy day's journey—by a path through these wild mountains on the north-west. From Jericho the two went on, over the plain, to the banks of the Jordan; the 'sons of the prophets' followed them in the distance, and at length took their stand 'in sight afar off'—probably on one of the upper terraces of the right bank—to see the departure of their great master. And yonder on the plain beyond the river, 'Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.' But his mantle fell on Elisha, who, on his return, divided the waters of the river, healed the fountain that gushes out from the base of the mound at our feet, and went up the mountain pass to Bethel, where, in a forest, now gone, lurked the 'two she-bears' that 'tare the forty and two' wicked children (2 Kings ii).

“After the captivity, the inhabitants of Jericho returned from Babylon; but little is known of the city until the time when its palm groves and balsam gardens were given by Antony to Cleopatra. From her, Herod the Great bought them, and made this one of his royal cities, and adorned it with a hippodrome and many stately buildings; and here, too, that monster of iniquity

died. The site of this new city was, as we have seen, one and a half miles to the south, on the banks of the Kelt. It was *new* Jericho our Lord visited in his way to Jerusalem, lodging with Zacchæus, who had climbed the sycamore tree to see Him; and healing the poor blind man (Luke xviii. 35, 43, and xix. 1-10). Its subsequent history is soon told. It became the head of a toparchy under the Romans, but was deserted soon after the Mohammedan Conquest."

Well, well, well! How I have *spun* out my Journal. I must unbuckle my pistol now, and to bed! To-morrow we visit Jordan and the Dead Sea; and are also shown, *gratis*, the traditional tomb of Moses, though I believe, according to Holy Writ, "No man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day."

CHAPTER XIII.

Prussian Hospice, Jerusalem. }
Friday, March 11th, 1859. }

THIS morning we arose very early, and were repaid with the gorgeous panorama of a sunrise over the hills of Palestine. The scene was thrice lovely, as we watched the gradual approach of the God of Day, whose effulgent rays could be seen at first peopling the far-off hill-tops with tiny purple rays, and then blazing brightly over the summits of the mountains near us, flooding the whole valley in golden splendor. The morning breeze was crisp—what some term *bracing*—and as muffled in our thick coats we viewed the waking scene, situated as we were, having safely and pleasantly slumbered through the night, nothing scarcely could have added to our comfort or thrilled our souls with more soothing and profitable reflections. A light hazy fog, resembling the fleece of a noonday sky, hung over the valley, and half veiling, half unfolding, lent a charm to the scene. Gray wreathing specks of cloud, marshalled in flying squadrons, dashed along the far-off expanse of blue. The Bedaween stood leaning on their long guns, intently watching us as we viewed and drank in the scene; their picturesque attitude lent to the picture an

interesting feature. But soon the long shadows of the mountains one by one disappeared from the valley, and the sun, now highly risen, shone down with its usual brilliancy.

Before the dew had fallen from their carollas, I gathered some pretty flowers, and placed them safely in my satchel, to keep them as souvenirs of a holy place, for my absent friends in transatlantic America. We partook of a hasty though first-rate breakfast, which again elevated Ibrahim's *cuisine* in our opinion. Immediately after our meal, the camp was in confusion, and we were soon in the saddle. Moses and the cook arranged the tents, cooking implements, &c., bade us adieu, and left for Jerusalem; we needed their services no longer. As we left the camp, and, in the exhilaration of the moment, rode on swiftly through the dwarf shrub-trees, over the level plain, the valley indeed seemed most lovely, and I fain would have lingered, enraptured with the sight; but Ibrahim urged us on, asserting that to accomplish our day's work, and reach Jerusalem before the Muzzim-cry to evening prayers, would tax our activity to the utmost. Before the day ended, we had ample cause to testify to the truth of his predictions.

On we rode toward the Jordan—and it was a *long ride*. It is singularly deceptive this river—or this plain—rather *both* combined. It was from our camp last night, apparently about *ten minutes' walk*, yet we were two hours and more getting there this morning, and our gait was not slow. In passing through the underbrush, S. shot several fine game birds, among them a partridge of the

largest size I ever saw. The birds were very tame, and S. was compelled to throw a stone at them to frighten them, as he wished to shoot them on the wing. We saw several storks also, and some birds of a species unknown to me. Just before we reached the plain directly in front of the Jordan, one of our afore-mentioned Beddwy escort bantered me for a race—he on foot, embarrassed with his long *abbá* and cumbersome firelock, and I securely mounted on a quick-footed native steed. I laughed at him; but to appease his evident mortification, I consented to the race. I tapped my horse, and he bounded off at full speed. What was my surprise to see my Arab competitor come leaping over shrubs and gulches with the agility of a deer, and when the goal on which we had fixed was reached, he was more than three lengths ahead! He did not boast, however, but covered *my* chagrin as best *he* could.

As we were nearing the river, Ibrahim suddenly exclaimed “Liban! Liban!” (Lebanon! Lebanon!) Looking in the direction he indicated, we saw the faint blue outline of that snow-capped range, away up on the Syrian coast.

Quite an amusing incident here occurred. A German-Jew in company, having occasion for some reason to carry Sahlimah’s fowling-piece, accidentally lost the ramrod. At this the sheikh, quite unexpectedly to all of us, waxed exceeding wroth, and insisted on immediate indemnification. — He sputtered out a great deal of Arabic, to which our German friend, frightened half out of his wits, could only reply, “Nichts versteht Arabika!” We assured

Sahlimah that he should be well *bakhshished* for his loss; but he took it badly, and his sullen conduct was very observable. We noticed it with some uneasiness, though our good Ibrahim assured us that the sign of treachery on the Beddwy's part would be his death-warrant, and asserted most positively that he would deliver us safe and sound that night at the Prussian Hospice. He then said something in quite an authoritative manner to the sheik, with no other effect than a scowl of anger and of perfect independence from the Beddwy. More than one of us then glanced at the caps on our pistols. But the storm blew away.

From one point in the valley, the Mount of Temptation (or the Quarantina—so called because Christ here fasted forty, or *quaranta*, in Italian, days) stood forth, with its curved outline, in bold relief, slightly deviating in its position from the other wild cliffs that frown down on the Valley of Jericho. We could see a little chapel away up on the summit of the mountain, and Ibrahim pointed out to us the holes and caves in the rock, faintly seen in the distance, which were formerly occupied by hermits. As Porter says, it does indeed seem—so accurate is the description given—that these magnificent lines, descriptive of this scenery, were penned by Milton *on the spot*:—

“ It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain, outstretched in circuit wide,
 Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flowed,
 The one winding, the other straight; and left between
 Fair champain with less rivers interveined
 Then meeting, joined their tribute to the sea:

Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine ;
With herds the pastures thronged, with flocks the hills ;
Huge cities and high-towered, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top, the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began."

This description is true to the letter, and yet, if I mistake not, Milton never was in Palestine.

At last, however, we stood on the banks of the Jordan, and once again, I must say, dreamingly strange were my emotions, as I gazed on the rushing torrent. I thought of the time when the humble Nazarene was baptized of John in the same waters, and when the dove descended, and the Godly voice was heard.

In fording a small swamp in order to reach the *real* bank of the stream, the three Americans, including myself, came near meeting with an accident. The bed of the pond was soft and slimy, and our horses mired to their haunches ; they were stout and fully equal to the task, however, and after two or three desperate lunges, we gained the shore. We were here again much amused at our Jewish friend, whom I have mentioned in connection with Sahlimah's old flint-lock. The poor fellow, no doubt, burdened, like many more of us, with a heavy weight of sin, was determined to *wash it out* in this, the waters of sacred Jordan. And yet it seems, he did not—judging from his actions—believe in the *purity of the water* as instrumental in removing transgressions, for I was quite surprised, on turning around, to behold him on his hands

and knees, diligently engaged in *rooting* (if the expression be allowed) his face *under* the water in the *slimy mud at the bottom*. As soon as he had finished his muddy ablutions to his satisfaction, I asked him the occasion of such strange procedure. He replied, with all gravity—“Now that I am here, by this sin-removing stream, I wished to wash away, at once, all of my backsliding errors, misfortunes, and bad luck; so I thought, in view of the magnitude and quantity of sin to my account, it would require the quintessence of Jordan to remove them!” I did not stop to argue with him *what* constituted the quintessence of the torrent: certain I am, however, that the misfortunes which had attended him through life, did not desert him *after* his bath in Jordan—for, in climbing the dizzy mountain ridges, on our return to Jerusalem that afternoon, the fellow’s horse tumbled over a ledge, and came near falling on his rider. I rallied him concerning his mishap, when he good-humoredly replied, “Oh! the water has not *had time* to act,—*to reach my system!*” If he was content, I was, so the “*quintessence*” subject dropped.

The Jordan flows in a perfect torrent, through a deep depression or *fosse* of about four hundred yards average breadth, though the Jordan itself, at its *widest* portion, viewed by our party, was only thirty yards across, and generally not more than fifteen. The abrupt manner of the shelving of this ravine, gives to the river an appearance of having previously had several banks, of different distances apart. We find near the banks of the river, an almost impenetrable thicket of weeds; while on the immediate edge of the stream, “tamarisks, oleanders, and willows

abound." A well known and deservedly popular writer has likened the Jordan to the "yellow sanded Tiber." In my eyes it resembles it no more than it does any other stream of a like size. Moreover, the Jordan is a dark, rapid, hissing torrent; its actual banks are of scarcely *no height*, and its general course is nearly straight. The Tiber is lighter in color, is a sluggish stream comparatively, and has high bold banks including its waters, which are very serpentine in their course. The *true* point of resemblance, I take it, is, *one is a river, and so is the other.*

The *exact* spot where the Israelites crossed is not known, though much has been written at length, by learned men, on the subject. We cannot base any argument, as has been well said, on the present condition of the river, or of its banks—the channel and banks are liable to many changes which can be wrought by the hand of time. *This* thing is certain, however, according to Joshua (iii. 16) that they crossed Jordan "right against Jericho" and where we stood, therefore, could *not* have been far from the place. In regard to this point, Dr. Stuart thinks the water was cut off for the passage of the army for *twenty miles*. "This, I consider a real valuable discovery" (if *discovery* it is) "as it proves that the Jordan was dried up for the space of twenty miles, so that thousands of Israel could pass over in a very short space of time." Dr. Robinson, agreeing with early traditions, places the point of crossing five miles farther up the river, and near where famous Gilgal of old stood. Here the children of Israel encamped first.

Gilgal is a noted place of itself; here Gehazi was

punished—here the people of Judah received David from exile—here the Tabernacle was once set up—here Syrian Naaman was cured, &c., &c. Near this place, as in other portions of the valley, once grew large quantities of the sugar-cane, which some writers think constituted the “wild honey” of John the Baptist.

It was quite an interesting feature of our visit, at least to me, to draw my Bible from my pocket, and then beneath the willows that wave over the wildly flowing Jordan, read the third and fourth chapters of Joshua, in which such a thrilling and succinct account of the “passage” is given. It was suggested to me, and unknown to my companions, I repaired for a few moments to a small jungle, and there read that thrilling Bible narrative, with an interest never before felt.

This spot where we now stood was indeed *Holy Land*, rendered so by some of the most convincing proofs of God’s power and presence. It was here that Elijah passed over the dry bed of the river, and was caught up to heaven, in the plain beyond—it was here that Elisha, the prophet’s servant, on whom fell his master’s robe, also passed over the channel of the stream which ceased flowing, when he cried out, “Where is the Lord God of Elijah?” (2 Kings ii.) Thus Jordan was here passed on dry land three times; yet the *crowning event*—the one which has for ever consecrated the river, in the sight of all Christian people, was the baptism of the Son of Him—of Him, “whose name shall be Immanuel,” of Jesus Christ, the God-born Saviour of our sinning race. It was here that He descended into the water, and was baptized of

John. It was here the voice divine, coming from the clouds, proclaimed Jesus to be "my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Our feelings cannot then be imagined—for I am persuaded from the language of Scripture, such as "leading up" into "the wilderness," &c., all referring to geographical features—that the place of the Saviour's baptism was not far from the spot whereon we stood to-day.

The whole surrounding plain is throughout the year, with one exception, nothing but a vast abode of desolation and silence; and nothing can be heard near the Jordan, save its own rapidly-moving waters. The event to which I allude, is the annual pilgrimage—observed by the Christian Churches of Palestine (in Jerusalem particularly)—to the Jordan, for the purpose of bathing. This is at Easter; drums and horns enliven the scene; soldiers guard the bathers, and the Turkish governor of Jerusalem is at the head of the procession. The bathers plunge in, in all attires; some entirely nude, others (and mostly) in white robes, carried for the purpose. The whole river in the neighborhood, and the surrounding plain, present one mass of confused humanity. They bathe throughout the day, and depart with the greatest stillness in the night. Mr. Stanley gives a very graphic description of the whole ceremony; I take his closing extract:—

"Once more they may be seen. At the dead of night, the drum again awakes them for their homeward march. The torches again go before; behind follows the vast multitude, mounted, passing in profound silence over the silent plain—so silent, that but for the tinkling of the drum, its

departure would scarcely be perceptible. The troops stay on the ground to the end, to guard the rear; and when the last roll of the drum announces that the last soldier is gone, the whole plain returns again to its perfect solitude."

After gathering mementoes of various kinds—chiefly, however, of pebbles, flowers, and canes—and taking a last, lingering look at Jordan, we once again mounted our faithful steeds, and slowly took our way toward the Dead Sea, which lay silently and lonely before us, in full sight. Ah, how warm was that ride! I have not as yet (half past ten, P. M., in Jerusalem) recovered from it. This valley is a perfect oven—and this in March! What must it be in August?

The plain of the Dead Sea is nearly seventeen hundred feet below the Mediterranean; and the hot air comes through the gorge as from the fiery mouth of a furnace. On the tall mountain cliffs which border on this heated plain, we experienced winter weather; while in the valley, it was far worse than July heat! The change was great, and we suffered very much, fearing sunstroke at every moment. But we lived through all. After a most exhausting ride of one hour's duration, we suddenly drew up on the margin of that solemn and desolate-looking sheet. I cannot adequately describe the Dead Sea, and *the absence* of everything like life near it. Not a sparrow chirps forth his note, not an insect hums away its brief existence, not a flower can be seen rearing its head near this place of desolation. A stillness like unto the deepest sleep, or rather unto *death* itself, pervades everything; not even

a ripple rolls its gentle swell over the loamy shore. It is a wild, mysterious, silent picture of solitude, the most undisputed, and the very greatest that ever reigned anywhere under the sun.

The Dead Sea, on many accounts, is the most interesting sheet of water in the world. I regret that I cannot enter into this subject at length, or as fully as I would wish. My remarks will necessarily be short. There must have been a *lake* here, or something resembling the present Dead Sea, as far back as four thousand years ago, when Lot looked down from Bethel, and "beheld all the plain of Jordan, and it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar." Thus we read in Genesis xiii. 10. This and other allusions lead us to infer that there existed at that time a lake in this same place, of course much smaller than the present Dead Sea, inasmuch as there was much fertile land left here. It was here that the "cities of the plain" did much toward the progress of civilization. Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, &c., were here built; and here Phœnician enterprise had its first seat.

The physical history of the Dead Sea is as interesting as the historical notices, but I have not time to enter into any detail. Lieut. Lynch and his party have done much toward giving a thorough survey of the Dead Sea; and Dr. Anderson, connected with that expedition, has given the most complete report extant, relative to the geological structure of the seashores, and of the mountain ranges bordering on it. From his report we learn that

much *limestone*, some *nitrous encrustations*, some *pure sulphur*, considerable quantities of *post-tertiary lava*, *pumice-stone*, and *volcanic slag* are to be found. The Dead Sea was called by the ancients *Asphaltites Lake*, and it is known among the Arabs as *Bahr Lût*, or *Sea of Lot*.

By-the-by, we made inquiries for the "pillar of salt," once Lot's unfortunate wife; but Ibrahim knew nothing of its locality, and was sufficiently honest to confess it. Lieut. Lynch refers to it; and Josephus remarks that it was standing, and that he had seen it, at the time of writing his "Antiquities." This was A. D. 93. He is supported by Clement of Rome, who was contemporary with the Jewish historian. De Sauley, however, the French explorer, does not believe in its present existence at all, and laughs at the "silly idea," as he expresses it.

The length of this curious sheet is forty miles; its extreme breadth eight and a half, or more generally five miles. The northern section is much deeper; some places are remarkable for their depth, while others are equally shallow. I might remark here that Strabo gives us the circumference of the sea as one hundred and fourteen miles; breadth, twenty-eight; Josephus states it to be sixty-six miles in length, and seventeen and a quarter broad; Lynch, forty-six in length, and nine and a half broad. I have adopted the estimate of Dr. Porter; I think it nearer correct than the others.

No living creatures, it is said, inhabit these still mysterious waters; and, like the tradition of the classic Avernus, it is asserted no bird can fly over its sheet of "dreamy desolation" without meeting with certain death.

The saline particles in the Dead Sea amount to $26\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and of course has a specific gravity *one-fifth* greater than the ocean, the salt of which is only 4 per cent. A human body *cannot* sink in it; we well tested this great buoyancy of the waters. The most acrid, bitter, nauseous taste I ever experienced was when I, for experiment's sake, took in a mouthful of the sea-water and accidentally swallowed it. I feel the effects now. One of our party complained considerably of an intolerable itching of the skin after the bath.

The fact of a bituminous substance having been noticed along the shores, and very often on the surface of the Dead Sea, has caused some to think that it was by the ignition of this inflammable material that the guilty cities were fired. Others even think that the houses of Sodom and Gomorrah were made of asphaltum, and by this means the fire was kept vigorously alive and in a rapid and fearful march. The undoubted appearance of bitumen, and the remarkable saline impregnation noticed above, *are* remarkable features indeed of the Dead Sea. It was known that the sea was salt as far back as 148 years B. C.—granting, of course, Genesis to have been written by Moses between the time of the departure of the children of Israel, and the time of the defeat of the Amorites by Moses.

In regard to the locality of the destroyed Sodom, it may be well, in passing, to mention that M. de Sauley has discovered its *veritable remains*, and on a part of the Dead Sea coast, some distance from where we were to-day. He *indulged his fancy*, however, and that was all. The

most knowing writers and learned explorers of the Holy Land give it as their opinion that the wicked city or its ruin lies buried beneath the still waters of this sad sea.

I think with many others concerning the formation of the Dead Sea—that it is nothing more nor less than a grand geological phenomenon, and that the enormous gorge, in a part of which rests the still sea, has been the gradual work of ages. I believe the same valley existed here 4000 years ago—I mean as respects physical features—and has undergone in that space the changes of nature. The whole plain of Jericho measures about seventy square miles. It is interesting to know that not far from the spot we stood to-day, is Idumea, or Edom, where dwelt the hairy Esau.

How different now is the dull, desolate appearance of this deep gorge, in which lies wrapt, as it were, in never-waking slumber, the Dead Sea, from the view presented in time long ago by the fertile fields and rich pastures which then graced the land of the enterprising Phoenicians; for none deny that this was the first seat of that early people, so skilled in all that makes a nation excellent. This now barren spot was, undoubtedly, 4000 years ago, the very garden of the world—its Eden in all its freshness. Alas, now!

A fine summary of the Dead Sea may be had in the following single paragraph:—

“The Dead Sea is, whether considered physically or historically, the most remarkable sheet of water in the world. It lies in the lowest part of that deep ravine

which extends from the base of Hermon to the Gulf of 'Akabah. A section of the ravine, more than 140 miles in length, is *below the level of the sea*, and the depression of the surface of the Dead Sea amounts to no less than 1312 feet. A single glance at the features of this region is sufficient to show that the cavity of the Dead Sea was coeval in its conformation with the Jordan Valley on the north, and the 'Arabah on the south. The breadth of the whole valley is pretty uniform, only contracting a little to the south of the Lake of Tiberias, and expanding somewhat at Jericho; the mountains on each side thus run in nearly parallel lines from Hermon to 'Akabah. The Dead Sea, therefore, occupies a section of the great valley which only differs from the rest in being deeper and covered with water. On the east and west it is shut in by lofty cliffs of bare white or gray limestone, dipping in many places into its bosom without leaving even a footpath along the shore. Its length is forty miles, and its greatest breadth, eight and a half, narrowing to five at the northern extremity. Near its south-east angle, opposite the ravine of Kerak, is a broad, low promontory, with a long point or cape stretching more than five miles northward up the centre of the sea. And it is worthy of special notice that the whole section of the sea north of this promontory is of great depth, varying from forty to two hundred and eighteen fathoms; and in some places the soundings show upwards of one hundred and eighteen fathoms within a few yards of the eastern cliffs. The southern section, on the other hand, is quite shallow;

never more than from two to three fathoms, and generally only about as many feet."

After lingering a long time, despite the sweltering rays that showered down upon us, we filled our sacks with pebbles, as mementoes, and slowly took our way from the shores of this desolate sea. Our route toward the "City of the Great King" was different from the one we pursued yesterday in going to Jordan; it led directly *over* the mountains. And, ah! what a tedious body-and-soul-racking ride it was! It was indeed far worse than the ride from Ramleh, on the Plain of Sharon, to Jerusalem. Up and down we went all the time. More than once, as skirting the summit of some lofty crag, on a narrow goat-path, I feared my horse would stumble and send me headlong down the frowning precipice into the fearful chasm which yawned around us. But we surmounted all difficulties safely, and had every reason to be thankful. We stopped only once, and that at a Muslim *Wely*, called *Neby Musa* (Tomb of Moses), on the summit of a rough, flinty, dreary-looking mountain. The followers of Mahomet believe that Moses is here buried; although it is far from being a "valley"—and many pilgrims, despite the tedious journey, and the wild stony way, often repair thither to pay their orisons at the shrine of the prophet—the Israelitish Lawgiver. It is a bleak, barren place, and the winds of winter must whistle a lonesome ditty around those cold gray walls. All Christians are here debarred entrance, and so we dined in the gloomy shadow of the Convent. We saw a few hooded heads peep at us, over the ramparts, as we came up at a sweeping canter

à l'Américain, but the curiosity of the monks was short-lived—they soon disappeared, leaving the old walls more desolate and lonesome than ever.

We had entertained serious intentions of visiting, before our return to the Holy City, the world-renowned, rock-defended Convent of Mâr Sâba. But it was quite plain that for some reason our hitherto polite and exceedingly attentive Ibrahim did not wish us to turn our horses' heads in that direction. He hinted at the danger attendant on such an expedition, and spoke openly of the miserable, stony way, dignified by the name of *path*, over which we would have to pass—and of the cold manner, and certain rebuff, to be expected from the worthy brethren inhabiting the wild and romantically situated convent—in the still wilder glen of Mâr Sâba. So we did not go. Ibrahim's conduct was very singular; I wished much to make the expedition and return by Bethlehem, as Porter recommends. Of all the places in the Holy Land worthy of a visit, Mâr Sâba and Masada present to the tourist the greatest attractions. Mâr Sâba was founded in 439, by St. Sâbas, a most worthy anchorite from Cappadocia. The good monk could not have chosen a place more fitting his aim—sacred and solemn seclusion. Clustered in small terraces high up the mountain, and built on the very edge of precipices,—clinging in many places to the ragged cliffs, Mâr Sâba presents the very picture of romantic quiet. “The *toute ensemble* is picturesque and singularly wild, especially when we view it in the pale moonlight; when the projecting cliffs and towers are tinged with the silver

light, while the intervening spaces and the deep chasms below are shrouded in gloom." The Convent passed through many trials and dangers during the Holy Wars, and was before this plundered by the Persians, when some of its monks were killed. Ibrahim tells us that even now, the monks, while they do not live in daily terror as in times by-gone of the Bedaween, yet they are constantly on the alert for them, and allow not a member of that roving tribe to darken their large portal. Mâr Sâba is the richest convent in Palestine, or one among the richest,—and its treasures often tempt the stealthy "to break through and steal"—an impossibility, we might say. I shall always regret that I did not visit the romantic place, and Ibrahim shall ever be blamed for cheating me of that pleasure.

Masada has been not unfrequently taken by the general reader, for Mâr *Sâba*, and vice versa. Each has a deeply romantic history, it is true, and each is favored with more than ordinary grandeur of scenery, and wildness of situation—a grandeur seldom equalled and never surpassed; yet other than in this respect, the two places cease to be similar. Masada is ante-Christ in origin, dating back full two hundred years before the Christian era; but for many long years it has lain buried beneath the debris of a sunken ruin and despised country. It was reserved for the indefatigable explorer Dr. Robinson, some years since, to revive and identify it. The remains of the fortress are situated on the western coast of the Dead Sea, on a cliff high up a bold mountain, twelve or fifteen hundred feet in height. From this eminence a

grand and lovely view can be obtained far over the Moab Mountains, the Dead Sea, and the "Wilderness of Judea." It is said that there are very decided remains yet left, to tell of the former grandeur of the pile here existing. The spot by nature is just as inaccessible, and as well protected as Mâr Sâba, if not better. On the side next the sea, the rock on which the fortress is erected, rises nearly seven hundred feet, almost perpendicularly, and in other places "where the ascent is more gradual, access to the summit is cut off by belts of naked cliff from twenty to one hundred feet high." The remains of the church, of several towers, and of one or two large cisterns, are in a fine state of preservation, and, strange to say, are quite modern in appearance. The chief circumstance, however, which renders these ruins interesting to the tourist, is the sad tale of the dark and damning tragedy connected with the old gray walls which yet remain to tell it,—a tale, the bloodiest in the "book of time." The following is a brief epitome of the mournful story, which is revived again in the breasts of all, as the name of Masada falls on the ear.

About the time that Titus was laying his plans for the siege of Rome, possession of Masada was taken by the sect or band of desperate Jews called SICARII. These people, driven to despair by the misfortunes which had overtaken their unfortunate land, and by the avaricious encroachments of the grasping Romans, fought at every opportunity with the energy and ferocity of a forlorn cause. Along with Masada they had garrisoned several other strong fortresses, but these others, one by one, had

been taken from them, and now the Roman general, Flavius Sylva, pitched his tents before Masada, the last stronghold of the Sicarii. His attack was not long withheld, but it was successfully repelled. Various were the fortunes of the two contending forces, for several days. Finally a strong arm from the Roman ranks hurled a fire-brand with accurate aim; the wooden fortifications which the Sicarii had erected, took fire, and a fierce wind favoring the flames, they were consumed. The Romans had now an advantage, which they determined to follow up. The entire number of human beings within the fortress, including women and children, amounted to nine hundred and sixty-seven. They had now no hope of victory, and no hope of life. What was to be done? They *would not* yield, to fall unresisting victims to the Roman soldiery—this were to meet a far worse fate. They had no time for deliberation. The morrow's sun heralded their doom—their death! They met in solemn conclave, and it was proposed by the stern and intrepid Eleazar, the leader of the besieged, that, sooner than submit to the enemy, *each man should yield up his life and that of his wife and babe!* It was a startling proposition, and at first, from the very horror it awakened, it was voted down unanimously. But the stern Eleazar was not so easily baffled; he appealed in touching terms to the ruined and disastrous condition of their beloved country, and then to his soldiers themselves—as *freemen!* The chord vibrated through every breast, and the *bloody* conquest was won. “They convulsively embraced their wives and children,—for a moment lavished on them

every form, every term of endearment, and then plunged their swords into their hearts. This scene of carnage finished, they heaped up all the treasures of the fortress in one enormous pile, and burned them to ashes. Ten of their number were next chosen by lot to kill the rest. The victims calmly laid themselves down, each beside his fallen wife and children, and, clasping their corpses in his arms, presented his throat to the executioner. The remaining ten now drew lots for one, who, after killing his companions, should destroy himself. The nine were slain, and he who stood singly and last, having inspected the prostrate multitude, to see that not one breathed, fired the palace, drove his sword through his body, and fell dead beside his family!"

But heigho! how time flies! Twelve o'clock is past, and the gloomy midnight settles over me, as I pore over my Journal; yet I need sleep very much, and must now, with a few more words, lay aside these rudely-written leaves.

Again we resumed our tedious journey, Sahlimah silently leading the way. We finally drew near the valley, once more, between the Moab Mountains; and at this place, passed the goat-skin tents of Sahlimah's tribe, "black," as in the days of Solomon. Here our good sheikh resigned his guardian-protection of us; and, promising to call on us in Jerusalem, *without fail*, in a day or two, for—*bakhshish*, he went to join his clan. Late in the afternoon, just before the city entrances were closed, we slowly rode through the Jaffa Gate, and in a few moments more were safely within the walls of the "City of the Foundation of Peace."

CHAPTER XIV.

Prussian Hospice, Jerusalem. }
Saturday, March 12th, 1859. }

THIS day has been spent most pleasantly and *profitably*. I hope, by me, although I commenced the twenty-four hours in not a very commendatory manner; that is, by sleeping until nine o'clock. But after a hard day's work, it is but natural that slumber should close very securely one's eyelids, and that the bed should be such a dear companion, from whom to part one is exceeding loth. So to-day my morning nap extended to several hours beyond the sunrise.

This day we had determined to make an expedition to far-famed and ever-to-be-remembered *Beit-Lahm*, or Bethlehem of Judea. At half past ten o'clock, under the excellent guidance of Mr. Theil, our landlord, who had kindly consented to act as dragoman for us, we galloped out of the Jaffa Gate, and left the city in good spirits, with our minds filled with sacred glow, as we thought of the pleasure so soon to be ours, of seeing that town, "little among the thousands of Judah." We purposely took the long route, in order to see the country thoroughly, as the nearer way is by the road leading from St. Stephen's Gate.

Just out of Jerusalem, on our immediate route, we saw the so-called tree of Judas. It is traditionally reported, that, on a straight limb growing at right angles to the stock of the tree, the betrayer hung himself. The tree bears marks of considerable age, but whether or not it can in justice claim the honor of having, eighteen hundred years ago, suspended Judas " 'tween heaven and earth," I cannot pretend to say. On the apex of this hill, near which stands the tree of Judas, Mr. Theil informed us tradition placed the ancient site of a country house of the High Priest, Caiaphas, who figured so extensively in the bloody scenes of the conviction and crucifixion. Quite true it is, that I saw some ruins there—some old and badly-burnt bricks, and several loose blocks of granite lying around; but this *debris* may be seen anywhere, almost, in Palestine, and does not by any means prove, or even go to show, that Caiaphas once dwelt here. Right glad would I be to think so.

After a ride of a quarter of an hour, along a smooth, easy way, we came to an old well on the very edge of the road, or *path* more properly called. With this well is connected a tradition yet more sacred than that attached to the innocent tree behind us. It is said, and with all solemnity, that when the Magi were treading that uncertain way in quest of the resting-place of the new-born Prince of the House of David, they came to this well to quench their thirst. The greatest doubt hung over their minds, and clogged their actions, as to whether they were pursuing the proper course. While in this state of mind, and as one leaned over to draw water from the well, what

was his surprise to see, beautifully reflected in the clear depths of the water, that bright *guiding-star* which had led him and his companions thus far! By following its further guidance, they came to the "City of David."

Another object of interest to us to-day, on our road, was the Convent of Mâr Elias, a large, massive-looking, well-protected building; deriving its name from the fact that Elias once abode here, or once reposed here from his flight from Jezebel, I cannot rightly learn which. One tradition is as good as the other, for a foundation. It is a very beautiful, refreshing-looking place; and had it suited the pleasure of the reverend monks inhabiting the convent, I would have liked much to have lingered there inside the walls for several hours.

In a half-hour's easy riding from the Convent of Elias, we reached one of the most interesting spots that I have visited since I have been in the Holy Land, interesting because there can be no doubt as to the genuineness and validity of the sacred location; I refer to the tomb of Rachel. The small white square tower with its dome is quite modern; but that this is the place where Rachel died and was buried on the way to Ephrata, "which is Bethlehem," there can be little or no doubt. In Moses' time, the monument set over the grave of the beloved wife was standing, but that has long since been carried away. All agree that this is the spot where the good mother of Israel died and was buried; all concur in honoring the place, and in keeping it from falling into decay and neglect. We lingered some time at Rachel's Tomb, and then slowly moved on our way.

At last we climbed the high hill on which Bethlehem is situated, and passing slowly along the terraces, through rich groves of olive trees, we entered the city of the Saviour's nativity. It was with doubly solemn feelings that I rode into that sacred village. It was here that the Virgin came with Joseph from Galilee, out of a city called Nazareth, to pay tithes; it was here Immanuel, the God-begotten Son, was born; it was in yon valley the star appeared to the shepherds; it was here the Angel of the Lord proclaimed "tidings of great joy, peace on earth, good-will to men;" and it was here that the Sages of the East came to place treasures, gifts of frankincense and myrrh and spices, at the feet of Jesus, the stable-cradled King of the Jews! Of all this, and far more, I thought, and I could scarcely believe that I stood in "Bethlehem of Judea."

As we entered the place, we dismounted, under Mr. Theil's guidance, at the house of a poor German, who lives here, for what purpose I am sure I cannot tell. We next proceeded through the narrow streets, up the town, until we reached a large open plaza of ground. At the further end of this, loomed up the massive bulk of the Church of the Nativity, under the wings and roof of which are gathered Latins, Greeks, and Armenians—each having their respective convents. We were much besieged at this point on our way by venders of souvenirs, such as pearl shells, rudely engraved with scriptural designs, olive-wood ornaments, and beads of sandal and mecca-wood. We ran the gauntlet safely, and, with Mr. Theil at our head, we reached the convent, and knocked lustily at the

Latin gate. After a worthy perseverance and much *banging* on the part of Mr. Theil, our good *extempore* dragoman, we gained access, and were received very politely by a Latin priest, who, smiling one of his sober smiles, conducted us into the presence of another sleek-looking brother, who good-naturedly took us in charge. Our Swiss friend, Esslinger, made known to him in Italian our desire—and forthwith we proceeded to see the *holy places*.

This church, we are told, stands over the site of the old stable in which the Saviour of mankind was born—therefore in order to see the *holiest* of the holies here, we must provide ourselves with torches, for that which we wish to see is under ground. After descending a narrow staircase, fifteen or twenty feet in length, we came to a long low chamber or vault. In this vault is an altar, erected to the Children of Bethlehem, slain by Herod's cruel edict of wholesale murder. It is said, *under this altar* are buried twenty thousand children; though, with all due credence to what *they tell*, I must say the *space* is small, or the *children* were *very* small. We were next shown the place where St. Jerome spent a greater portion of his arduous student-life. In this little cell we see a fair portrait of the saint. There is no reasonable doubt but that St. Jerome did make this place or its whereabouts his abode for many years; that the monks have added and exaggerated, also, there can be no doubt. We however receive the good and bad, and carefully, if possible, winnow one from the other, a task often found to be extremely difficult.

Near this place we were shown the Chapel of Joseph, so called because here the recognised husband of Mary stood at the moment of the birth of the Saviour. And finally we saw the most interesting spot of all—the *very spot of the Saviour's birth!* Several silver lamps, kept constantly burning, shed a sickly light over the place, and revealed to our gaze a large *silver star*, set in the hard stone, and around it these words, which are very distinct:—“*Hic de Virgine Maria, Jesus Christus natus est.*” This, then, is the very spot of the nativity of the Son of God. What holy emotions should throng one's bosom as his gaze takes in at a glance the place from which has emanated that Christian spark which has shed its lustre to the farthest limits of the world! Almost in front of this star is a stone trough, which stands in the place where once rested the veritable manger. The *genuine* manger, *they say*, is, I think, in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, or in St. John de Lateran, at Rome. We were also shown a *portion of the stable*, which remains *in situ* to this day! This makes quite a catalogue of holy places, and, in writing them down without comment as to their validity or not, many *wise ones* (?) there are, who, should they chance to see these leaves, would deem me silly, to say the *least*, for recording them; and yet more so, if I hinted a disposition on my part to believe all of these “*monkish legends.*” Many there are—especially those at a great distance from this land which I now tread—who, I am confident, would not credit *any* of these things of which I have written above. I have known them to laugh incredulously at such recitals, and term them

jocosely, "tough yarns;" some even go so far as to say it was all *humbug*, and *not worthy a rational man's credence!* Very well; such persons only advertise in scarlet letters their own ignorance, and dig for themselves their own grave—a proper epitaph of each of whom should be "Here lies an *Ignoramus*." Why should we believe—to pursue this a little further—that, eighteen hundred years ago, a certain man, calling himself Jesus Christ, *did* change water into *wine*, *did* cast out devils, and *did* feed many thousands from a few small fish, and a still less number of loaves? And why *not* believe that this is the spot where He first saw the light of life—that in this place also *is* located the burial lots of the slaughtered first-born? Once on a time, *both* of the above *facts*, it is said, occurred. One is—search the question as we may—as worthy of credence as the other. For *my* part, *believing in Holy Writ, as I do*, I also believe in the identity and genuineness of the *most* of those localities. Let us remember that it is just a little over eighteen hundred years ago that those events of religious history transpired, and yet we have in some instances records kept of objects of wonder dating their identity and validity back to a period long prior to the Christian era. For instance—a familiar example—the monuments of Luxor—the monolith obelisks, which "wise men," and interpreters of hieroglyphics, aver, were erected by good Sesostris of Egypt *fifteen hundred years before Christ*; or Cleopatra's Needle at Alexandria, which was erected sixteen hundred years before Christ! In other words, I believe just as much that I saw the place where once the manger, in

which Christ was cradled, stood, as that I was in Bethlehem at all. Many may laugh at this; yet I know there *are* some, at least, who agree with me. Of course there are some things—some strange, wild, heathenish legends told us—which it would be folly to credit; nor do I mean such in the admission or assertion above. My feelings, since I have been in Terra Santa, are directly the reverse of those of some of our party as regards belief in holy localities—too exuberant and too confiding.

Next to Jerusalem, Bethlehem is the most interesting spot in the Holy Land. It has been made famous and sacred by two characters only, even if none other threw interesting associations over the village—*Jesus Christ* and *King David*. Once in those far times it was held by the Philistines, and it was then that David longed for the water from a certain well near by, and which three of his “strong men” obtained for him at great risk. The well, let me remark, was shown to us, though *it* is situated too far from the town to be genuine.

The biblical, touching story of Ruth, of the Moab tribe, who so affectionately clung to her mother-in-law, Naomi, is sufficient to endear Bethlehem to our hearts; and as we stand on the high ramparts of the Church of the Nativity and read the story of affection, while the fields of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned, lie just before us, the recital has a double pathos, and a quadruple interest. From this terrace also, we can see the region where David kept his father’s flocks; and it was in the valley to our left that the shepherds reposed when “the glory of the Lord shone round about them.”

Bethlehem is said to contain some thirty-three hundred souls, all of whom are generally considered Christians, as it is said they are—the present inhabitants—all descended from the Crusaders. That Mohammedans, however, are in the town, I am thoroughly convinced. The entire population seems to be a low, miserable set; but claiming this signal advantage over every other town in Syria and Palestine—they are honest.

The word Bethlehem means *House of Bread*, and *Beit-Lahm*, the present Arabic name, means *House of Meat* or *Flesh*. Besides this “Bethlehem of Judea,” the “one” so “little” among the nations of earth—there is another, some ninety miles distant, which is referred to in Josh. xix. 15, in regard to the possessions of the tribe of Simeon. But with it there is connected nothing of special interest.

Before I visited the town, I had heard much of Bethlehemite women, and their extraordinary beauty; but I must confess I was not struck with the fair sex which I saw sauntering along the miserable streets. I am quite sure that far handsomer girls can be seen any day on Broadway or Chestnut Street, than you can find by diligent searching, for a month, in Bethlehem. I saw only a few in the little town, however, and, besides, as “plumage makes the bird,” *our* girls after all may be nothing more than “fuss and feathers.” The *virtue* of Bethlehemite women has been extolled too, with what of truth I cannot say. The following incident, which I copy from Porter, as coming from the Abbé Géramb, well shows what bare suspicion even, will produce in

Bethlehem, and how dreadfully vengeance is meted on the guilty party :—

“Some years ago a Mohammedan of Bethlehem was accidentally found in one of the neighboring grottos, and, unfortunately, the young widow of a Catholic Bethlehemite was found there too. Those who discovered them at once spread the news through the village, and the Mohammedan took to flight. The young woman, alarmed at the uproar, had just time to seek refuge in the Latin Convent as her relatives came upon her; but having discovered her retreat, they rushed to the spot. The door was locked, and though of iron, it soon yielded to their fury. The excited crowd rushed in, and the unhappy victim was now face to face with those bent on sacrificing her. In vain the monks formed a rampart around her with their bodies; in vain they extended their supplicating hands towards the infuriated crowd; in vain they besought them, in the name of the merciful Saviour, who was born but a few paces off, not to spill the blood of an unfortunate fellow-creature whose guilt was not proved; in vain some of them threw themselves at the feet of the multitude, while others strove to repel them by force. The monks were driven aside, and the young woman dragged to the area in front of the convent. Here a scene was enacted the very thought of which causes one to shudder with horror. Surrounded by her executioners, the helpless creature cried aloud for mercy. She entreated to be heard for a few moments; she assured them she could prove her innocence. Her father, her brothers, her relatives, were all there; but none would

listen to her tale. She appealed to their sense of justice, to fraternal affection, to paternal love; but all in vain, and she sank fainting to the ground. She awoke again to consciousness; but it was only when the death-stroke was given. She opened her eyes; but it was only to see her brothers, in imitation of the terrible example of her father, steeping their hands in her blood, and holding them up to the people to show that they had washed away the stain from their name! The still palpitating corpse was cut to pieces by the mob, and left exposed during the remainder of the day."

At this place I might record (as I have lately read) a striking resemblance, traced by a clever hand, between David who watched his sheep near Bethlehem, and the musician, Orpheus. Let me here remark that for over five hundred years before Christ, music was made use of to allay madness—I mean to say that we have accounts of its having been so employed, given us by profane historians. I give the entire quotation as regards the similarity between David and Orpheus.

"He (referring to Orpheus) was most skilful on the lyre. So was David. Photius says he was a king. So was David. The general notion had been that he was a Thracian; but Pausanias says that the ancient Greek pictures represented him in Greek dress, and that he had nothing Thracian about him; in another place one Egyptian, whose name is not given, declared he was an Egyptian. And the fact that Orpheus was represented wearing the *tiara* on his head, shows that he was an Arabic prince. *Tiara* is probably of Hebrew origin, and

in the Scriptures it will be found to signify just such a crown as David took from the Ammonite king's head, and placed it on his own, at one of the most celebrated battles during his reign, with the nations beyond Jordan. The traditions of the Arabs is that stones and birds were dedicated to him, but he could not reclaim the Arabs. So Orpheus made the rocks, woods, and animals follow him, but could not civilize the Thracians. Orpheus charmed Pluto, the King of the Infernal Regions, and thereby obtained his wife. David pleased Saul, whose name in Hebrew, when pointed differently (though radically the same), means *King of Infernal Regions*. He, too, detained David's wife, and afterwards gave her to him."

How much the above is really worth may be a question of controversy, but that it shows an interesting similarity between the two characters mentioned, there can be no doubt.

After making numerous purchases from the uncouth, half-naked inhabitants, Montag, Esslinger, and myself, accompanied by our good Moukâry, Hassan, who went with us to the town, set off on our return to Jerusalem. Mr. S—tt, with Mr. Theil as guide, went to Solomon's Pools, only a short distance beyond Bethlehem. We would have all gone, but the prospects of a speedy and heavy rain deterred us. Nothing, however, could deter our indefatigable friend, who does not believe in postponing till to-morrow, what can be done to-day.

These pools, or, as the Arabs call them, *El-Burâk*, which means *the tanks*, are situated in a deep rocky valley. They are three in number; and the peculiar manner

of the fashioning of the stones—the *bevelled edge*—places them indisputably to a very early age. We have no record of the pools in the Bible, but that they date many years prior to the Christian era, there can be no question. The tanks are partly hewn in the living rock, which forms the cradle of the valley, and in part are of solid masonry, well cemented, and indicative of a workmanship by no means inferior to that of our modern day. There is every reason to believe that the Temple, long years ago, was supplied from these reservoirs with water. The tanks are supplied by a subterranean stream from one of the neighboring fields. Porter gives the following as the dimensions of the reservoirs:—

UPPER POOL.

Length	380 feet.
Depth, East End	25 "
Breadth, East End	236 "
" West End	229 "

MIDDLE POOL.

Distance from Upper Pool	160 feet.
Length	423 "
Depth, East End	39 "
Breadth, East End	226 "
" West End	229 "

LOWER POOL.

Distance from Middle Pool	248 feet.
Length	582 "
Depth, East End	50 "
Breadth, East End	207 "
" West End	148 "

I hope to make a visit to these pools shortly, and shall

devote at least half a day to their inspection. Such, then, was the (worthy) object of Mr. S—tt's farther visit, while Esslinger, Montag, Hassan, and myself started back to Jerusalem. S. lingered yet awhile in Bethlehem, in order to make a few more purchases from the Arabs of olive-wood, napkin rings, pearl shells, &c.

We came back very briskly, and, by taking a shorter route, we reached Jerusalem in one hour. We had much fun at Hassan and his little donkey. Hassan rides with singular ease and grace; first sitting astride, then sideways, like a fashionable belle at a riding-school—all the time the little donkey keeping up its short, nervous, and *delightful* canter.

On reaching the Jaffa Gate in the city, we dismounted and went to the Casa Nuova (Latin convent, or *hostelry*), to look at some pearl shells which we understood were for sale here. Much to Esslinger's disgust and chagrin, however, the old Superior was not in, and without *his* permission we could obtain nothing. We then proceeded to our quarters, which I was glad enough to reach—as the excessive exercise and consequent fatigue I have undergone for the last two days have incapacitated me for active duty for twenty-four hours to come at least.

S. returned in due season, and was, much to our amusement, brimful of adventures. Still later, Messrs. S—tt and Theil entered also. Mr. S—tt met with Mr. J—b—sn and the English Consul near Solomon's Wells, and returned with them. Through the Consul's influence, the rest of the party got in the gates, as they were closed at the time they returned. Mr. S—tt took

tea with Mr. Finn, the Consul, whom he describes as being a most polite, hospitable, and erudite gentleman.

Prussian Hospice, Jerusalem. }
Sunday, March 13th, 1859. }

This, another Sabbath day, I have spent in the city of the Lord, and at its close I heave a sigh of regret, for this is the last day of rest I shall see within the sacred walls of Jerusalem! The time has flown by with a singular and noticeable rapidity since we reached the city; scarcely can I tell how it has gone, and how been occupied. Gladly would we linger longer amid these delightful scenes, rendered so dear by the sacred associations which cluster around every building—every mountain—every valley—every twig—tree and stone. But our engagements call us elsewhere, and we must hasten our departure hence. As it is, after we arrive in Jaffa, the chances that we can embark are dubious, for a severe storm has been raging off the coast for several days, rendering it almost impossible for steamers to land. If we can get aboard the steamer going *up* the coast, we will embark and go as far as Beirût; at that place it is very certain we can take another steamer for Alexandria, whither we are ultimately bound.

I have been quite unwell throughout the day; I managed, however, to write several letters home. And thus has passed the day. I wished to attend church at Dr. Barclay's, but was too much indisposed to go. Montag and Esslinger, in the enthusiasm of the moment, went again to Bethlehem, and returned fuller than ever with

startling adventures. Mr. S—tt preached, I believe, at Dr. Barclay's, to-day. I was real sorry that I could not hear him. Ibrahim applied to me to-night for a recommendation; I gave it to him cheerfully. He has engaged another party (Americans) for Jordan and Jericho. I am glad he meets with such custom. I *thought* I saw a young Miss B., of New York, to-day, walking Christian Street with a gentleman, whom I took to be her father. Miss B. was a fellow-passenger with me in the Vanderbilt, last May, to Havre. I may be mistaken, however.

We have now all of us finally determined, after much argument *pro* and *con*, to leave the city of Eternal Peace, day after to-morrow, for Jaffa. All of our original party will leave together, with the exception of our good friend John Montag, to whom all of us have formed a strong attachment. The good "Huzzar" lingers to fulfil his vows, of which I have spoken in a previous day's Journal. Meinherr speaks of our coming parting with tears in his eyes. I am sorry to say good-bye to him, for when that word is spoken, we will not exchange words again, I am certain, this side of the Great Unknown. The old fellow has promised us a story, which he will give us to-morrow night, I imagine. I shall never forget the day I saw Meinherr in the Museum in far away Naples.

If possible, should we go on to Beirût, we shall visit Ba'albeck and Damascus. As yet, however, we cannot determine on that decisively.

CHAPTER XV.

Prussian Hospice, Jerusalem. }
Monday, March 14th, 1859. }

THIS has been, I think, my last day in Jerusalem; to-morrow morning at seven o'clock we leave the Jaffa Gate. None of us will ever again see these sacred walls; and when they are hid from our gaze to-morrow morning, they are undoubtedly hid for ever. How many of us in this party will see the *New Jerusalem*, God only knows—all, I trust. I have become very much attached to the city already, despite its forbidding filth, and low state of degenerating degradation of its God-forsaken inhabitants. The power of association holds higher rule in my bosom, and the disgusting features of the town are lost in the sacred memories of the past. But to-morrow night my head will repose again on a monkish pillow at Ramleh.

This morning, by invitation, we partook of a superb *Eastern* breakfast with Mr. J—b—sn. We were treated to several kinds of fruit, both fresh and preserved, and to the most delicious wine I ever tasted—not excepting the delicate Capri and *Lachryma Christi* of Italy, the *Geisenheimer* of the Rhine, or the sparkling *St. Julien* of Paris. The wine we drank this morning was made from

the grapes that grew on Hebron, and the *sacred* feature of the beverage may have lent an additional charm to its flavor. To say the very least, it was most delicious. Would that I could carry some with me—as a souvenir,—*not as a drink!*

From the sumptuous board of our friend, we—Mr. S—tt, S., and myself—took a leisurely walk about the city, and viewed with melancholy interest, objects, to which on to-morrow we bid adieu. I made the purchase of an Arab gun-barrel, a long, cumbersome tube. I am afraid it will be an unwieldy souvenir.

I made a final visit to old Bergheim, my banker, whom I found in a very bad humor; so much so, that he scarcely treated me with ordinary respect or politeness. So much for men and manners—both changeable as are the phases of an April day—sunshine and shower are gloomily intermingled.

According to previous agreement, we—Mr. S—tt, S., and myself—proceeded to the residence of Mr. Deniss. That gentleman was to take our photographs together, in some sacred spot, and thus add to our already heavy stock of souvenirs. I am sorry to say that Esslinger and our good friend the “Huzzar,” declined entering into the agreement, though they were loudest in praise of the proposition when first considered. Another instance of human fickleness. *We*, however, were not so easily deterred. In company with Mr. Deniss, whom we found awaiting us, we proceeded at his suggestion to St. Stephen’s gate, thence to the sacred Garden of Gethsemane. From our position on the high bluffs, just outside the gate, we had

a fine view of the beautiful slope of Mt. Scopus. This mountain is but a continuation of the Mount of Olives. We were pointed out the spot on Scopus, where, it is said, Titus first caught a glimpse of the city which he was so soon to overrun. We got a good view here also of the long straggling wall on this side of the city, which forms the ramparts of the town. The entire circumference of the city walls is about sixteen thousand feet.

We finally reached the locked and bolted door of the Garden of Gethsemane; but here it seemed as if further progress was denied. We beat and banged, and hallooed until our hands and throats were sore from exertion. Finally Deniss, by almost superhuman efforts, brought some one to the opposite side of the gate, whither *we* were so persistently endeavoring to get. A long parley, held then between Deniss and the inside *unseen*, in some heathenish dialect, resulted in the large gate slowly moving back. Revealed to our gaze, was a most miserable-appearing Latin priest, who, from the tattered condition of his garb, and the haggard careworn expression of his countenance, looked as if he might have been doing penance all his life. He was the custodian of the sanctity of this sacred spot!

I cannot well describe the many emotions of my mind as I stood fairly within the limits of the divine enclosure, and recollected that here once echoed the voice of Him in agonizing prayer! This spot answers well to the brief description we have of the Garden of Gethsemane, given in the Bible. *It* was situated at the foot of Olivet, and at some distance from the public thoroughfare, so it is

now. This then is a genuine holy place, a place so holy that the most flinty-hearted cannot enter it without feelings of awe and veneration, or without emotions akin to them.

Inside the enclosure we saw a small, dirty, miserable tenement and a well. Several large and venerable olives stood around in gloomy dignity. They may possibly, in their far distant youth, have witnessed the agony of Jesus. Several beds of flowers, and a series of earthenware plates (tacked to posts), on which were rudely painted the different scenes in the Saviour's trial and crucifixion, completed the list of objects to be seen. I have before remarked in a former day's Journal, that the Latins have possession of *this* Garden of Gethsemane. The Greeks have *made* another, and in due time, it will by *them* be invested with all the holiness of the other.

This, then—the sacred Garden of Gethsemane—was the spot chosen by Mr. Deniss, on which to take the view of our party. A photograph of my humble self in the sacred Garden of Gethsemane! what a thought! After much trouble and several impertinent interruptions from some Swedes, we were presented with a good negative view of our party, with the noble branches of the aged olives waving over us. We cannot get the pictures in time to take with us to-morrow, but Deniss will arrange the matter so that we can get them in Jaffa, on our return down the coast to Alexandria.

We returned home about the dinner hour, much pleased with our morning's work. Dr. Gorham, our Consul, called on us in the afternoon, and sat an hour or so; the re-

mainder of our party going off, I was left to entertain the doctor, and I must say, I never enjoyed a more pleasant time. He is somewhat different from what I first took him, though not *radically*.

S. and myself purchased an old trunk to-day, simply as a vehicle for our curiosity-gatherings, which will be much increased before we "finish up" Egypt. We are all now gathered in the dining-room of the Hospice. Mr. S—tt, S., and Esslinger, are busily engaged in "packing up," S. performing that *remarkably pleasant* duty as well for *me*, as for himself. Kind fellow!

* * * * *

Some one has just reminded Meinherr Montag, who sits idly by watching our preparations for departure with melancholy interest, that he promised us a story. The last that Meinherr told, was listened to by S. and myself only, and it was in the Malta Cross Hotel, in far-away Valletta. The reader remembers it, I imagine.

Meinherr very reluctantly consents, and I translate and record as he gives it to us. Esslinger is the general interpreter. I will style Meinherr's story,

THE HAND ON THE WALL.

Between Bingen and Madinz, on the lordly Rhine, situated in rugged grandeur, high on a beetling cliff, are, to this day, the ruins of a once magnificent and commanding castle. Like other old chateaux, which still in their ruin frown down on the beautiful river rippling at their

bases, this one in particular has a score of wild legends connected with it, from which the following is selected :—

In the twelfth century Baron Königsgrab owned this chateau, which was then in all its pomp and power. The baron was noted among his feudal neighbors for being a very bad man; many a dark deed he was compelled, by rumor at least, to father. His heavy step never sounded in the dark corridors, or on the high terrace of his castle, but that it brought a chill of fear to all within ear-shot. Many wives had blessed the baron's nuptial bed—but one by one, at different times, they disappeared, and none within the dreary castle's sombre walls could tell their fate. No issue had followed marriage, save by the first wife; and that issue was a doughty lad. At the time of the present legend, he was an exile from home, endeavoring to win, with sword and lance, a lasting fame. *Why* he was exiled none knew—that he *was* an alien and an exile from his ancestral halls, *all* knew. Many years had elapsed since, a mere stripling, he had been driven forth to wander on the charities of a world, *then* not more kind than *now*.

In the castle of Königsgrab there was a chamber far out on one of the eastern turrets, and many feet above the dark moat which circled around the gloomy pile—a chamber which, from the frequency of sights seen, and still stranger sounds heard near it, had won the appellation of *Goblin Chamber*. None within the walls of the castle would go in the corridor where was located the dreaded apartment, even at noonday. It was a favorite mode of punishment with the baron, to cause his

trembling vassal to repair to the chamber, and there remain until the morning. It was asserted that many a poor fellow, who had been consigned to this room, and locked securely in for the night, was found in the morning quite dead, while the mark of a *blood-red hand* could be seen imprinted on the forehead. The baron himself dared not go alone to the chamber; and whenever he heard the name, though mentioned by himself, he would pale and tremble like the aspen-leaf. This was singular too, *for the apartment was the baron's bridal chamber!* Many a bold knight who, drunk with the strong wines from Königsgrab's well-covered tables, vauntingly demanded the Goblin Chamber for his sleeping apartment—and if so inebriated that he could not fly from the room, the gallant cavalier would, on the morrow, be found stark in death; while the terrible *blood-red hand*, pressed on the brow, told who had been the slayer. As a general thing, however, the knight, howsoever drunk he was, soon became sobered sufficiently to rush with pale face, starting eyes, and palsied legs from the chamber, leaving his valorous sword ingloriously behind him. At such times—the occupation of the chamber from compulsion or otherwise—the elements soon waxed into a state of demoniac wrath—winds howled down the rugged mountains' side and through the deep gorges, like the blast of a thousand war-trumpets—lightnings played mad antics in the heavens, and the thunder's voice detonated with terrific force about the devoted castle. Every peasant in the neighborhood knew of the terrible tales which were told of the old chateau; and from the time the huge pile

arose on their sight until they hurried quickly by, beneath its overhanging shadow, scarcely a word passed their lips. Such was the name and notoriety the castle and its lord had obtained.

At the close of a year, on one particular Christmas, the old Baron had relaxed his stern rule; he had issued orders to all of his retainers to assemble at the castle, and promised them that they should spend the night in merry-making and in wine-tempered joviality. Many a long year had flown by since the banquet hall of the old chateau was lit with the festive torch; and the Baron's call excited much surprise as well as pleasure among his hard-working vassals. The night came around in due season, and nothing was spared by Königsgrab to add to the real comfort of his men. The old chateau blazed with a welcome light from top to bottom. So rare was this sight, that it was remarked by many at a distance, who sagely and truly remarked that *something strange* was going to happen. Despite the joyousness of the occasion, the night wore a gloomy, threatening aspect, and the dull, thick, leaden clouds, hurrying wrathfully above the turret wall, seemed to wear a forbidding frown.

But the season of festivity commenced; the laugh and the jest and—the *bowl* passed freely; happiness was on every face and joy in every heart. Noble harpers sung of love and war—fruitful themes alike—and with their varying melodies charmed the souls of all. Königsgrab looked on, well pleased; his generally morose face was lighted with a radiant glow which spoke well his inward satisfaction—a glow it had not felt for many a day. Suddenly,

during a lull of the music in the hall, a faintly shrill and prolonged winding blast echoed through the room, and told that there was some one without seeking hospitality and shelter for the night. A faint cloud of displeasure passed over Königsgrab's brow when the unknown trumpet sound fell on his ear as it rose above the wild storm without.

"Who *can* come at this time of the night?" he moodily remarked; but, as if remembering the festive occasion, he continued, "but let him come! whoever he is, he is welcome. Tell the warden to lower the drawbridge, and admit the stranger."

There was a flag in the merriment and gaiety—the jest was suspended, and each awaited the coming of the unknown, who had chanced so fortunately to call in a *lucky* though *late* hour at the castle-gates of Königsgrab. The curiosity and patience of the company did not suffer; a heavy, decided footfall sounded quickly along the corridor leading to the hall, and in another moment a tall, slender form, fully mailed and well armed, appeared in the doorway, and stood for a moment in the full blaze of the bright light. His visor was down, and the long drooping plume of ebon blackness swept over his shoulders. His harness was splashed with mud, and the blood on his heavy spur told that he had journeyed fast that day. His armor was coal black, and the slightest motion of the body gave rise to ten thousand brilliant coruscations, as the light fell on the many reflecting mobile scales. He stood for a moment, as if undecided, and then advanced with the ease of a courtier, bowing gracefully to the com-

pany, and spoke to Königsgrab, whom he had no difficulty in distinguishing as the host.

"I pr'ythee," he said, "excuse an errant knight, my good host; an angry storm, a dark night, and the many bright lights which flash from your noble castle, have determined me to crave the boon of hospitality—a boon generally granted to one of my spurs, and which I know you will not refuse; for methinks thou hast been a knight, and hast couched a spear." These words were spoken in a bold, off-hand manner, and made a favorable impression on all.

"True, Sir Knight," replied the dark-browed Königsgrab, "thou speakest what all who know me say; my lance *has* gleaned in some fields, and the name of Königsgrab is not unknown. But I forget—I bid you welcome, Sir Knight, to whatever comfort my poor castle can offer. And now unlock your visor, lay aside sword and helmet, and aid in draining the wine-cup."

The young knight did as he was bid. He unbuckled his heavy sword, and tossed it carelessly in a corner. He next took his helmet from his head, and, raising back from his snow-white forehead a mass of chestnut curls, he turned again smilingly toward the company. What a noble face and royal head was there presented! The soft, downy moustache of early manhood just shaded his lip, and the clear white, mantling skin resembled more attributes of a "gentle ladye" than of a "gallant knighte." As Königsgrab gazed admiringly into that girlish yet manly face, he suddenly gave a quick and nervous start.

gazing at the same time more intently at the features of the young stranger knight.

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" he murmured; but the company heard not his words, nor noticed his perturbed manner. The young knight, however, gave one quick, short glance toward his host, and then mingled sociably with the throng. Once more the wine-cup passed freely, and song and jest enlivened the festive hour. The bold and manly tones of the young knight rang loud and musically; and whenever he spoke or sang he gained every ear. He ever had for all a pleasant word, and a song he gave whenever requested. Occasionally, the young knight would address some word to his host, who, singularly enough, heard him not until his attention had been twice called. It was very plain that a new train of thought—one more congenial with his usual self—had been awakened in Königsgrab's bosom. It was a gloomy, saddened chord that was awakened, and its touch gave back darksome, dull echoes.

The storm still continued to rage frantically without, and the winds sang more mournfully than ever. The night wore away, and the small "hours ayant the twal" warned all to break from the feast and retire; for the remaining space of darkness, before the sun should shine once more, was short. An ominous frown, for some time gathering, now settled over the grim face of Königsgrab. The seldom-worn or seldom-seen benign and joyous countenance which was observable on his face at the commencement of the banquet, had now passed wholly away. The murderous-looking stolidity which generally charac-

terized the man now claimed his countenance as long-inhabited and undisputed territory.

One by one the guests departed, and one by one the brilliant lights in the hall were extinguished. Still the young knight lingered with the last, and seemed loth to depart. More than once had his keen hazel eye burnt brightly as it fell and rested for a moment or so on his darkly-frowning host, Königsgrab.

"Thou hadst a son, Sir Königsgrab?" he suddenly exclaimed, advancing toward his host, as the latter turned slightly and half impatiently toward him. Königsgrab's countenance grew as black as the night which outside glowered down upon his gloomy castle. "*And who gave you the information, Sir Knight?*" he almost hissed.

The young man retained his complete self-possession, as he replied very distinctly, "I *did* know *Hermann* well; but—my good host—he is your son no longer—he *is* dead."

"*Dead!*" exclaimed the old Baron; "and *I am glad of it!*" he continued, aside. This remark, though cautiously made, was overheard; a slight sneer curled the lip of the young knight. "And *how* and *why* did he die, Sir Knight?" "Another time, my good host, another time! The story is long and *tedious*; yes, I must be frank. But should you wish it, to-morrow you shall listen to the minutest recital of the story. The truth is, I am weary, my horse has travelled far this——"

"Not another word, Sir Knight! excuse my seeming neglect of you. You must be indeed weary, to have ridden as you have this day."

“It is nothing, my good host, and—but I am at your service.” “I am sorry, *very* sorry, my good Sir Knight,” returned Königsgrab, after a pause of a minute or two, while a shadow of scheming deviltry flitted across his countenance. “I am sorry to be compelled to place you for the remainder of the night, in a chamber which is little fitted for your lordly repose. Such as it is, however, you are freely and immediately welcome to it. But, Sir Knight, it is *haunted!*” The young knight gave a slight start, while a smile played rapidly over his face. In an instant, however, he replied, perfectly at ease, “All the better, my good host, for, in that case, I shall *have company*, to which I am always accustomed in the tented field;” and he cast a sharp glance toward his host. “*Only I will take my trusty sword along, my lord,*” he continued. Snatching an earthen oil lamp rather rudely, Königsgrab, evidently the creature of some deep emotion, simply muttered, as he did so, “In this direction, Sir Knight!” The heavy oaken staircase was quickly ascended—the dark and dreaded corridor was trod, and Königsgrab halted suddenly before a tall massive door, covered over with dust and cobwebs, and which apparently had not grated on its hinges for many long years.

“It is here, Sir Knight,” he said, giving the young knight the small lamp, while Königsgrab busied himself in adjusting the key in the lock. A casual glance at this key, revealed to the young man, on it, a small spot of *deep red blood*. He thought it strange, but said nothing. The door moved back, and almost *pushing* his guest inside the dreaded apartment, Königsgrab drew the door to

again, and muttered "Good-night." The door closed with a sharp click; stepping hastily to it, the young man saw the iron bolt, well shot, and firmly lodged in the socket, in the stone encasing. *He was locked in!* Smiling scornfully, he listened a moment to the retreating footfalls of Königsgrab now dying away in the distance, and unheeding everything around him, he cast himself into a chair, and fell into a train of thought. It lasted but a moment. Arising from his seat, he leisurely paced the chamber. "And is this the old castle," he muttered. "where, several long years ago, I felt all the bitterness of humbled boyish pride? And is my worthy host—my own—no—I will not call the name, for *his son* is *dead to him!* ay, *fully dead*, by every tie which binds parents to child! And this is the Goblin Chamber, eh? of which *so much* is said; and—I stand this night unawed, within the shadow of its heavy wainscotting!" He paused, for he thought he heard a soft and plaintive sigh, issuing, it seemed, from the very ceiling of the room. So soft and gentle it was, that it appeared more like the last futile struggle of an exhausted breeze. "Hist!" exclaimed the knight, as the ambiguous sound fell on his ear. "Methought some sound, unusual, smote my ear, but my imagination is at work, my brain is excited, and no wonder, distorted fancyings fill my mind! Oh! *mother, dear, dear mother*, where, where art thou?"

"*High above this paltry world—freed from all cares—in heaven,*" said a deep, low, sepulchral voice, coming from the centre of the ceiling. A holy awe spread over the young man; he first motioned toward his good sword,

fearing foul play—but the outstretched arm dropped powerless. The light in his chamber grew dim, and burned with a dull, unsteady, blue flame. The storm increased in fury without, and ten thousand demons seemed to be gibbering in the air.

“If thou art an evil one,” spoke the young knight, slowly and distinctly, “speak—and say, if, by word or deed, I have ever harmed thee. If from the upper, celestial regions, oh! mysterious Power! I bow in thy presence, and await thy word.”

“*Hermann!*” whispered the soft, low, sepulchral tone again, “*I am thy mother's shade!*”

“Great God!” exclaimed the young knight, quivering with excitement. “If thou canst—then, dear, sainted mother—show thyself in material shape.”

A thunder-stroke shook the strong castle to its basis; and the lurid, sulphurous flash, shone around the old gray walls, lighting up every wild gorge, and gleaming fearfully on every neighboring mountain crag. The young knight instinctively recoiled from the shock; but, recovering himself, he gazed confusedly around him. The chamber was inky dark—yet in the very centre of the ceiling above, a *blood-red hand* glowed on the wall.

“*Thou seest thy mother's hand, Hermann! By it many have died!—but thy mother died by a bloodier hand! Look, Hermann, look!*” Another peal of terrific thunder! and then a flash of ghastly lightning! The room was once again illumined, but now with a clear, roseate glow—something unearthly—as if from heaven. As soon as his eyes had become accustomed to the light, the young

knight saw, standing directly under the ceiling where the *hand* had appeared, nothing less than the image of his sainted mother. Still as death—motionless as the sculptured marble—remained the figure. The features were perfectly distinct, though they were covered over with a thin, supernatural gauze—in which, in fact, the entire figure was enveloped. A holy light seemed to hang around the spectre, and shed over it an angelic luminousness. Steadfastly gazing on the fixed eye of young Hermann, the spectre moved its trembling lips, and thus spoke:—

“Hermann, I come for thee—and *for thy father, Königsgrab!* Start not! 'Tis so ordained by Him, my son, who rules land and sea, and who governs likewise us, the inhabitants of an unearthly world! But before the final accomplishment of my terrestrial visit, let me tell thee a brief tale.

“I was the first, my son, to honor Königsgrab's bed. I soon found out the demon with whom I had to deal. Just seven years after *you* blessed our marriage, Königsgrab, one night, coming in from an unsuccessful foray against a neighboring baron, bore the evident marks of anger and dissatisfaction on his face. At some trivial remark—one of loving sympathy—from me, he flew into a fearful rage, and with his *own husband's hand* he thrust the fatal dagger through my heart. Without a groan I fell and died—and joined the band of unseen spirits, hovering everywhere. My spirit-part lived; and, in due course of time, I saw Königsgrab wed nine other wives, each of whom breathed her last in life-blood let out by the demon's—thy father's—dark, bloody hand. 'Twas all

beneath my gaze. *This chamber*, our nuptial chamber!—wherein thou, my dear Hermann, wast born—I *haunted* with my presence, and—*my presence was death to all!* On the foreheads of those slain I placed my bloody signet. So it was ordered; and so it shall be until my death-bearing hand shall be laid on the forehead of ONE! Until that time I shall linger on earth in spiritual shape. But that time, appointed by an ever-wise Fountain Head and Law-giver, is near, and the moments wax on when the end of a bloody drama will be reached! Now, come, Hermann, and look upon the doings of thy dark father, Königsgrab!”

Spell-bound, the young knight followed the smoothly-gliding figure as it slid across the room, and halted before the bare wall. A touch of the goblin finger, and an immense ponderous stone block swung slowly back. Hermann started affrighted, and then gazed again at the sight presented.

“*Come and look, Hermann!*” so spoke his ghost-mother.

Drawing near again, the young knight gazed long and awe-stricken into the secrets of that hidden chamber. Piled in regular succession, one above the other, with the murderous dagger-marks plainly showing in the left breast, were the victims of Königsgrab's hellish crimes. The flesh was dropping in rotten strips from the bones; the teeth had fallen out, and the hair had disappeared: yet plainly could be seen the dagger's thrust, and the cold blood clotted around the lips of the gaping wound. At the bottom of the ghastly pile, young Hermann recognised his mother's form. Turning toward the spectre, the resemblance was perfect.

“Now, Hermann,” lowly whispered the angelic goblin, “the time draws near—the murderer must soon join the murdered. The blood of these victims calls loudly for vengeance! I know a spell—a charm he *cannot* resist—’tis given me from above. Hark! and hear it well.”

For a moment all was as still as death, and then the faint and silvery chimings, as of some unearthly bell, sounded musically in the air. Again and again its gentle summons echoed through the apartment, and once again all was still except the fierce tempest roaring without. Scarcely had the fairy bell ceased its gentle reverberations, when a heavy footfall sounded hastily without along the dark corridor; in another moment the huge oaken door of the Goblin Chamber was hurled open. Revealed by the ghastly glare of supernatural light, there stood the horror-stricken Königsgrab! every feature fearfully contorted with direst dread—his whole being, completely metamorphosed!

“Who calls? *who rang THAT bell?*” he gasped. “My God! my God!” he cried frantically, as his starting eyes fell on the veiled figure, and, tumbling headlong into the room, he fell at the feet of his spectre wife. Another instant, and the *blood-red hand* seared his brow. One wild shriek, and the soul of Königsgrab mingled with the howling wind without.

“Come, Hermann! come! ’tis all fulfilled! Now, bogles, work your will! ’Tis ended!” A mighty thunder-peal echoed for miles around; a lurid gleam of lightning lit up the surrounding chaos; and amid the shrieks of men and the gibbering of devils, the old castle of

Königsgrab passed away; not a soul was left alive within its walls; and not one stone remained upon another.

For centuries after—to *this day*, in fact—on cold, raw, stormy nights, myriads of phantom lights can be seen gliding to and fro on the rugged mountain top on the Rhine, on which stood the old castle. The peasants, over their *braunenberger*, assert that these are the *ghosts of Königsgrab's retainers, holding their last banquet on earth!*

So ended Meinherr. A death-like silence followed the recital of the story. It was at length broken by S., thus: “Meinherr, you say the ruins of Königsgrab's castle can be seen on the Rhine, even to this day?”

“*Ja! so!*” replied the unsuspecting “Huzzar.”

“Ah!” returned S., with a knowing wink to the others; “how then, Meinherr, is it that *not one stone was left upon another?*”

Meinherr's face was as calm as ever as he replied in a moment, “*Aber, das ist nichts! the stones are there scattered around—but not one on another! Ach, mein Gott!*”


S.'s face reddened, as we laughed at Meinherr's retort.

“And what did become of the castle, Montag? Why did it come to such a wreck in a breath, as it were?” asked Esslinger, watching narrowly Meinherr's face.

“Why, *lightning struck it*, of course—Gott in himmel!” returned the ever ready “Huzzar,” as he twirled his gray moustache. Good for you, my good old Meinherr!

But now to bed.

CHAPTER XVI.

T this point I have deemed it necessary to give a short sketch of Jerusalem, that sketch to embrace all that might be desired by the tourist, or reader, and which might particularly afford to travellers some information, relative to what is to be seen in Jerusalem, giving also, a condensed history of the various objects of wonder in the Holy City; also, a glance at the state of society, the different religious sects, &c., &c. This work has been done hastily, yet no excuse is offered for it, on this account. If it ever should lighten the troubles of any tourist, who should traverse these far-away regions, I should feel that it has not been written in vain.

ANCIENT TOPOGRAPHY.

In studying the ancient topography of the city of Jerusalem, it is best, I take it, to consider first, each of the separate hills, on which, like ancient Rome, this antique town was then wholly, as now partially, built. Like the old "mistress of the world," too, Jerusalem had her *seven hills*; Mt. Zion, Ophel, Mt. Moriah, Akra, Bezetha, Mt. Olivet, and the Hill of Evil Counsel. A brief notice of each of these hills would not be inappro-

appropriate, as the reader or the tourist, would thus be enabled to understand more fully, and appreciate better, the *modern* city and its topography. Commencing then in inverse order, I shall speak, and quite cursorily, first of the *Hill of Evil Counsel*.

On this hill are the so-called ruins of a country-house, once belonging to Caiaphas, the High Priest, of which I have spoken in the pages of my Journal. In this house, "so they say," the enemies of our Lord gathered in close conclave, to lay schemes for His capture and *murder!* If the tradition has any truth in it, the interesting facts revealed by it were kept a long time from a curious world, for fourteen hundred years passed away, before the site of this house was found out and definitely determined on. I think it was in the fifteenth century, that the hill was first known by the name of that of Evil Counsel. How much foundation there is for believing the above tradition, I cannot say. It is *interestingly* pleasant, while looking at the spot in question, to gulp down with a slight grimace, legend, house, hill, Caiaphas and all, yet sober truth comes in for an audience in the council chamber of our minds, and generally ridicules the whole affair, and to such an extent, that we believe *nothing* at all concerning it; one of our party going so far as to say, (without *thinking*, of course) that *he*, for his part, did not believe there was ever a Caiaphas! This house, or its ruins, and the tree of Judas, formerly referred to and commented on, present the chief features of interest, as far as a visit is concerned to this hill. The parapet on the southern boundary of Mt. Zion, is the best stand-

point from which it can be viewed, as it is situated directly opposite the wall. The hill is south of Hinnom, and on the north, its rising cliffs have a singularly wild and romantic look, while from their summit, a gorgeous prospect is to be had.

I shall next notice *Bezetha*, of which the most of our knowledge is derived from Josephus. We find no mention made of it at all, in the Holy Book, nor any allusion to any hill which might be identified with the one under consideration.

At the time of the crucifixion, Bezetha was well covered with houses—in fact, was densely populated. It was enclosed about ten years after the crucifixion—perhaps sooner—and taken into the city proper. This was done by Herod Agrippa, although the city on this hill was most splendid under the reign of the Great Herod. The fact of this hill being *left out* of the city after the crucifixion, and not included in it until eight years following that event, seems, in Porter's opinion, to weigh heavily counter to the opinion of the authenticity of the Church of the Sepulchre. *This latter was without* the city—taking it for granted that the church and Golgotha are synonymous sites, which all believers in the genuineness of the church uphold—yet it is *now* in the *middle* of the city, and Bezetha was not within the walls until *eight years after* the Death on the Cross!

“From the ridge on Scopus, above the tombs of the kings, the dome of the great mosk is just seen over the hill; but when we begin to descend, it is soon wholly shut out from view.” From this we may readily infer

that Bezetha is a *high* hill, and from mention being made of Scopus, as a point from which the view of the Mosk of Omar is obstructed by the hill, we can gain some definite idea of the locality of Bezetha. We must infer that it is north of the old site of Antonia (a portion of the Haram, anciently considered), or of the present governor's house, which is at the north-west corner of the large Temple enclosure. There is a considerable hill here, and the quotation I have given is true to the letter. This, then, must be the old Bezetha—there can be no reasonable doubt to the contrary.

Josephus says, "The hill Bezetha was separated from Antonia; and, being the highest of all, it was built up adjoining to a part of the new city, and alone overshadowed the Temple on the north. The city overflowing with inhabitants gradually crept beyond the walls; and the people, incorporating with the city the quarter north of the Temple close to the hill, made a considerable advance, insomuch that a fourth hill, which is called Bezetha, was also surrounded with habitations. It lay over against Antonia, from which it was separated by a deep fosse, purposely excavated to cut off the communication between the hill and the foundations of Antonia, that they might be at once less easy of access, and more elevated. And thus the depth of the fosse added greatly to the height of the towers. This new-built part is called in our language *Bezetha*, which, being interpreted in the Greek tongue, would be *Neopolis*—'New City.'"

Bezetha may be stated in a few words to be a broad, irregular rocky ridge running north-west or north-by-west

from the Temple area. Its mean breadth is six or seven hundred yards; its extreme length one thousand yards. The mosk of the Dervishes stands on this ridge, and on the exact site, *they say*, of Herod's proud castle. The Pool of Bethesda also is near the hill; it stands, I think, on the north-east. Bezetha is *now* covered over thickly with luxuriant olives, and forms one of the most pleasant rambles in or around Jerusalem.

The Mount of Olives.—Of course, with this sacred mountain are connected the most glowing and interesting, and yet the most terrible and gloomy associations of the grand Biblical Drama. It is the first object of sacred wonder that arises on our mind, and it is actually the first that rises on our physical view. Coming in from the sea by the Jaffa Gate, the long, green, gentle olive-covered slope of Mount Olivet is gazed at with holy feelings many minutes before we enter the city walls. With this sacred slope are connected so many thrilling, connecting ties and events in the life of the humble Nazarene, that we cannot satisfy the cravings of our mind by a second, nor by a third, nor yet by a half-dozen visits to the spot.

“No name in Scripture calls up associations at once so sacred and so pleasing as that of Olivet. The ‘Mount’ is so intimately connected with the private, the devotional life of the Saviour, that we read of it and look at it with feelings of deepest interest and affection. Here He often sat with His disciples, telling them of wondrous events yet to come; of the destruction of the Holy City, of the sufferings, the persecutions, and the final triumph of His followers (Matt. xxiv.). Here He gave them the beauti-

ful parables of the 'Ten Virgins,' and the 'Five Talents' (Matt. xxv.). Here He was wont to retire on each evening for meditation and prayer, and rest of body, when weary and harassed by the labors and trials of the day (Luke xxi. 37). And here He came on the night of His betrayal to utter that wonderful prayer, 'O, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: *nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt*' (Matt. xxvi. 39). And when the cup of God's wrath had been drunk, and death and the grave conquered, He led His disciples out again over Olivet, as far as to Bethany, and, after a parting blessing, ascended to heaven (Luke xxiv. 50, 51; Acts i. 12)."

From the Mount of Olives a most enchanting as well as most instructive view of Jerusalem and its environs is to be had. I have spoken of this more particularly in my Journal. I beg leave to refer the reader to it.

Mount Moriah is one of the most sacred of the hills on which ancient Jerusalem was built. It was up to this mountain that Abraham led Isaac to be sacrificed—an offering to the Lord; and it was on this sacred spot that the covenant between God and man was solemnized (Genesis xxii. 9-18). I may as well state here that there are some who deny that Moriah, at Jerusalem, was the scene of the intended sacrifice of Isaac. Among them is Mr. Stanley; he thinks the mountain was Gerizim, in the Plain of Sharon. But this does not at all agree with the Bible narrative. Abraham could *not have made the journey*, in that case, *in three days*.

Ornan, the Jebusite, had his threshing-floor, which

David afterwards bought at an enormous price, on Mount Moriah. It was by this threshing-floor the angel stood, holding the drawn sword over the devoted city. David built an altar on the site of the threshing-floor, and offered sacrifices at the time of the threatened destruction of Jerusalem. Mount Moriah was the site of that ancient architectural wonder of the world—the gorgeous Temple of King Solomon; and on it was afterwards built the almost equally splendid Mosk of Omar. It is useless to speak of the splendors of the Temple, which are so graphically given in 2 Chronicles.

The genuine Mount Moriah originally stood in the centre of what is now known as the Haram Area, and consisted of a small rocky elevation, just large enough to admit of the erection of the “altar and sanctuary.” Around this, to admit of more extensive buildings, a platform of great magnitude was raised, “supported in part by massive walls of masonry, filled up internally with stones and earth; and in part, towards the south, by heavy piers and arches.” This platform we now recognise in the Haram. The *believing ones* and the *cognoscenti* say, that the very spot where the holy altar once stood can now be pointed unmistakably out. It is, they say, directly under the dome of Omar’s Mosk, and is the natural rock, which existed there thirty centuries ago. The Mosk of Omar is called, on this account, “Kubbet es-Sukhrāh,” the “Dome of the Rock.”

The eastern side of Mount Moriah, as it breaks abruptly down, for a hundred and sixty feet, into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, is romantically beautiful.

OPHEL.—There is no doubt but that this hill was included in the city at a very early date—as early as two centuries after Solomon—if even it did not form a portion of the city in that wise monarch's day. It is nothing more, in my opinion, discarding all egotism, than a southern continuation of the ridge of Moriah. It reaches to the abrupt cliff, overhanging the far-famed Pool of Siloam. "The whole is now carefully cultivated in terraces, like Zion, and is planted with olives and other fruit-trees. Its northern end, at the Haram-wall, is nearly one hundred feet lower than the top of Moriah; and from thence to its termination is about five hundred and twenty yards; the breadth of its summit, from brow to brow, is about one hundred yards, near the centre."

AKRA.—From Josephus we gain all of our knowledge concerning this hill. In his time it was called, in distinction to Zion or "upper city," the "lower city" or "lower market." Zion and Akra, with the Tyropæon valley between them, were directly opposite each other; and on the other side of Akra was another valley, judging from the words of Josephus. This other fosse he designates as a "broad valley," and it separated the lower city from the Temple on Mount Moriah. It has been thought from this that the ridge on which the Christian Quarter is now built, and which runs by the Church of the Sepulchre, "toward the western side of the Haram," corresponds with Akra. The slopes of the ridge can be readily recognised now from several stand-points in Jerusalem, especially from the Latin *hostelry*, near the Jaffa Gate. In order to connect Akra with the Temple, the "broad valley" was

filled up so as to afford a foundation for a road. This connection was made by what seems to some a gate corresponding to the present "Cotton Merchants' Gate."

Speaking of Akra, Josephus says: "Over against this (Akra) was a third hill, naturally lower than Akra, and formerly separated from it by another broad valley. But afterwards, during the sovereignty of the Asmoneans, they threw earth into this valley, desiring to connect the city with the Temple; and levelling the summit of Akra, they made it lower, so that the Temple might appear above it."

Another quotation from Josephus, I find in Porter, tends to throw light on the position of Akra: "In the western parts of the enclosure (of the temple) stood four gates; one leading over to the royal palace, the valley being intercepted to form a passage; two leading to the suburb; and the remaining one into the city (Akra), being distinguished by many steps down into the valley, and from this up again upon the ascent; for the city lay over against the Temple in the manner of a theatre."

ZION.—Finally, we come to consider the largest, and, in very many points, the most important and most interesting of the hills of Jerusalem—Mt. Zion! This occupies the south-western section of the city. On it were erected the first houses ever built in the Holy City, and it is remarkable as being the scene of many interesting events of Bible history. The following condensed history of Mt. Zion, from the pen of a rich and reliable author, will be read with much interest:—

"Of the several hills on which Jerusalem was built, Zion

was the largest, and in many respects the most interesting. It occupies the whole south-western section of the ancient site, extending considerably farther south than the opposite ridge of Moriah and Ophel. The western and southern sides rise abruptly from the bed of the Valley of Hinnom, and appear to have originally consisted of a series of rocky precipices rising one above another like huge stairs; but now they are partially covered with loose soil and the débris of buildings which time has thrown down from above. The southern brow of Zion is bold and prominent; and its position, separated from other heights and surrounded by deep valleys, makes it seem loftier than any other point in the city, though it is in reality lower than the ground at the north-west corner of the wall. The elevation of the hill above the Valley of Hinnom, at the point where it bends westward, is about one hundred and fifty feet; and above the Kidron, at En-Rogel, three hundred feet. On the south-east, Zion slopes down in a series of cultivated terraces, steeply, though not abruptly, to the site of the "King's Gardens," where Hinnom, the Tyropæon, and the Kidron unite. Here and around to the south the whole declivities are sprinkled with olive trees, which grow luxuriantly among the narrow strips of corn. The scene cannot but recall the words of Micah the Morasthite, spoken twenty-six centuries ago:—"Zion shall be ploughed like a field" (Jer. xxvi. 18). On the east the descent to the Tyropæon is at first gradual, but as we proceed northward to the modern wall it becomes much steeper; and about three hundred yards within the wall, directly facing the south-

west angle of the Haram, there is a precipice of naked rock from twenty to thirty feet high. The declivity is here encumbered with heaps of filth and rubbish, thickly overgrown in places with the cactus or prickly pear. The Tyropæon was anciently much deeper at this point than it is now; it has been filled up by the ruins of the bridge, the Temple wall, and the palaces of Zion. The best view of the eastern slopes of Zion and the southern section of the Tyropæon is obtained from the top of the wall in descending from Zion Gate to the Dung Gate. I was particularly struck with the interesting view before me when standing on a projecting angle of the wall near the place where the aqueduct from Solomon's Pools enters the city. Passing down from hence, I followed the course of the aqueduct for some distance; and then turning more to the north, through thickets of cactus, I examined the cliff above-mentioned, and the whole declivities on this side of Zion.

“The limits of Zion for so far cannot be mistaken; on the northern side, however, they are very far from being so well defined. But a careful study of the topographical notices of Josephus, combined with an examination of the whole site of the city, such as I trust the reader has already completed, can leave little doubt on the mind as to the true boundary of Zion on the north. It will not, of course, be expected here that I should enter into any lengthened review of the different opinions entertained by writers regarding this section of the Holy City. It is enough to say that I have read them all; that I have carefully surveyed the ground on two different occasions

—once since the greater part of the present work was written; and that I have studied with care the descriptions of Josephus. Thus, while the theories and facts of others have not been overlooked, I have been able to form my conclusions independent of them. Kind friends will please remember, however, that I lay no claim to infallibility, or anything approaching to it. I only state honest opinions, which have been honestly come by.

From the several descriptions and incidental notices of Josephus the following facts may be gathered:—That the 'Upper City,' built on Zion, was surrounded by ravines; that it was separated from the 'Lower City' (Akra) by a valley called the Tyropæon; that upon a crest of rock thirty cubits high, on the northern brow of Zion, stood three great towers—Hippicus, Phasaëlus, and Mariamne; that the wall enclosing the Upper City on the north ran by these towers to a place called the Xystus, and joined the western wall of the Temple area; that there was a gate in that western wall, northward of this point of junction, opening into Akra; that the Xystus was near to and commanded by the west wall of the Temple area, though not united to it, and that the royal palace adjoined and overlooked the Xystus on the west, while it was also attached to the great towers above mentioned; and, lastly, that both Xystus and palace were connected at their southern end by a bridge with the Temple area (see Jos. B. J., v. 4; vi. 6, 2; ii. 16, 3; Ant., xv. 11, 5). The site of the temple area being well known, and the remains of the ancient bridge undoubtedly discovered, the positions of the Xystus and the palace can be seen at a glance.

The former occupied the western side of the Tyropæon, extending from about the street of David to the remains of the arch; while the latter lay along its western side, covering the summit of the hill quite to the brow of Hinnom; and adjoining it on the north were the great towers and walls.

“But Josephus states that Zion and Akra were built ‘fronting each other, separated by a valley, at which the rows of houses terminated.’ This valley must, in part at least, have bounded Zion on the north; and yet it is scarcely distinguishable in the present day. A long ridge, as has already been stated, sweeps along the eastern side of Hinnom, extending from the Tomb of David northward far beyond the modern city wall; but if we carefully examine this ridge from the top of the pasha’s house, or some commanding spot near the north-west angle of the Haram, we distinctly observe a considerable depression in it, commencing at the Yâfa Gate and running down eastward in the line of the Street of David. And if we go to the Yâfa Gate and walk down that street we see that the ground rises abruptly on the right and gently on the left; we are therefore in a depression or valley, and the northern end of Zion is on our right. At the Yâfa Gate the traveller will also notice the massive walls and deep fosse of the citadel. One of the towers especially claims attention from the antique masonry of the lower part, consisting of very large stones bevelled like those of the Temple walls. Recent researches have shown that this tower, as well as that at the north-west angle of the citadel, is founded on a scarped rock which rises about

forty feet above the bottom of the fosse. This is unquestionably that 'rocky crest' on which, Josephus informs us, the three great towers on the northern brow of Zion were founded. Here, then, are data sufficiently clear on which to determine the northern limits of Zion.

"On the summit of Zion, towards its western brow, there is a level tract extending in length, from the citadel to the Tomb of David, about six hundred yards; and in breadth, from the city wall to the eastern side of the Armenian Convent, about two hundred and fifty yards. A much larger space, however, was available for building purposes, and was at one time densely occupied. Now not more than one-half of this space is enclosed by the modern wall, while fully one-third of that enclosed, is taken up with the barrack-yards, the convent gardens, and the waste ground at the lepers' huts. All without the wall, with the exception of the cemeteries, and the cluster of houses round the Tomb of David, is now cultivated in terraces, and thinly sprinkled with olive trees (Mie. iii. 12).

"Zion was the first spot in Jerusalem occupied by buildings. Upon it stood the stronghold of the Jebusites, which so long defied the Israelites, and was at last captured by King David (Num. xiii. 29; Josh. xv. 63; Jud. i. 21; 2 Sam. v. 5-8). Upon it that monarch built his palace, and there, for more than a thousand years, the kings and princes of Israel lived and ruled (2 Sam. v. 9, &c.). In Zion, too, was David buried, and fourteen of his successors on the throne were laid near him in the family tomb (1 Kings ii. 10; xi. 43; xiv. 31, &c.). Zion was the

last spot that held out, when the Romans, under Titus, encompassed the doomed city, when the rest of Jerusalem was in ruins; when the enemy occupied the court of the prostrate Temple, the remnant of the Jews, from the walls of Zion, haughtily refused the terms of the conqueror, and perished in thousands around and within the palace of their princes.

“The city which stood on Zion, was called successively by several names. It was probably the *Salem* of Melchisedec (comp. Gen. xiv. 18, with Ps. lxxvi. 2); then it became *Jebus*, under the Jebusites, so called from a son of Canaan (Gen. x. 16; 1 Chron. xi. 4, 5); then the ‘City of David,’ and *Jerusalem* (2 Sam. v. 7). Josephus calls it the ‘Upper City,’ adding, that it was known also, in his day, as the ‘Upper Market.’”

Having finished the ancient topography of Jerusalem, in so far as the hills on which it was built are concerned, I shall next notice briefly, the three natural valleys surrounding it and [one] bisecting it. The first, and to me the most difficult to understand, as regards its exact course, extent, &c., &c., is the Tyropæon. Of this, as of every other place of interest of ancient Jerusalem, Josephus gives the most lucid account. In fact, the Tyropæon is nowhere mentioned in the Bible, and enters into no description of Jerusalem, I think, more ancient than that given us by the Jewish historian. The “broad valley,” to which I have referred, is no doubt synonymous with the Tyropæon. He speaks of this valley dividing the upper town from the lower, and of the valley which separates Akra from Moriah; that this valley “extended to a

fountain, whose waters were sweet and copious," meaning, no doubt, Siloam. From that and other landmarks, Porter thinks that the beginning or head of the Tyropæon was somewhere about the "northern brow of Zion." There exists no doubt, but that the Tyropæon Valley, in those distant days, was much deeper than it is at present. The accumulated dust and *débris* of nearly two thousand years, the decay of large palaces, and the general ruin incident to a fallen city, have done much toward obliterating the once deep bed of the Tyropæon. In fact, at one point on the street of the Christians, which leads to the Church of the Sepulchre, from the western part of the city, an excavation has revealed a chapel, *thirty feet below the present surface of the adjoining street*. This, then, must be the Tyropæon. Some have thought that *Millo*, mentioned in 2 Sam. v. 9, corresponds to the Tyropæon; but, it is generally considered, without good reason. According to Josephus, this valley "separated Zion from Akra on the north, and from Moriah and Ophel on the east," of course, sweeping around two sides of the Upper City, which is Zion. Porter says, "commencing at the Yâfa Gate, the Tyropæon runs eastward for some five hundred yards, and then sweeping around the north-east corner of Zion, it turns southward between that hill and Moriah, and continues about eight hundred yards further, till it joins the Kidron." Nevertheless, all this is far from being certain; and judging from Porter's own words, that the "exact position of the head of the Tyropæon is one of the vexed questions of Jerusalem topography," I con-

sider all we have said of this, as decidedly admitting doubts as to its validity.

Of the *Brook Kidron* we have much more definite knowledge. It runs along the eastern wall of the Haram, and separates the city from the Mount of Olives. The whole length of the brook from its broad valley rising near Jerusalem, to its fall in the north-west corner of the Dead Sea, is fourteen miles. For over two miles the Kidron is nothing more than a large shallow valley; it does not deserve the name of brook until after it gets beyond the Pool of Siloam. Throughout its course it bears several different names; by St. Sâba it is called *Wady en-Râheb*, which means the "Monk's Valley;" and farther on, it is known as the "Valley of Fire," or *Wady en-Nâr*.

The first mention of Kidron that we have in the Bible is in regard to David's flight from Absalom; the 23d verse of the 15th chapter 2 Samuel reads, "And the country wept with a loud voice, and all the people passed over; the king also himself passed over the *brook Kidron*, and all the people passed over toward the way of the wilderness." Afterwards the brook is frequently mentioned. In this valley are situated the Tombs of Absalom (or *Pillar*), of Zechariah and of St. James; the Garden of Gethsemane, the village of Siloam or Silwân, as it is now called, &c., &c. Its bed just opposite the Haram is the chief and much-desired place of sepulture with the Jews of all countries and classes. They imagine that this will be the spot where the ceremonies of the Judgment Day are to be enacted; and the poor creatures think that if

they are not at hand when the "awful trump" shall sound, that they will have a long and tedious way to travel under ground! But to this legend I have referred before.

At several portions of the Kidron its depth is as great as one hundred and sixty feet; and the wild scenery presented from the cliffs on either side is striking and grand. The "King's Vale" and En-Rogel are situated in the valley also.

The Kidron has been wrongfully, though for many years universally, called the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Jehoshaphat means "Jehovah judgeth;" and by a forced translation of a passage, used simply in a metaphorical sense by the Prophet Joel in regard to the final judgment of all, the valley of the Kidron has been taken for that valley! It is now called Jehoshaphat oftener than Kidron.

There are many ancient tombs in the Brook Kidron cut out from the solid rock, which in some places forms the bed of the valley. They are specimens of exquisite workmanship, and "impress the stranger, perhaps more than anything else, with the wealth and splendor of the ancient Jewish capital." The place of rising of this noted object of topographical interest is "a quarter of a mile north-west of the Damascus Gate."

The third and most *fearfully* interesting valley is Hinnom or Ge-Henna; the one in which human sacrifices were offered to Molech—in other words, the ancient *Tophet*. Joshua speaks of it as the "Valley of the Son of Hinnom." The Jews, recalling the bloody purposes to which a certain dark rocky portion of this valley had

been applied, likened it to torment, and called it *Ge-Henna*, which translated means *Hell*. The valley commences on the western part of the city, about three hundred yards from the Jaffa Gate, and after a long and circuitous course it falls into the Kidron near the noted *Aceldama*, to which I have before referred.

In Joshua xv. 7, 8, we read: "And the border went up toward Debir, from the valley of Achor, and so northward, looking toward Gilgal, that is before the going up to Adummim, which is on the south side of the river: and the border passed toward the waters of En-shemesh, and the goings out thereof were at En-Rogel: And the border went up by the valley of the son of Hinnom, unto the south side of the Jebusite, the same is Jerusalem: and the border went up to the top of the mountain that lieth before the valley of Hinnom westward, which is at the end of the valley of the giants northward." The En-Rogel here noticed, I have mentioned in my Journal; it is called also the well of Joab (not *Job*). I have given the quotation, however, to notice the fact that, I believe, this is the first place in the Bible that Hinnom is mentioned.

The chief interest, though a melancholy one, which attaches itself to Hinnom, or Ge-Henna, is excited by the remembrance of the diabolical acts of the worshippers of Molech. During these horrible sacrifices, according to Jeremiah, *sons* and *daughters* were offered up profusely to the Brazen Monster. This instrument of torture, more cruel than any concocted by the Spanish Inquisition, was a metallic statue, half man and half ox. Wood was

heaped within the cavity, and when kindled, quickly made the image, red hot. The victims then were placed in the hissing white-hot arms of the statue; and while drums were beaten, to drown the agonizing cries thus wrung out by infernal torture, the poor wretches were immolated on the shrine and to the idol of heathen superstition. Josiah defiled Tophet; "he broke in pieces the images, and cut down the groves, and filled their places with the bones of men;" and being defiled, Jews no longer entered it. It became a burying-place, however; and to this day serves to carry out the prophecy of Jeremiah, who thus foretold: "Wherefore, behold the days come, when it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet, till there be no place." Strange as it may seem, the good and wise King Solomon first introduced this inhuman sacrifice, for he erected an altar to Molech on the Mount of Olives (1 Kings). The interest is intense, as we stand in the tangled place which we all suppose to be the ancient Tophet; yet the interest is a bloody one.

CHAPTER XVII.

PERHAPS, in connection with the valleys and hills entering into the ancient topography of Jerusalem, I might as well consider, in this place, the *old walls* which once encircled the City of Solomon and of the Princes of the East.

According to Josephus, these walls were *three* in number—the three differing in antiqueness. That these walls were more extensive than the present, does not require much examination into facts of history. This is especially true, as regards the first and most ancient of the old walls. The celebrated “Tower of Hippicus,” of which Josephus writes much, is a most valuable stand-point from which to commence to trace the ancient walls. The large and peculiarly-chiselled stones forming this structure, establish its age as antecedent to that of the Roman conquest of the city. It has been called indiscriminately, the Tower of David, the Castle of David, and the Castle of the Pisans. More correctly, it is known as the Tower of Hippicus; so named from one of the officers of the Great Herod, which monarch, many antiquarians say, built the tower. This structure stood, or stands, near the north-western slope of Mount Zion, and was, according to our historian, situated at the north-western angle of

the first wall, or the wall which enclosed Zion. The tower has twice escaped destruction; once when Titus with his Roman army laid the pride of Jerusalem low, and again when the wild followers of Mohammed sacked the city.

According to Josephus it was in his day a most massive and imposing fortification; and even now it presents a formidable and impregnable appearance. In the full strength and glory of its power "the form was quadrangular, twenty-five cubits on each side, and built up entirely solid to the height of thirty cubits. Over this solid part was a large cistern, and still higher were the chambers for the guards, surmounted by battlements. The stones in its walls were of enormous magnitude; twenty cubits long by ten broad and five high. Its situation too was commanding; for it stood on a rocky crest which rose from the summit of Zion to a height of fifty cubits."

From this description we see at a glance what a giant structure Hippius was—and well might Titus have spared it, to show to the world what Roman valor and perseverance had won. A cubit is, I think, about twenty-one inches; then the rock simply on which the tower had its basis was over eighty-seven feet, raised above the general summit of Zion—itsself *everywhere* a *high* hill, and this its *highest* portion; added to this the height of the tower—its solid portion being built up thirty cubits—and above this yet the cistern—the guard's chamber, and then the height of the battlements! The whole citadel must have been commanding indeed. But the Tower has

sadly deteriorated since those distant days. Forty feet is its greatest height now; and a few old, rusty, badly-carriaged guns on the walls, give it a sombre, desolate appearance.

In the Tower you are shown a large chamber, which the Turkish soldier gravely informs you was once occupied by King David!—probably in his *uxorious* days, for from this height he could see into *every pool* in the city.

The Tower of Hippius then forms a fixed and a very interesting point of departure in our study and survey of the ancient walls of the City of the Great King. We *know* that it *stood* “at the north-west angle of the first wall,” and we *know* that it *stands now* on the north-western brow of Zion, near the Jaffa Gate. Knowing this, we will consider first, the most ancient wall—that which encircled Zion.

The first wall, commencing at Hippius, “ran eastward along the northern brow of Zion, and then across the valley to the western enclosure of the Temple, a distance of about six hundred and thirty yards.” Also from Hippius it extended along the western declivity of Mount Zion in a southern direction. Its termination in this course was at what Josephus calls the “Gate of the Essenes.” Of this place, as of another called “Bethzo,” which he mentions in this connection, we know nothing at all at present. From this gate it turned and passed by the Pool of Siloam, and then, by a course of which we can do nothing more than conjecture, it reached and joined the Temple enclosure, or the present Haram. This is a rough outline of the wall of Zion, which, Josephus informs us, was the first wall of the city. And yet

this account seems unsatisfactory; for, in the works of this same Josephus, we read of the army of Titus, which, after it had gained complete possession of the Tyropæon valley, even as far as Siloam (which is the same now as then), yet they could not take the "upper city," whither the retreating Jews had fled. Something—some line of defence—must have debarred their further progress. Now, according to Josephus, in another place, as we have already quoted, the wall of Zion included the *Tyropæon* and *Siloam*—and the "upper city."

In the course of this wall, on the northern brow of Zion, I think, was the *Xystus*, a building most probably a court to the royal palace of Herod, and used as a forum. According to Josephus, the *Xystus* was connected with the Haram court by the ancient bridge, the site of which has been pretty definitely settled.

Not far from the Tower of Hippicus were two similar towers, noted, as Hippicus, for their strength and grandeur. To these towers, the power and defence of the city, Herod's palace was connected. This palace extended from one side of the hill to the other, and covered an area of great magnitude. It was probably built on the same site as was that of David. It is described as being gorgeous in the extreme, and as having apartments most spacious—some large enough to accommodate "one hundred guests."

"The magnificence of the work, and the skill displayed in its construction, could not be surpassed. All around were many cloistered courts, opening into one another, and the columns in each were different. Such parts of the courts as were open, were everywhere covered with

verdure. There were, besides, groves with long walks through them, lined by deep conduits; and in many places fountains studded with bronze figures, through which the waters were discharged. . . . It was completely enclosed by a wall, thirty cubits high; and ornamental towers were distributed along it at equal distances, with spacious apartments."

The second wall encircled Akra. Now to determine its course, it is necessary that we first definitely locate the gate Gennath, which was in the first wall, and of which Josephus speaks as the starting-point for the second wall. Many disputes have arisen among learned writers on Jerusalem topography, in regard to this point, yet nothing has been fully proved. Dr. Robinson believes one thing, and Mr. Williams, in his "Holy City," is just as firm in his opinion *au contraire*. The best way to act in the premises, is to *study both sides*, compare the respective arguments and proofs, each adduces, then study for yourself, having a like basis, with them, for research, and decide according to honest conviction. It is generally conceded that the gate Gennath was near Hippicus; more probable than otherwise, to the eastward of the tower; for, as it has been well remarked by an eminent writer, "the wall was for the defence of Akra, and a glance at the map, or at the hill itself, shows that a wall, constructed to enclose it, and carried *in a circle*, as Josephus says, from a point on the north of Zion, to the north-west corner of the Haram, could scarcely have commenced far eastward of Hippicus." Dr. Porter goes on to speak of the remnants of a gate, and of two chambers near the present Damas-

cus Gate. He considers these chambers to have been the guard-houses to a gate in the second wall. The most plausible argument or reason for believing Gemath to be near Hippicus, is by Dr. Robinson. I give it herewith.

“Josephus relates that ‘the city was fortified by three walls, wherever it was not encircled by impassable valleys;’ that is to say, upon its whole northern quarter. But if the gate Gemath, at which the second wall began, was not near Hippicus, and especially if it was so far distant as to be opposite the western bazaars (as Mr. Williams, and other defenders of the Holy Sepulchre, maintain), then all that tract of the upper city, from Hippicus to the said gate, was fortified only by a single wall, before the time of Agrippa; and by only two walls (instead of three) at the time of which Josephus was writing. The tract thus unprotected, extended for more than seven hundred feet, amounting to more than one-half of the entire northern side of Zion, and to nearly one-half of the whole length of the first wall.

“That all this, however, was not so, and that Zion was actually protected on the north by three walls, appears further, from the fact, that in every siege of Jerusalem, reported by Josephus (the approaches being always, and necessarily, made on the north and north-west), no attack or approach is ever described as made against the *upper* city of Zion, until after the besiegers had already broken through the second wall, and had thus got possession of the *lower* city. But if the second wall began near the bazaars, then more than one-half of the northern brow of Zion was not protected by it at all; and the possession

of the lower city was not necessary in order to make approaches against the upper; and that, too, at the most accessible point—the very point, indeed, near to Hippicus, where Titus actually made his assault *after* he had taken the second wall.”

An authentic writer very pertly remarks, that there would not be half this dispute connected with these holy places, and their sites, especially with the location of the second wall, were it not that ecclesiastical traditions were intimately connected and blended, with them; in other words, let “topography, history, and ancient remains” *point out* the position of the *second wall*, and then “there is an end to the romance of the Holy Sepulchre, for *it* is far within this line of wall, and Christ was crucified without the gates.”

The Wall of Bezetha, making the third of the series, is the last described by Josephus. The Tower of Hippicus is still the point of departure, and we have the following sites to determine, in order to trace the line of the wall: the Tower of Psephinus, the Monuments of Helena, the Royal Caverns, and the “corner tower near the place known as the Fuller’s Tomb.”

Of the site of three of these we may well conjecture, and we may look upon the other—namely, the *monuments of Helena*—as determined. This, it has been decided, is identical with the present “Tombs of the Kings,” to which I shall in due time refer.

On the ridge, which is a continuation of Zion, we find in several places scarped rock and large bevelled stones, with very ancient substructions. These ruins are pre-

sented to our view, at several points along which we might reasonably suppose the Wall of Bezetha of Josephus to have run. It is to be supposed that the Tower of Psephinus stood on the summit of this ridge. It is a very elevated and commanding position—the most commanding, in fact, of the whole line—and we might readily imagine that the tower would be placed in the most imposing situation.

According to Josephus, the tower was seventy cubits high, and a view of Arabia, and of the Hebrew territory, could be seen as far as the sea. In speaking of this wall, Josephus says, “the Tower of Hippicus formed the commencement of the third wall, which stretched from thence northward as far as the Tower of Psephinus, and then passing opposite the Monuments of Helena, and extending through the Royal Caverns, it turned at the corner known as the Fuller’s Tomb, and, connecting itself to the old wall, terminated at the valley called Kidron.”

Now we have satisfactorily disposed of Psephinus and the Monuments of Helena. So much, then, have we gained.

The Royal Caverns are also in the line of the wall. Not far from the Tombs of the Kings, says a reliable writer, is an off-set from Jehoshaphat, in the rocky and precipitous sides of which are many highly ornamented excavated tombs. These the writer considers the Royal Caverns of Josephus; and position bears out the statement. In another place bordering on the Kidron there is a bold angle which suits admirably for the Tower of Fuller’s Tomb. Thus the hill along Kidron was the line

of the wall; and *thence* to the city, as this part of the ground offered natural advantages not to be overlooked by any engineer. This wall was commenced under the Emperor Claudius on a grand scale; but it was completed by the Jews in a much humbler style.

As regards the *Ancient Gates*, little is known; and, of course, little can be said. From Nehemiah of the Old Testament, and from Josephus, we learn more than from any other authority. Many of the gates, of which mention is made in those two writers, may have been identical, though having different names. Be that as it may, the whole number of which there is any notice at all is *fifteen*. They are, to wit: Gates Gennath and Essenes of Josephus; Sheep Gate, Fish Gate, Old Gate, Valley Gate, Dung Gate, Fountain Gate, Water Gate, Horse Gate, Gate Miphkad, Prison Gate, Gate of Ephraim, Corner Gate, and Gate of Benjamin. Where these gates were situated, we do not positively know; only of one or two can we point to their locality with anything like certainty.

Having considered the ancient, perhaps it would be as well now to consider the modern topography of Jerusalem. This plan may be better, too, as affording the reader a comparative view of ancient and modern Jerusalem at a single glance—topographically speaking.

The present City of Jerusalem is nearly thirty miles distant from the sea-coast, by an air line. It is situated in $31^{\circ} 46' 43''$ north latitude, and $35^{\circ} 13'$ east longitude. Its elevation above the Mediterranean, is a little over two

thousand feet, and above the Dead Sea, it is thirty-seven hundred and seven feet.

The Holy City has been known by several names, ancient as well as modern; for instance, by Joshua and other Old Testament writers it is called *Jebus*. It is called by the Arabs *El-Kuds*—sometimes *El-Khuds esh-Sherif*—the latter two words meaning “*the noble*.” The city is situated on a high rugged, rocky, irregular platform or delta formed by the valleys of Ge-Henna and Kidron. The Tyropæon Valley, running to the south-east, bisects the city, “leaving a high ridge on each side.”

Jerusalem is, in the words of the Psalmist and in truth, “encompassed by mountains:” the Mount of Olives, Mount Scopus, the Hill of Evil Counsel, and the jagged cliffs of the valleys, frown down from their black scorching summits on the “widowed queen.” It is a wild and fearfully desolate-looking spot on which Jerusalem lies now, comparatively deserted—withering under the curse of Jehovah. A melancholy contrast she presents, to the royal splendors that blazed over her, when Solomon held his court within her walls. Where lordly piles arose in rich profusion and spoke of the power and pride of the princes of Israel, now filthy ruins and miserable hovels cluster darkly together.

The modern walls of Jerusalem are, as I believe I have stated in another portion of this work, about two and a third geographical miles in circuit; this includes every angle and indentation. Some parts of this wall, as that forming the Haram enclosure on the south-east, and the rampart on the east, date much farther back than the

remaining portions. The general wall, as it stands, is the work of Suleimân, and was erected in 1542, a little over three hundred years ago. The massive bevelled stones, forming a portion of the Haram enclosure, place that wall incontestably back to a period prior even to the Christian era. The walls are high and, at a distance, imposing, yet they are far from being impregnable or even strong. "A single discharge of heavy artillery would lay them prostrate; yet they are sufficient to keep in check the roving Arab tribes and the turbulent peasantry."

There are clearly four sides to the walls, though they are somewhat irregular. The straightest portion of the whole work is that running along the high bluff overlooking the Brook Kidron. The highest point in the city, and from which a glorious view is to be had, is at the north-west angle of the wall. Near this locality is a heap of large stones, evidently once the foundation of some mighty superstructure. This mass has been styled the "Castle of Goliath;" why, I know not, unless there was a "hugeness in stature" in the castle. In fine, we might say of the modern walls of Jerusalem, they present no mark of especial interest,—are well preserved, and require no study save that portion before mentioned—the east wall of the Haram enclosure—which of itself, however, affords material in the shape of reflective food, sufficient for any antiquarian.

The present gates—though most of them occupy, so far as we are able to judge, the sites of the ancient gateways—are far fewer in number than the latter. In all, of which we have any direct and distinct trace, there are

seven—five *open* and two *closed*. The Golden Gate is one of the latter; I have made repeated references to it. It is situated in the eastern wall of the Haram. How long it has been closed I know not. The Arabs call it *Bâb el-Daharîyeh*, which means the “Eternal Gate.”

The other closed gate, generally known as “Herod’s Gate,” but by the Arabs as *Bâb es-Zahery* (“Gate of Flowers”), is situated not far from the Damascus Gate, on the northern side of the wall.

The five *open* gates are the Jaffa Gate, Damascus Gate, Dung Gate, Gate of St. Stephen, and Zion Gate. Each of these different gates are known by different names. Thus the Jaffa Gate is the *Bâb el-Khulîl* (“Hebron Gate”), the Damascus Gate is the *Bâb el-Amûd* (“Gate of the Column”), St. Stephen’s Gate is *Bâb es-Subât* (“Gate of the Tribes”), and by native Christians “it is called *Bâb Sitty-Mariam*, ‘the Gate of My Lady Mary’” (Porter). The Dung Gate is also called *Bâb el-Mughâribeh* (“the Gate of the Western Africans”), and the Zion Gate is likewise known as the *Bâb en-Neby Dâûd* (“Gate of the Prophet David”).

The Jaffa Gate is situated in the western part of the city, near Hippicus, and by it we enter the town from the sea. It is a large, exceedingly massive gate, though rather rude in architecture. It is kept open a half-hour later than any other gate in the city, because there is more going in and out by it, than by all the others together. This is the main entrance from all the western country. It is sometimes also called “Bethlehem Gate.”

The Damascus, though not the largest, is the most highly ornamented and beautiful gate in the city. It is in the northern wall, and the "Great North Road" leaves Jerusalem, through it.

The use to which the Dung Gate was put (I say *was*, because, since 1855, it has been closed), I know not, nor do I think the name describes its use. There is no road leading from it, if I may except a wretched path leading to the equally wretched village of Siloam. *Why* the gate was closed I could not learn. It was open until Christmas, 1854; hence my reason for classing it as an *open* gate. It is situated in the south of the city.

St. Stephen's Gate is in the eastern wall, not far from the Haram enclosure. Through it we make our exit when going to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Garden of Gethsemane, or Mount Olivet. We also went to Jericho through this gate. It is situated, I think, on the highest bluff of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and a fine view is to be had from its summit.

The locality of the Zion Gate can be gathered from its name. It is situated on the very edge of Mount Zion. Not far from it is the Coenaculum, beneath the floor of which is David's Tomb. A melancholy, loathsome interest is attached to this gate, from the fact that here cluster those miserable outcasts, the lepers. There is a small Armenian convent also near by.

As regards the population of the ancient city, in comparison with the modern, there exist several contradictory statements, some to the effect that the former was more than twice as large as the latter—others, that it was a

great many times larger, &c., &c. From Josephus's account, and from his measurement, a city of such a size, and *ordinarily populated, could not hold more* than 80,000 people, though, as Porter well remarks, the inhabitants of eastern cities have a singular way of *packing* themselves, and everything else, away—a mode of exemplifying, in a certain sense, the Latin, *multum in parvo*. Porter says, if Josephus is right in his assertions, then, making due allowances, he thinks 90,000 a good estimate. According to Josephus, Jerusalem was thirty-three stadia (four Roman miles) in circuit. That there were a great many more people above the number of resident inhabitants, during seasons of feasts, there can be no doubt. We learn from the Jewish historian, that, at the time of the capture of the city by Titus, there were not less than 2,700,000 souls in Jerusalem! of whom 1,100,000 perished. To this day, the population of the city is always much increased, at the Easter and Christmas holidays, and the valleys and hill-sides around Jerusalem are dotted with the innumerable tents of the palmers. Such may have been the case during the Passover feasts, to which Josephus refers. I consider Porter the very best authority extant, on this subject, and believe his general estimate of 70,000, as the number of inhabitants of ancient Jerusalem, as nearly correct—more so, at all events, than the calculation of any other writer.

The present population of Jerusalem has been variously reckoned also; some consider it as high as 30,000. It is hardly as large. The following account, “carefully compiled by one long resident in the city,” is very reliable:—

SECTS.	NUMBERS.
Muslems	4000
Jews	6000
Greeks	1500
Latins	1200
Armenians	280
Syrians, Copts, and Abyssinians	150
Greek Catholics	110
Protestants	100
Total	13,340

Perhaps it would not be amiss here, to give a brief history of Jerusalem, under each of the different rules to which it has, in the course of time, acknowledged obedience. These rules are very distinctly three—the Jewish, the Roman, and the Mohammedan. Would that I had the ability to describe the various changes and tides of existence through which Jerusalem has suffered and smiled. Be that the task of others. I am content if I can give the reader a skeleton outline of a subject which might profitably employ his time and labor for years.

I will proceed in chronological order, and first notice the city under the empire of its rightful lords, the Jews.

Jerusalem always has been, since it had an existence, and always will be, the heaven-on-earth to the Jew. Whatever has been his clime, whatever his fortune, his face is ever turned toward the City of Peace, in silent, suffering meditation. Go where you will—and even in this, our day, wherever you find a true, down-trodden son of the seed of Abraham, there you will find enshrined in his heart, sweet and sacred associations of the City of his father David.

David conquered the Jebusites, and with the fall of Zion, and the subsequent instalment of the young harper in the vacated throne, may be said to have virtually and really commenced the reign of the Jewish princes. This rule existed with but slight interruptions, down to the time of the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, forty years after the cruel death of the Son of God. Solomon laid the corner-stone of the Great Temple on Mt. Moriah, a building of which, from its gorgeous splendor, we speak in this, our day, as if it was a created brilliancy of an Arabian night's enchanting power, as if it existed but yesterday. Thirty-seven years after the fall of the Jebusite castle, in the "Upper City" on Zion, Solomon commenced the uprearing of the stupendous edifice which afterwards bore the monarch's name, "Solomon's Temple," and its fairy splendors seem even to us, I might say, as familiar as "household words." It was in Solomon's reign, that Jerusalem, the then newly-made Jewish capital, reached the zenith of its power and dazzling wealth, and it soon became the Mecca toward which many curious pilgrims wended their way.

Time rolled on, however, and four hundred and fifty years after David took possession of the Jebusite Castle, the Jews suffered a reverse and subsequent defeat by Nebuchadnezzar. Then finally came the black night of the Babylonish Captivity—a galling thralldom of fifty odd years. This state of national incarceration, as it might be termed, was sorely borne by the Jews, for their city and proud temple were now laid low in ruins. Cyrus, the Persian, however, having come to the throne, liber-

ated the captives, who once again sought the desolate, barren spot, where stood their beautiful city, in former halcyon times, and where once towered their lordly Temple, its massive walls and minarets rising toward the sky. Straightway they commenced to rebuild that Shrine they so much revered, and twenty years of long but patient toil elapsed before the work was completed. This was the second Temple.

From this period until the time of Herod the Great, the Jewish rule (all the time, however, till the conquest of Alexander the Great, under the direction of a Persian satrap) underwent several fortunes or *misfortunes*, more properly speaking. In the quoted article on history in another portion of this work, the reader will find the continued fortunes of the nation, fully treated. Herod was made King of Judea, in the year B. C. 38. In spite of his introduction of the most heathenish abominations, or abominable heathenisms, he succeeded in building the Temple up, in a style the most gorgeous, beautiful and elegant! so beautiful that the Apostles took Jesus, the dweller in the mighty Temple of the skies, out to a commanding position, and bade Him look and behold its beautiful proportions. It was then He prophesied that "not one stone shall be left upon another;" a prophecy, which I saw myself, was *literally* fulfilled. Alas! for thee, now lone Judea! Thy gorgeous Temple is nowhere to be seen, but in its place, the haughty Mosque of Omar, the Mohammedan *Holiest* of the *Holies*, flings its huge shadow across the broad Court of the Temple Area, and the turbanned Muslem sentinel, with hooked

scimitar, pacing before the entrance, tells us that the glory of Israel has departed :

“ Oh ! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream ;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell ;
Mourn—where their God has dwelt—the godless dwell !”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ROMAN RULE.—This lasted from the conquest of Titus until the year 636, and was, in many senses, the most interesting of those reigns—especially to the pilgrim or to the antiquarian. In that reign pious Christians commenced flocking to the Holy City in sacred pilgrimages, and, to meet their cravings, many holy places were discovered or invented,—far oftener the latter.

After the destruction of the city by the bloody Titus, Jerusalem was suffered to remain for a number of years in almost utter neglect and ruin—save indeed as regards fortifications. The Roman general also allowed the three large towers, of which I have spoken, to stand. At this time, notwithstanding the teachings of Father Jerome, there was not enough of the old city remaining, to have deserved the name of “Remnants of the City.” There must have been a few miserable Jews lingering yet amid the wreck of their fallen city, but not enough to warrant any such supposition as that they inhabited a city called Jerusalem as *masters* or *slaves*, from the time of the overthrow, up to the rule of Adrian, who, if history be correct, at one time (A. D. 130), in chancing to visit Palestine, found the Jews were plotting to throw off the Roman

yoke, and banished most of them to Africa. In the reign of Adrian, Jerusalem saw its most miserable and degraded day. Profane mythological statues were put up in the city, the name of which was now changed to *Ælia Capitolina*, "in honor of Jupiter Capitolinus, whose fane now occupied the place of the Jewish Temple. Thus was the capital of Israel transformed into a pagan city, with Jupiter as its patron God."

From this time to Constantine's reign Jerusalem does indeed seem to be enveloped in the darkest obscurity. In fact, nothing is known of it until the first Christian emperor ascended his throne. About this time pilgrims from other lands, in the ratio in which Christianity had advanced, journeyed to the Holy Land, in hope by such a pilgrimage to wash away some of their sins. Under Constantine, the facilities for visiting Jerusalem were much increased, and then first commenced the discovery of *holy places*. Helena, Constantine's aged mother, did as much toward this as any other person; it was under her direction that the Church of the Nativity was erected in Bethlehem for the first time; likewise that of the Ascension on the Mount of Olives; and finally *That* crowning *Piece* of all the holies, about which so much good blood has been shed, and so many controversies no less fiercely waged. Very many holy sites followed in rapid succession, and very many were added to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. To this remarkable building and its locality I have referred in another place; suffice it then to remark here—for I shall refer to this particular portion of the subject again—that there exists very little, if in-

deed any, true basis for supposing the present edifice to cover the tomb of the Saviour. If profane history is true on this point, as it is of others of a coeval date, then farewell to the romance of the Church of the Sepulchre! In fact, at best, in view of certain indisputable accounts, it is worse than folly to believe one iota concerning the absurd local legends connected with the church.

As long as Constantine was emperor, the Jews, by his permission, visited Jerusalem whenever they pleased, and, by the direction of Julian the Apostate, they commenced the rebuilding of their idolized Temple, about the year 362, but were deterred from completing it by divine manifestations of a terrible nature. When Julian died, their liberties were again restricted: "they were forbidden to enter the city, except once a year, to weep over the stones of the Temple. Then, probably, commenced that affecting practice which the traveller can still witness at the 'Place of Wailing.'"

In the year 529, in the reign of Justinian, a church was built to the Virgin, in the Haram enclosure. That church was regularly dedicated to the Virgin, but became ultimately, after many years, a Mohammedan mosk, and is now known as el-Aksa. In the sixth century, the Persians conquered the city, slew many of its inhabitants, and burnt the Church of the Sepulchre to the ground. Not many years elapsed, however, before Christian rule was recognised. But fortune is fickle—she shuffles the dice of destiny very strangely sometimes—the Christian power was speedily broken, and then commenced a third reign, which brings us to the

MOHAMMEDAN RULE.—*Anno Domini* 636, or thereabouts, the celebrated Khâlif, Omar, who has transmitted his name by such a lasting monument as that which now stands in the Temple area, appeared, with a large army, before the walls of Jerusalem, which now acknowledged Christian supremacy. After a long and arduous siege, and much suffering on both sides, the Christian forces at length capitulated, upon the terms “that their lives, their property, and their churches should be secured to them.” Omar, in general, was as good as his word. To perpetuate his own glory, he gave orders for erecting, on the site of the old Jewish Temple, a magnificent building. He, himself, designed the work, but it was reserved for *Abdel Melek* to build the Mosque of Omar. The church dedicated to the Virgin, built by Justinian, was changed, at this time, into a mosque, and called el-Aksa. Until the middle of the tenth century, those Khâlifs and their descendants held sway over Jerusalem. But just after this time, the conquering Fatamites of Egypt extended their victorious arms hitherward—gained Jerusalem, and became rulers of the land. Then commenced in reality the persecutions of the Christians and pilgrims. The climax of cruelty was gradually reached in the reign of a Fatimite prince, named el-Hâkim, and then by the Seljukian Turks, in the eleventh century. The cruelties practised towards the poor Christians were now at their height—their oppression was severe. And now, *pushed into* life, as it were, sprang the Crusades. The times called for them—they were necessary, perhaps, and ordained by Almighty God—though many writers and commentators on the

subject, remain ignorant of the beneficial effect of these Holy Wars. Peter the Hermit, with a praiseworthy zeal, went to Jerusalem, and saw for himself the wrongs perpetrated on Christian palmers. He could not endure it; but hastened home, and, by his thrilling appeals, he awakened the chivalry of all Europe. He led, in person, the first Crusade.

I have read of another origin of the Crusades; or rather, I should say, for I am too fast,—that, as a reason for the existence of the orders of the Knights Templars, and of St. John,—the frequent unprovoked attacks by bandits on the palmers, in the rocky defiles between Jerusalem and Jericho, has been given. The Knights Templars received their title, it seems, from the fact that in 1119, they lodged in the Royal Palace adjoining the Temple.

After surmounting many difficulties, the Crusaders conquered Jerusalem, in 1099. This triumph was complete, and for eighty-eight years their sway was undisputed. They made many additions to the city, among others was the complete rebuilding of the Church of the Sepulchre, in a style of great splendor and richness. At the expiration of eighty-eight years, however, the city fell a prey to Saladin's victorious arm, and then the city underwent much spoliation and mutilation. In 1229, the Christians once more obtained possession of Jerusalem, but this time by treaty. A few years afterwards it was again taken from them *vi et armis*. "Four years later, the Christians again obtained possession, but in a few months (A. D. 1243), they were driven out for the last time; and the

Holy City has ever since remained under the sway of the haughty Muslem."

As regards the *religions* of Jerusalem, or the *representatives* of different religions, little need be said here, as what I have written in the pages, introductory to the Journal, of the religions of Syria and Palestine, applies equally here. I shall, therefore, simply enumerate the different sects, and make a few remarks upon them. The religious orders are three, to wit:—Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians; that is, Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Georgians, Copts, and Syrians, and what we consider Christians proper, that is, *Protestants*. The Mohammedans are generally or chiefly natives of Syria; they outnumber any other sect. The Jews rank next, in point of numbers. They are divided by a schism, and are known in two classes: the *Askenasim* and the *Sephardim*. The latter have the greatest number of members, but the ranks of the first, who are generally foreign Jews, are rapidly filling. There is more poverty and abjection among the Jews, particularly among the *Askenasim*, than in any other sect in the country.

Among the so-called Christian sects—*so-called*, I say, because they are Christian solely in name,—the most deadly animosity existing between them and the other sects—the Greeks have the largest number. They are the most opulent also, and very naturally the most powerful. They have eight convents and five nunneries in Jerusalem; besides these, they own the neighboring convents of "Mâr Sâba, Mâr Eliâs, the convent of the nativity at Bethlehem, and the convent of the Cross." The Latins rank

next, numerically speaking, amounting to thirteen hundred souls. Like the Mohammedans, they are mostly native. How these Latins manage to clothe themselves, and by what means gain a living, is more than I can understand. The wise St. Jerome was the most celebrated of the Latins that ever lived in Syria, and his influence gave a powerful impetus to his religion there. The first regular monastery they held, was *Sancta Maria de Latina*. It afterwards became the "Hospital of the Knights of St. John," to which I have referred. There are now fourteen large convents in Syria, which, to the tourist, present indeed "oases in the desert," for in them he generally can find a home and an asylum.

The Armenians, who own the splendid convent on Mt. Zion, which I have previously mentioned, and the really gorgeous Church of St. James, which our party visited, number nearly three hundred. They are foreigners, generally speaking, and number some of the most learned men in Jerusalem. They are humble, and very polite in manner; in fact, this trait seems to be characteristic of them everywhere. I noticed it at the Armenian convent in the Lagoon, at Venice.

The Copts and Syrians own one or two small convents. They are few in number. The Georgians, once the richest and most influential Christian sect in Jerusalem, now scarcely have an existence.

Besides these sects, there is a Protestant community, numbering about one hundred members. Samuel Gobat, D. D., an able divine, a learned scholar, and a good man, is Bishop; the service being Church of England. There

is an English chapel attached to the Consulate, and services are there performed regularly, in Spanish, English, and German. There is also in the city, I believe, a Protestant "Jews' Society," also a Prussian "Protestant Society." I think services are held at the house of Dr. Barelay, every Sabbath.

I might as well, in this place, consider that important question, one which has vexed so many able writers, and harassed still more the upholders, of certain religious faiths, *the genuineness of the Church of the Sepulchre*. The identity of the present site, with the actual place of the Saviour's sepulture, rests, to say the least, on a *very shallow basis*, a basis far from being sufficient for a plausible foundation. The refutation of all arguments, which go to establish said identity, turns chiefly on the correct *course of the second wall* (the one which encircled Akra); in other words, on *the position of the hill Akra itself*. We know from the testimony of the different Gospels, that Jesus was crucified without the gates, "nigh to the city." This was the ancient city, moreover, whose walls were much more extensive than those of the present. We also know that He was laid in a sepulchre in a garden near the spot of crucifixion, or *at the place itself* (John xix. 41-42). As I said above, we well know from the writings of Josephus and others, and also from the revealed testimony of discovered substructures, that the ancient walls extended in greater circuit than, in other words, *included the present walls*. "Without the gate," and "nigh unto the city," *cannot, and did not mean, inside the walls*. *There can exist no rational doubt to the supposition that the*

Church of the Sepulchre stands within the THIRD wall, built by Agrippa, ELEVEN YEARS AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION. This wall was built to enclose the *suburbs* which had sprung up, and *suburbs cannot*, by any stretch of translation, be made to signify *nigh to the City*. The phraseology would have been different had such been the aim of the Evangelists. “Nigh unto the city,” means *any* distance, *comparatively*. But the upholders of the genuineness of the Tomb of Jesus make the geographical or topographical position of Akra different from that which I have given (and others, more learned, give). They reverse Akra from beside Zion, to the ridge extending from the Haram to the Grotto of Jeremiah, and make the sacred wall start from a point nearly half-way between the citadel and the Haram, run north along the covered bazaar until it just clears the east end of the Church of the Sepulchre, then turns a little to the west, so as to include the ancient foundations around the Damascus Gate.” If we admit that such is true, in the words of another, “it would yet not be very easy to believe, that such a singular angle as is thus made to run into the very heart of the city, should have been wholly free from buildings, and used as a place of ordinary sepulture, so late as the time of the crucifixion; and that only eleven years afterwards, Agrippa should have found it necessary to build a wall a *quarter of a mile* beyond it, so as to include the suburbs.”

But without all of these words and well-based arguments, I think the whole matter may be *conscientiously* settled thus:—make it a question, as to *whether the old walls enclosed the space of the present*. There exists not the

slightest doubt but that they did, as we find substructions beyond the line of the present north-western walls, which includes that side, *any way*—and that is all we wish, for the Church of the Sepulchre is in that portion of the city, and lies not only within the ancient ruined wall, but also within, as we all know, the present enclosure of the city. Again, it is not doubted but that the very ancient Pool of Hezekiah, not far from the Tower of Hippicus, and within the present wall, was *enclosed by the ancient wall*. Singular, indeed, must have been the angle which included it, and *excluded* the Church of the Sepulchre. But waiving all this, is it not a little singular that the place of the “honored dead,” such as Jesus Christ, should remain unmentioned by the apostles? We never hear of pious pilgrims journeying to it, in the days of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—and *John* wrote at least eighty years after the curtain closed on the last scene of the Drama of Redemption. And Paul, though in Jerusalem several times *after* the crucifixion, never once refers to the *scene* of the Saviour’s passion. *He* never visited it—or, if he did, he attached so little importance to the circumstance, that he did not record it. Singular again, it is, too, that this holy spot should have been so *well remembered*, without even a tradition to transmit it to posterity *for over three hundred years!* The chequered history of Jerusalem, under Jewish and Roman rule, did not tend to facilitate or foster the remembrance of sacred localities. Recalling, too, the different vicissitudes through which the Holy City has passed—what its different inhabitants suffered and acted—a simple recollection in this direction

will tell us it is absurd to believe that the site of the Holy Sepulchre could be determined after the long lapse of three hundred years. Truly, *they* could then keep secrets better than those of the present generation. Still more absurd it is to believe in the instrumentality of divine agency, concerned in indicating these spots, although this is well made use of by the holy fathers; and if we would believe every monkish legend told us, then to believe that the present roof of the Church of the Sepulchre covers the sarcophagus in which Jesus' body once rested, would not require much persuasion—it would be natural. But—a grave *but*, too—*common sense* most claims its votaries; *they* outnumber, I am thinking, those who believe in the sepulchre and its identity. On this subject we have Eusebius (about the earliest), Sozomon, and Theodoret; they all uphold the genuineness of the Sepulchre, but *they* contradict one another, even as regards the *founder* of the first edifice on the hallowed spot, one saying that it was Constantine, the other two, that it was that Emperor's mother, Helena; the discovery of the holy places and sacred objects of wonder, the *crown of thorns*, the *crosses*, &c., &c., being attributed to the latter, also. Be this as it may, the whole pack of legends, each and every one, separately and collectively, all rightly judging, conscientious persons, must regard in the same light as they do the exploit of the fiery Phœbus and his sun-chariot steeds,—as a *myth*. Fain would we believe everything told us, word for word, consistent with Christian feelings, for, “could we guarantee the genuineness of the site, no spot in Jerusalem would be

more deeply interesting than the Holy Sepulchre." The association, indeed, would be overpowering, could we stand over that rock coffin, and say, "*Here once lay in the stillness of death, Jesus Christ, the Son of Man.*" With this brief notice we pass the subject by.

Perhaps it would be as well in this place to mention the wondrous (?) appearance of the Holy Fire from the tomb of the Saviour on Easter-eve—a fire which comes from heaven.—(*brought by a Greek priest*); to which, whosoever can apply "his smoking flax" is a regenerated soul, guaranteed the privileges and immunities of Paradise! How this singular mystery (?) commenced is not known; but I believe it was in this wise:—Long years ago there was need of oil for filling the lamps which overhung the tomb of the Saviour. In this hour of need an angel appeared, and very kindly, after filling the lamps, lit them with *celestial fire!* Ever since that time there has been a periodical appearance of the sacred flame. Thousands of waxen tapers are now yearly manufactured for the occasion, and are ever sold to a ready, even greedy, market. Every one who can apply his taper to the holy flame is sure of a shining crown in the heavenly realms! Somewhat singular, however, it is, that the Divine Power should need just a little assistance from the worthy *Greek Patriarch*. *He* always *first* enters the tomb, and then the flame speedily issues forth! Bloody times are frequently included in the programme; and untold evils are the natural sequences of this most flagrant imposture. It was to witness the *holy fire* ceremony that our good friend

Montag, the valiant "Hussar," who figures in the Journal, remained in Jerusalem.

It seems that, at first, this humbugging ceremony was entered into and observed by *all* the sects or churches in Jerusalem. Owing, however, to a rupture between the Latins and Greeks, the former denounced the whole affair as a trickery, and exposed the gross imposition. Then followed the Armenians, who always regarded the affair as a base fraud. And even the heads of the Greek Church, who alone continue the observance of the ceremony, wish to cease with the annual exhibitions; but they fear "the shock which this step would give to the devotion and faith of the thousands, who yearly come, far and near, over land and sea, for this sole object."

I take from Porter the following graphic description of the ceremonies of the occasion. It is by the elegant writer, Mr. Stanley:—

"The Chapel of the Sepulchre rises from a dense mass of pilgrims, who sit or stand wedged around it; whilst round them, and between another equally dense mass, which goes round the walls of the church itself, a lane is formed by two lines, or rather two circles, of Turkish soldiers, stationed to keep order. For the spectacle which is about to take place, nothing can be better suited than the form of the rotunda, giving galleries above for the spectators. and an open space below for the pilgrims and their festival. For the first two hours everything is tranquil. Nothing indicates what is coming, except that two or three pilgrims, who have got close to the aperture, keep their hands fixed in it, with a clinch never relaxed. It

is about noon that this circular lane is suddenly broken through, by a tangled group rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that unless they run round the sepulchre a certain number of times, the fire will not come. Possibly, also, there is some strange reminiscence of the former games and races round the tomb of their ancient chief. Accordingly, the night before, and from this time forward, for two hours, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leap-frog, round and round the Holy Sepulchre. First he sees those tangled masses of twenty, thirty, fifty men, starting in a run, catching hold of each other, lifting one of themselves on their shoulders, sometimes on their heads, and rushing on with him till he leaps off, and some one else succeeds. Some of them dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked, one usually preceding the rest as a fugleman, clapping his hands, to which they respond in like manner, adding also wild howls, of which the chief burden is—'This is the tomb of Jesus Christ—God save the Sultan—Jesus Christ has redeemed us!' What begins in the lesser groups soon grows in magnitude and extent, till at last the whole of the circle between the troops is continually occupied by a race, a whirl or torrent of these wild figures, like the witches' sabbath in 'Faust,' wheeling round the sepulchre. Gradually the frenzy subsides, or is checked, the course is cleared, and out of the Greek Church, on the east of the rotunda, a long procession, with embroidered banners, supplying in

this ritual the want of images, begins to defile round the sepulchre.

“From this moment the excitement, which has been before confined to the runners and dancers, becomes universal. Hedged in by soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims still remain in their places, all joining, however, in a wild succession of yells, through which are caught, from time to time, strangely, almost affectingly mingled, the chants of the procession, the solemn chants of the church of Basil and Chrysostom, mingled with the yells of savages. Thrice the procession passes round; and the third time the two lines of Turkish soldiers join and fall in behind. One great movement sways the multitude from side to side. The crisis of the day is now approaching. The presence of the Turks is believed to prevent the descent of fire, and at this point it is that they are driven, or consent to be driven, out of the church. In a moment the confusion as of a battle and a victory pervades the church. In every direction the raging mob bursts in upon the troops, who pour out of the church at the south-east corner. The procession is broken through—the banners stagger and waver. They stagger, and waver, and fall, amidst the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers, hither and thither before the tremendous rush. In one small but compact band the Bishop of Petra (who is on this occasion the Bishop of ‘the Fire,’ the representative of the patriarch), is hurried into the chapel of the sepulchre, and the door is closed behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads. One vacant spot alone is left—a narrow lane from the

aperture on the north side of the chapel to the wall of the church. By the aperture itself stands a priest to catch the fire. On each side of the lane hundreds of bare arms are stretched out like the branches of a leafless forest—like the branches of a forest quivering in some violent tempest. . . . At last the moment comes. A bright flame, as of burning wood, appears inside the hole—the light, as every educated Greek knows and acknowledges, kindled by the bishop within—the light, as every pilgrim believes, of the descent of God Himself upon the holy tomb. Any distinct feature or incident is lost in the universal whirl of excitement which envelops the church, as slowly, gradually, the fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, through that vast multitude—till at last the whole edifice, from gallery to gallery, and through the area below, is one wide blaze of thousands of burning candles. It is now that, according to some accounts, the bishop or patriarch is carried out of the chapel in triumph, on the shoulders of the people, in a fainting state, 'to give the impression that he is overcome by the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence he is believed to come.' It is now that the great rush to escape from the rolling smoke and suffocating heat, and to carry the lighted tapers into the streets and houses of Jerusalem, through the one entrance to the church, leads at times to the violent pressure which, in 1834, cost the lives of hundreds. For a short time the pilgrims run to and fro, rubbing their faces and breasts against the fire, to attest its supposed harmlessness. But the wild enthusiasm terminates from the moment that

the fire is communicated; and, perhaps, not the least extraordinary part of the spectacle is the rapid and total subsidence of a frenzy so intense—the contrast of the furious agitation of the morning with the profound repose of the evening, when the church is once again filled—through the area of the Rotunda, the chapels of Copt and Syrian, the subterranean Church of Helena, the great nave of Constantine's basilica, the stairs and platform of Calvary itself, with the many chambers above—every part, except the one chapel of the Latin Church, filled and overlaid by one mass of pilgrims, wrapt in deep sleep, and waiting for the midnight service.

“Such is the Greek Easter—the greatest moral argument against the identity of the spot which it professes to honor—stripped indeed of some of its most revolting features, yet still, considering the place, the time, and the intention of the professed miracle, probably the most offensive imposture to be found in the world.”

The following by Curzon, taken from the same author, shows the dangers and riots sometimes attendant on the “Fire” exhibition:—

“The guards outside, frightened at the rush from within, thought that the Christians wished to attack them, and the confusion soon grew into a battle. The soldiers with their bayonets killed numbers of fainting wretches, and the walls were spattered with blood and brains of men who had been felled, like oxen, with the butt-ends of the soldiers' muskets. Every one struggled to defend himself, and, in the *mêlée*, all who fell were immediately trampled to death by the rest. So desperate and savage

did the fight become, that even the panic-struck and frightened pilgrims appeared at last to have been more intent upon the destruction of each other than desirous to save themselves. For my part, as soon as I had perceived the danger, I had cried out to my companions to turn back, which they had done; but I myself was carried on by the press, till I came near the door, where all were fighting for their lives. Here, seeing certain destruction before me, I made every endeavor to get back. An officer of the pacha's, equally alarmed with myself, was also trying to return; he caught hold of my cloak, and pulled me down on the body of an old man who was breathing out his last sigh. As the officer was pressing me to the ground, we wrestled together among the dying and the dead with the energy of despair. I struggled with this man till I pulled him down, and happily got again upon my legs (I afterwards found that *he* never rose again), and, scrambling over a pile of corpses, I made my way back into the body of the church. . . . The dead were lying in heaps, even upon the Stone of Uunction; and I saw full four hundred wretched people, dead and dying, heaped promiscuously one upon another, in some places five feet high."

To the Hospital of St. John I have referred sufficiently fully in my Journal; and I shall therefore now consider, as briefly as possible, the Temple of old, and the present Haram area.

The site of the ancient Jewish Temple is a matter of dispute: that it was situated on the very summit of Mount Moriah, where stands at this day, the noble edifice

—the Mosque of Omar—we have many reasons to believe. Yet it is pretty certain that the Temple area corresponded very accurately with the present Haram enclosure, with this exception—the Haram area is larger and is oblong, the Temple area being six hundred feet *square*.

The first building of the Temple, its successive destructions and rebuildings, and its final complete demolition, I have given before. It is useless in this place to refer to that portion again. I copy from a reliable author the following condensed history of the Temple from Josephus. The author from whom I copy gives it as nearly as possible in the language of Dr. Robinson:—

“The Temple was situated on a rocky eminence. Originally the level space on the summit scarcely sufficed for the sanctuary and the altar, the sides being everywhere steep and precipitous. But Solomon, who built the sanctuary, having completely walled up the eastern side of the hill, built a colonnade on the embankment. On the other three sides the sanctuary remained exposed. In process of time, however, as the people were constantly adding to the embankment, the hill became level and broader. They also threw down the northern wall, and enclosed as much ground as the circuit of the Temple subsequently occupied. After having surrounded the hill from the base with a triple wall, and accomplished a work which surpassed all expectation—a work on which long ages were consumed, and all their sacred treasures exhausted, though replenished by the tribute offered to

God from every region of the world—they built the upper boundary walls and the lower court of the Temple.

“The lowest part of the latter they built up from a depth of three hundred cubits, and in some places more. The entire depth of the foundations, however, was not discernible; for, with a view to level the streets of the town, they filled up the ravines to a considerable extent. There were stones used in this building which measured forty cubits; for so ample was the supply of money, and such the zeal of the people, that incredible success attended the undertaking; and that of which hope itself could not anticipate the accomplishment, was by time and perseverance completed.

“Nor was the superstructure unworthy of such foundations. The colonnades, double throughout, were supported by pillars twenty-five cubits high, each a single block of white marble. The ceilings were of panelled cedar. The colonnades (or cloisters) were thirty cubits wide, and their entire circuit, including Antonia, measured six stadia. The open court was covered with tessellated pavement. As you advanced through this to the second court, you came to a stone balustrade, drawn all round, three cubits high, and of exquisite workmanship. On this stood tablets at regular intervals, some in Greek, others in Latin, indicating that no foreigner was permitted to pass this boundary. Within the barrier you ascended by fourteen steps to a level terrace, ten cubits wide, encircling the wall of the inner court, and from this terrace five steps more led to the inner court, which was surrounded by a wall forty cubits high on the outside,

but only twenty-five within. The principal gate of the inner court was on the east; but there were also three on the north and three on the south, to which were afterwards added three others for women.

“Within the second court was the third or most sacred enclosure, which none but the priests might enter; consisting of the Temple itself, and the small court before it, where stood the great altar. To this there was an ascent from the second court by twelve steps. It was this Naos alone which was rebuilt by Herod; who also built over again some of the magnificent cloisters around the area. But no mention is made of his having had anything to do with the massive walls of the exterior enclosure. In the centre of the southern side of the outer court was a double gate, probably for the use of the Nethinims who dwelt in Ophel. On its western side were four gates; one opening on the bridge that connected the Temple with the Xystus and royal palace; two opening into the suburb, perhaps in the upper part of the Tyropæon; and one leading to a road which crossed a valley to Akra. There was no gate either on the east or north side.”

From this account, we see that the Temple area must have been what is the present Haram area—with the exception as taken above. What is singularly interesting to the antiquarian is the fact, that the walls which to this day surround the Haram are undoubtedly of a very great age. We have no reason to think that Herod improved them in the slightest or disturbed them at all. There are stones in these walls, which, from certain signs,

make us think that they were put where they now stand even in the days of Solomon.

In the circuit of the walls—the northern, southern, eastern, and western—there are several antiquities of which one might well take note: to several of them I have before referred, and shall simply glance at them now. The walls of the Haram—though irregular like the walls of the city, yet, like the latter, four sides fronting the cardinal points—can be easily determined. All four of the walls show, in the massive and peculiarly bevelled stones used in their erection, an age dating back far beyond the Christian; and these walls are evidently those of the Ancient Temple to the Most High, on Mount Moriah. Some of the stones, particularly in the west wall, are of enormous magnitude, some measuring thirty feet in length, twelve wide, and five thick. How they were arranged *in situ*, is a mystery to us. If I mistake not, the only stones superior to them in size are those amid the ruins of Ba'albeck, and those cannot surpass them much.

Commencing, then, at the west wall, and running its entire length, I shall only notice as its most interesting antique feature, besides the wall itself, *the ancient Bridge*. This bridge is no doubt a genuine relic of those by-gone days of times prior to the Christian Era; in fact, I believe there are none who cavil about its antiquity. The bridge, as it stood in all its beauty, was a massive structure, indeed, with its five noble arches; its whole length to Zion, whither it led, being three hundred and fifty feet. The stones which remain of it to this day, indicate that it was

a most magnificent and solid monument of art. All that remains of the bridge at this day, "are three corners of huge stones projecting from the wall (west), and forming a segment of an *arch*." This, then, is that bridge by which "dwellers on Zion were wont to pass over to the Holy Mount to worship God in His Sanctuary. Across it the kings and princes of Israel proceeded in state, to pay their vows to the Lord. And when the Temple was burned to the ground, and the sanctuary polluted by the 'abomination of desolations,' Titus took his stand probably over the very spot where these stones now spring from the ancient wall, to make a last appeal to the remnant of the Jews to save themselves from further carnage, by submission to Roman arms." It is, to say the least, a most interesting link to past times.

In the southern walls we find the same massive, beveled stones in several tiers, proving it of the same character and ancient date as the western. In this wall we find several arches, but of Roman architecture, and probably filling the places of ancient portals. But five hundred and fifty feet from the eastern corner, we come to what is really the most interesting feature in the whole Haram wall. It is not far from the junction of the city—with the Haram wall. This relic is the "section of an arch, somewhat resembling in style and ornament that of the Golden Gate. The remaining portion of the arch is covered by the city wall; but just under the part exposed is a small grated window, rather difficult of access, through which we get a dim view of *a long subterranean avenue, leading up an inclined plane and flight of steps to the Haram area.*

This is one of the most remarkable pieces of antiquity in the whole of this noble structure. It is neither an easy nor a pleasant task, however, thoroughly to examine it; for surly peasants without, and jealous black guards (*blackguards* we might safely call them) within the Haram, are apt to annoy, if not abuse, the explorer. Thanks, however, to the enterprising spirit and skilful pencil of Mr. Tipping, we are able to form an accurate idea of the avenue, and the gateway opening into it, without the trouble of actual inspection. It is now wholly covered, with the exception of the section referred to, on the east side, by the modern building in which the city wall here terminates. In this building are two chambers adjoining the Haram, one of which is accessible from within the city wall. Entering the latter, Mr. Tipping got to the inner one through a broken part of a partition wall (since built up); and from it he found an opening through the ancient gateway, to the long subterranean passage. This ancient gateway is double, and its total breadth is forty-two feet. It is divided by a rectangular pier, eight feet broad and fourteen deep, having a semi-column on the inner end. This central pier, and the whole eastern and western jambs, are built of bevelled stones, of great size, highly finished, and manifestly of the oldest type. The ornamental arches are *stuck on*; and the small columns which now stand on each side of the double entrance, are of modern date, having no connection with the ancient work. Within the gate is a kind of entrance-hall, sixty-three feet long by forty-two wide; in the centre of which is a huge dwarf-column,

twenty-one feet high and six and a half in diameter—a single stone including the capital. The capital is peculiar, bearing traces of a perpendicular palm-leaf ornament, which, Mr. Ferguson says, is at least as old as the time of Herod. The roof is vaulted, of fine workmanship; the flattish arches springing from the central monolith and piers, and from pilasters at the sides. Its date cannot be ascertained, but it is probably of the time of Herod. Mr. Tipping's description of the interior is most important. 'The broad division between the arches consists of bevelled stones of cyclopean dimensions. The sides of the long passage (north of the hall) are also built of huge, roughly bevelled stones; but the walls of the hall are, *apparently*, plain and Roman, though of great size. This seeming anomaly perplexed me for a long time; but at length, and while examining these side walls closely, I ascertained, from visible traces, that it (they) *had been bevelled!* but that, in order to construct side pilasters corresponding with the central pillar, and bearing the two arches springing from it, *the bevelling had been chiselled away*; thus affording a slight relief to the pilaster.' Some of the stones in these walls are thirteen feet long.

“At the northern end of this hall there is a rise in the floor of several feet, up the western section of which is a flight of steps. From hence the vaulted passage continues, with a gentle ascent, two hundred feet; a range of square ancient piers supporting the roof. From the upper extremity of the eastern aisle, as we may call it, a broad staircase leads up to the Haram area, opening about thirty feet in front of the Mosk-el-Aksa. The pier at the

upper end of the hall has a semi-column on each end; and next to it, northward, instead of a pier, is a monolithic column.

“Josephus states, as we have seen, that the southern side of the Temple area ‘had gates about the middle’ (*πύλας κατὰ μέσον*). The easy and natural explanation of which language is, that there was a double gateway in the southern wall; and accordingly the double gateway still exists, affording proof no less of the accuracy of the historian, than of the identity of this section of the Haram with the ancient Temple area. The peculiarities too in the architecture, and the many changes which have been made in it, seem to lead us back to ages long prior to the days of Josephus or Herod, perhaps to the time of Solomon himself, of whose buildings it is said in Scripture that they were ‘of costly stones, according to the measures of hewed stones, sawed with saws, within and without, even from the foundation unto the coping. *And the foundation was of costly stones, even great stones; stones of ten cubits and stones of eight cubits*’ (1 Kings vii. 9, 10).

“With the west side of this noble gateway which is enclosed in a vaulted chamber of Saracenic work, the bevelled masonry ceases; and up to the south-west corner we have a lofty wall of uniform and excellent workmanship, apparently all of the later Roman age. At the corner we again meet with colossal stones, bevelled edges and smooth-hewn faces. The ground descends rapidly from the junction of the city wall to this place, and thus reveals lower courses of masonry which are carried round the angle like those on the south-east.”

In the eastern wall to the Haram the most remarkable feature is the celebrated Golden Gate, to which I have referred so fully in another place, that I consider it useless to speak of it again.

In the northern side there is another most interesting reminiscence of times long ago. It is situated between the pacha's residence and the east end of the wall. It is "one of the most remarkable excavations in the city, and one, too, of great importance in a topographical point of view. It is a vast fosse or tank, three hundred and sixty feet long, one hundred and thirty broad, and seventy-five deep. It was doubtless much deeper, for the bottom is encumbered by the accumulated rubbish of centuries. That it was at one time used as a reservoir is evident from the fact that the sides have been covered with small stones and a thick coating of cement. It stretches along the side of the Haram wall eastward to within a few feet of the city wall south of St. Stephen's Gate. The western end is built up and coated like the rest except at the south-west corner, where are the openings of two high-arched vaults, which extend westward side by side under the modern houses. The southern one is twelve feet wide and the other nineteen. They are both nearly filled up with rubbish, a heap of which lies in the fosse before them; yet Dr. Robinson was able to measure to the distance of 100 feet within the northern one, and it appeared to extend much farther. This gives the whole excavation as far as explored a length of four hundred and sixty feet, nearly one-half of the entire breadth of the Haram. The remarks of Dr. Robinson on this great work I agree

with: 'I hold it probable that this excavation was anciently carried quite through the ridge of Bezetha along the northern side of Antonia to its north-west corner; thus forming the deep trench which (Josephus informs us) separated the fortress from the adjacent hill. This (western) part was naturally filled up by the Romans under Titus, when they destroyed Antonia, and built up their approaches in this quarter against the Temple.'

"The approach to this great fosse is from St. Stephen's Gate. A narrow path leads along its eastern end, close to the city wall, to a portal opening on the Haram called *Bâb es-Subât*, 'the Gate of the Tribes.' The monks call the fosse *Bethesda*, and also the Sheep Pool; thus making it the site of the interesting story related in John v. 2-9: 'Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market (or gate, Neh. iii. 1), a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches.' The two arches in the western end they identify with two of the 'five porches.' There is not a shadow of evidence, however, for this tradition."

CHAPTER XIX.

HAVING thus spoken of the relics of antiquity in the course of the four walls, I would mention that the three objects most deserving attention inside the Haram area are the celebrated Kubbet-es-Sukhrah or Mosque of Omar, Mosque el-Aksa, and the site of the Fortress of Antonia, to all of which, save the latter, repeated reference has been made; and as so many arguments, *pro* and *con*, have been advanced concerning the identity of the last, there exists too much confusion for me to say anything more on a subject of which I know comparatively nothing. My opinion is embodied in these few words: I believe the *Fortress of Antonia, of which Josephus speaks, occupied a section of the northern wall.*

There is much that could be said of the different tombs of note, sacred and historic, which cluster everywhere in the valleys, and on the hillsides of the Holy City, which would be interesting, I think, to traveller, theologian, and general reader. The space of this volume forbids anything like an extended notice of this subject. Having referred rather minutely in my Journal, to the Pillar of Absalom, Tombs of Zechariah, St. James, and Jehoshaphat, I pass them by without a notice, and shall consider briefly others of as much interest, to which,

from the crowded state of my Journal, I have made no reference.

The most interesting, in many points of view, of these tombs, is that of David: we know from Scripture, that David and his house (not literally speaking) were buried in Zion. The French explorer, M. de Sauley, thinks this a mistake—the Book of Books notwithstanding. As Porter very curtly says, however, “most persons will prefer the testimony of Scripture to the theory of a Frenchman.” At the time of the writing of the Acts of the Apostles, we have full and decided evidence of the preservation of David’s Tomb. Peter says (Acts ii. 29), “He is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day.” The sepulchre of King David is mentioned several times at later periods, and some singular, if not amusing stories are told in connection with it. The following is by one Benjamin, of Tudela. It is very *extravagant*, to bestow on it the very mildest criticism. “On Mount Zion are the sepulchres of the house of David, and those of the kings who reigned after him. In consequence of the following circumstance, this place is hardly to be recognised. Fifteen years ago, one of the walls of the church on Zion (the Cœnaculum), fell down, and the patriarch commanded the priest to repair it. He ordered stones to be taken from the original wall of Zion for that purpose, and twenty workmen were hired at stated wages, who brokè stones taken from the very foundation of the wall of Zion. Two laborers thus employed, found a stone which covered the mouth of a cave. This they entered in search of treasures, and proceeded until

they reached a large hall, supported by pillars of marble, encrusted with gold and silver, and before which stood a table, with a golden sceptre and crown. This was the sepulchre of David; to the left they saw that of Solomon in a similar state; and so on, the sepulchres of the other kings buried there. They saw chests locked up, and were on the point of entering, when a blast of wind, like a storm, issued from the mouth of the cave with such force, that it threw them lifeless on the ground. They lay there until evening, when they heard a voice commanding them to go forth from the place. They immediately rushed out and communicated the strange tale to the patriarch, who summoned a learned rabbi, and heard from him, that this was, indeed, the tomb of the great king of Israel. The patriarch ordered the tomb to be walled up, so as to hide it effectually."

Besides this place (the *Cœnaculum*, to which I will refer directly) being the resting-spot of David, beneath it slumber the remains of Solomon, and of others of David's princely line. The dust of these monarchs of Israel is covered over by the spacious church of the Cœnaculum, so-called, because it is generally supposed that here, or near this place, the Last Supper was solemnized. The church itself is pretty old, and may date back to the fourth or fifth century. It stands on the southern brow of Zion, and occupies a commanding position. When it was first known as a church, the cluster of traditions around it was small, but as time wore on, and as the taste for the marvellous increased, other interesting events were enacted years ago in a locality, now enclosed by the walls of this

small church. It was first celebrated or recognised as sacred, because it stood over the Tomb of David. I will now enumerate some of the additions in legends, made at a later date to the holy sights already discovered. One writer says, he saw on Zion, "a church which included the site of our Lord's supper; the place where the Holy Ghost descended on the Apostles; the marble columns to which our Lord was bound when he was scourged; the spot where the Virgin Mary died; and the place of the martyrdom of St. Stephen." Again, "Here the Apostles were congregated, with closed doors, when Jesus stood in the midst of them and said, 'Peace be unto you;' and He again appeared there when he rebuked the doubting Thomas. There he supped with his disciples before the passover, and washed their feet; and the marble is still preserved there on which He supped. There the relics of St. Stephen, Nicodemus, Gamaliel, and Abido were honorably deposited by St. John, the Patriarch, after they were found." The sanctity of holy places is thus for ever destroyed by this morbid tendency, to crowd interesting localities into too small a compass. On visiting the church, they will lead you to a grated door, and point out to you the tomb—the *genuine* tomb is hid beneath this one. But you can go no farther than this grated partition. A decided exploration would reveal much. In regard to all this, it may be stated in a sincerity, and on highest authority, whether or not the Cœnaculum cover the tomb of the great David, this thing is certain, the burial place of the Shepherd King cannot be many feet distant.

Near this Cœnaculum—I might as well refer to it here, as long as I am on Zion—is a house surrounded by a high wall—it is the so-called Palace of the high priest, Caiaphas. This also is referred to by writers as far back as the fourth century. It has, of course, its particular group of legends. “The curious will here be shown, under the altar of the church, the very stone that once closed our Lord’s sepulchre, (which, we have already seen, the Armenians are accused of having obtained in no very honest way.) Here, too, is exhibited the prison in which Christ was confined—there is another in the Church of the Sepulchre; the precise spot where Peter stood when he denied his master; and even the stone on which the cock was roosting when he crew! The building is now a convent, and it forms the cemetery of the Armenian patriarchs. About one hundred yards east of the convent is a cave in the hill-side, where Peter is said to have hid himself after he had denied his master.”

The Tombs of the Prophets—why so called I cannot determine, or what prophets’ tombs they profess to be, is more than I know—stand on the Mount of Olives, in a south-east direction from the Tomb of Jehoshaphat in Kidron, to which I have referred. In order to visit them, it is best to take a guide, who, for a trifle, will show the tombs and the entire plan of the excavation. They differ in mode of construction, from the other tombs around Jerusalem. No inscription, nor anything connected with these, aid us in determining to what age, or to whose memory, were the monuments erected; and, until some more enterprising and *ingenious* traveller shall unravel

their history, we must remain content with knowing definitely, what we already do concerning the Tombs of the Prophets—*nothing*.

About two hundred yards south-east of an old ruin, on the great northern road leading from the Damascus Gate, are the Tombs of the Kings, or, sometimes called, Tombs of Helena. This is a remarkable excavation, and remarkable in its preservation. Some of the finest work of antiquity is here hid in this rock-cave beneath the ground. The following is an account descriptive of the Tombs, including an account of an extraordinary door there found. The description will be read with interest and with confidence, as it comes from a most reliable source.

“On reaching the spot, we find a broad trench, hewn in the solid rock, which here forms the level surface of the ground. The western end slopes gradually to the bottom, some eighteen feet deep. On descending, we observe, on the left, a very low arched doorway, opening through a wall of rock seven feet thick, into an excavated court, ninety-two feet long by eighty-seven wide. Its depth is now only about eighteen feet; but the bottom is evidently encumbered with an accumulation of rubbish. The walls all round are of the native rock, hewn smooth. On the western side is a vestibule or porch, thirty-nine feet wide, seventeen deep, and fifteen high, also hewn in the rock; the open front was originally twenty-seven feet wide, but the sides are now much broken. It was supported by two columns in the middle, and apparently a semi-column at each side; but these are now entirely

gone, with the exception of a fragment of one of the capitals which depends from the architrave. Along the front, extend a deep frieze and cornice; the former richly ornamented with clusters of grapes, triglyphs, and pateræ, alternating over a continuous garland of fruit and foliage, which was carried down the sides. Unfortunately, this beautiful façade is almost wholly obliterated, partly by the tooth of time, but chiefly by the hand of man. It has suffered much, even within the last few years.

“At the southern side of the vestibule is the entrance to the tomb. The door, with its accessories, is one of the most remarkable and ingenious pieces of mechanism which has been handed down to us from antiquity. It deserves attention for its own sake, and also as affording strong corroborative evidence of the identity of the monument. The opening is very small, and considerably below the floor of the vestibule; the rock around it, too, has been broken and destroyed, but enough remains to show its plan. Originally, the door could only be approached by a straight subterranean corridor, ten feet long, the entrance to which was by a trap-door, closely covered with a flag. The landing-place below this trap-door was on the very brink of a well or pit, which could only be avoided by great caution. Passing this, and crawling along the low corridor, the door was found to be covered with a heavy circular slab of stone, running in a groove inclining upwards to the left, and could thus only be moved from its place by means of a lever pressing from right to left. This would have been a simple process, had the whole slab and groove been exposed; but they

were so carefully concealed by the sides of the corridor, that they seemed a piece of the solid rock; and there was, besides, on the left, in a little passage, another slab, sliding in another groove at right angles to the former, which, being shot in, served as a bolt, and made the door immovable. These complicated arrangements, combined with the strength of the materials, rendered the entrance impracticable, except to the initiated. And there was, in addition, an inner door, invented to serve as a trap to the unwary robber. It was a massive slab of stone, fitting exactly into the deeply recessed opening, and so hung upon pivots, above and below, that it yielded to pressure from without, but immediately fell back into its place, on the pressure being removed. Should any one be so unfortunate as to enter, and leave the door for an instant, his fate was sealed; for it fitted so closely into the deep recess, that he had no possible means of pulling it open again. The roof of the corridor is now broken away, and the corridor itself, as well as the pit at its original entrance, nearly filled up with rubbish; but a careful examination, and a little excavation, lay bare the whole puzzle."

Much dispute has arisen concerning these tombs—by whom erected, what their age, and whose ashes they once held or now hold. Mr. Ferguson, judging solely from their architecture—and he is a good judge in such matters—places them at a date later than Herod's; at what we might say, comparatively speaking, a quite modern date. M. de Sauley, the enthusiastic French explorer, says most confidently that here was buried King David;

and moreover he affirms that he identifies each of the sarcophagi, and finishes by saying that he himself took away the lid of the rock coffin which was assigned to David, or rather to which the Shepherd King was *consigned*. Mr. Ferguson says of this, quite pertly and aptly, that the *Sarcophagus of David* of M. de Sauley “*is certainly more modern than the time of Constantine.*” They are thought by Dr. Schultz to be the royal tombs to which reference has been made in speaking of the ancient wall of Bezetha. Dr. Robinson, whose opinions generally are entitled to the fullest credence, believed, “taking history and ancient topographical notices as his guides,” that this excavation is, what it was no doubt anciently called, the Tomb of Helena and of her family. Mr. Williams thinks their magnificence and splendid workmanship well accord with Herod’s notions of grandeur, and warrant him in styling them the “Monuments of Herod.” Dr. Porter, from whom I have often and largely quoted, agrees, as he generally does in matters of dispute, with Dr. Robinson. Upon reading the testimony of each in favor of his particular theory—and I have studied hard an epitomized abstract from their different works—I believe wholly with Dr. Robinson and Dr. Porter. Without going into any detail, as that were impossible just now, I will simply state that mention was made of this tomb and called that of Helena by Josephus THREE TIMES, several times by Eusebius, Jerome, and particularly in the 2d century by Pausanias, the Greek. He speaks of *a tomb* of Helena, in which he gives an exaggerated account of the *remarkable door* to which reference has been made above. He

says of this, "that it was of the same rock, and was so contrived that when the returning year brought round a particular day and hour, it then opened by means of mechanism alone, and after a short time closed again; had one tried to open it at another time, he must have first broken it with violence." The account is, of course, exaggerated and tinged just slightly with the marvellous, yet it smacks enough of truthfulness to warrant us in believing the door to which Pausanias referred to be identical with the door as seen now in the Tombs of the Kings, or the Tomb of Helena, as I think more properly called.

The Tombs of the Judges, which are situated a little further up the Valley of Jehoshaphat, deserve a passing notice. In structure and arrangement they are similar to those already mentioned, and require no particular description. Why they were called Tombs of the Judges, we are not yet informed. Some say because the old Hebrew Judges were here interred; this, to say the least, is improbable. Porter thinks "more probably" (and more properly too) "that the name had reference to the Judges of the Sanhedrim; and was applied in consequence of the fancied correspondence of the number of niches with the number of members composing that tribunal."

There are several other ancient sites in and around Jerusalem, but those to which I have referred are situated without the wall; the *Tomb of Herod*, the *Fuller's Field*, the *Camp of Titus*, and the *Grotto of Jeremiah*. Herod's Tomb, or monument, is mentioned two or three times by Josephus. From what that Jewish writer says concern-

ing it, Dr. Schultz concludes that some extensive remains of large stones and of general débris south of the present Birket el-Mamilla, "covering a few sepulchral caves hewn in rock," are all that there is to-day of Herod's monument.

Near this same pool was the "Fuller's Field." The fullers were "cleansers of woollen garments." Here perhaps they washed their garments, as this was convenient to water; and here perhaps, being a "field," and of course a large open space, they dried them in the sun. The Fuller's Field is mentioned twice in the Scriptures, and that in the Old Testament—once in Isaiah, and once in 2 Kings.

Concerning the Camp of Titus there has been some dispute. It is safer to believe it (and more in accordance with truth), to be near the knoll or swell of ground west of the Damascus Gate.

The Grotto of Jeremiah is nearly opposite the Camp of Titus; that is, it is north-east of the Damascus Gate. There are two large vaults included in the cave, which we reach by a couple of pair of stairs. Whether or not, in reality, the Grotto derives its name from Jeremiah the prophet, I have no means of knowing. Of everything else, so of this, a very great doubt can be expressed as regards truth in the premises.

Of the pools and fountains I have spoken sufficiently in my Journal, so I will pass them by; but indeed I would hardly be excusable, and many would think that I had never been to Jerusalem indeed, if I forbore to mention a certain street or *way*—street is too dignified a

title—on which are clustered *holy places*, I had said without number, but I will say without foundation for belief. I refer to the famous Via Dolorosa—the *mournful way*. Without speaking irreverently, and far indeed from meaning anything of the sort, I would say it is indeed a mournful way, if throughout its course we present the moving spectacle of gulping fools, listening to the nonsense which is here poured into our ears. This one fact, however, is sufficient to cause us to view the solemn way with melancholy and subdued feelings at heart; far more than probable it was along this sad street that Jesus Christ walked to the hill on which He was crucified.

Here, on the left, are two old arches in the wall, now built up, where the *Scala-Santa*, or staircase leading to the Judgment Hall, stood until removed by Constantine to the basilica of St. John Lateran. On the opposite side of the street is the *Church of the Flagellation*, so called from the tradition that on its site Christ was scourged. Others call it the ‘Church of the Crowning with Thorns,’ and both names are probably equally applicable. A few paces westward the street is spanned by the *Ecce Homo Arch*, which a lively imagination might date back to the Roman age. Here Pilate is said to have brought forth our Lord and presented him to the people, saying, ‘Behold the man!’ We now descend an easy slope and turn sharply to the left, into the street coming from the Damascus Gate; passing on our way the spot where the Saviour, fainting under the cross, leaned against the wall of a house, and left on it the impression of his shoulder; and then the spot where, meeting the Virgin,

he said, *Salve Mater!* In the bottom of the valley is pointed out the *House of Dives*, and a stone in front of it on which Lazarus sat. Turning another sharp corner to the right, and ascending the hill, we have, on the left, the place of Christ's second fall under the cross; and then the *House of St. Veronica*, from which that illustrious woman came forth and presented the Saviour with a handkerchief to wipe his bleeding brows. The ascent from hence to the Church of the Sepulchre is considerable, and the street has a strange picturesque aspect. The pavement is rugged, the walls on each side prison-like, pierced here and there with low door and grated window; while a succession of archways shroud portions of it in gloom, even when the intervals are lighted up by the bright sun of noonday. A more appropriate name could scarcely be invented, for this section at least, than the *Via Dolorosa*. Here, too, are other *stations*, including the spot marked by the fragment of a column, where the soldiers compelled Simon to carry the cross; and the place where Christ said to the women who followed him weeping, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me.' Some will call these stations absurdities, others may give them even a worse name; but such as desire to see the simple faith with which they are believed and revered by Latin pilgrims—men of education and enlightenment—need only consult the work of the Abbé Geramb.

“Just at the western termination of the *Via Dolorosa*, tradition places the *Porta Judiciaria*, the site of which is supposed to be marked by a single upright shaft at the angle of the street and the bazaar. I know not on what

ground, historical or architectural, this column can be connected with a gate at all; the *tradition*, however, has probably equal claims to credit with the others along the street."

A notice of Jerusalem, such as I have attempted to give in these few pages, would not be complete, if I omitted to refer, briefly though it may be, to the convents belonging to the different sects of the city. This I must necessarily do in a manner very brief—in fact, I can scarcely do more than refer to those which are the chief in Jerusalem.

There are a good many buildings, rather, I should say, societies of this nature, but there are only three edifices which deserve especial notice: the Latin, the Greek, and the Armenian. The latter is the largest, and by far the most elegant in the city. I have referred to it in the pages of my Journal, and, consequently, have but little to say about it in this place. The convent is situated near the south-western brow of Zion, not far from the barracks. To it is attached the largest (among other things) garden in Jerusalem. The convent is erected on the traditional site of the martyrdom of St. James—rather, the church belonging to the convent is built on the said site. The convent was founded as early as the eleventh century. There is a theological seminary and a printing press connected with the building.

The Greek Convent stands west of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and near the street of the Christians. It is an uninviting, dull-looking building, and offends rather than attracts the eye. The Greek Patriarch, he who

practises the deceit of the *holy fire* in the chapel of the sepulchre, has this gloomy-looking pile for his residence. He is not, and should not, be envied. This convent can boast the best selected library in Jerusalem. Among its collections are some very ancient manuscripts; one among which is especially precious. It is a "copy of the Book of Job, in folio, written in large letters, surrounded with scholia in a smaller hand, and almost every page contains one or more miniatures of Job and his friends; its date is about the twelfth century."

The Latin Convent of the Saviour, the San Salvador of the Italians, and St. Sauveur of the French, stands near the north-western angle of the city. It, like the Armenian Convent, was founded and occupied originally by the Georgians, once the most powerful religious sect in Syria. Connected (*not materially*) with this convent is the Casa Nuova, near the Jaffa Gate, where lodgment and food can be obtained by those of all creeds and nations; but, in return, you are expected to pay prices rating higher than those of the best hotels.

Besides the three convents just noticed, there are two more, to which I will simply refer: the Convent of St. Mark and the Convent of the Cross. The first is a Syrian convent, situated in an obscure part of the town; it has very few members, and is interesting to Christians simply as being the house of the Evangelist St. Mark.

The Convent of the Cross formerly belonged to the Georgians, and was founded at a very early date. It has recently been fitted up by the Greeks, who purchased it; and it now boasts a college, or has itself been converted

into a college. It gets its name from the fact that the tree from which the cross was obtained grew on this spot. It stands in a desolate-looking, rocky valley, about three-quarters of a mile west of the city.

And now I have finished this hasty, though somewhat extended examination of what is to be seen by the tourist of ancient and modern times, worthy of interest in and about the City of the Foundation of Peace. That I have executed it imperfectly, I know. I could scarcely have hoped, or expected otherwise, writing, as I have done, surrounded by no means of consulting authorities, and depending solely on the memory of what I have read, and on the recollections of my visit to the places themselves. I hope sincerely, however, that the reader or traveller has been somewhat instructed and pleased with my labor. If such is the case, then "so well and so good"—*au contraire*—why, simply, I cannot help it, and have only to say, I crave the indulgence of the public, and advance, as others often do, the plea, *human fallibility*—*human frailty*.

CHAPTER XX.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Ramleh, Plain of Sharon. }

Tuesday, March 15th, 1859. }

TO-DAY was the last on which I beheld the old, dull walls of the Holy City. Long, indeed, I lingered behind to catch the last glimpse of the huge shadows of the Tower of Hippicus, as the rays of the early risen sun fell upon it and gilded it from top to bottom; and now Jerusalem, the spot where of late I have spent such sweet and hallowed moments,—where I have, as it were, communed with kings of yore, and looked upon the mighty working of man's hand in an antichristian age,—is many miles behind me, and the link of magic association is dispelled forever. Yet so it must be, and so let it be. I can but heave a sigh, however, as I think when I awake in the morning, my eyes will no longer rest on the green slopes of Mt. Olivet.

Quite early this morning we arose, in spite of having retired at a late hour last night. It was necessary, and we bowed, or rather—*got up and dressed*, at the bidding of necessity. We descended gloomily into the narrow court of the Prussian Hospice; our baggage was all ready, our

weapons in good order, and we simply awaited a hasty breakfast before saying good-bye to all, and commencing our homeward march toward the sunset. Silently and slowly we ate the meal spread before us; it was our last with good Mr. Theil. Long shall I remember him and his many kindnesses to our party. The meal was finished, we mounted our steeds, said good-bye hastily, and in a few moments had reached the Jaffa Gate. Here we were compelled to remain a few minutes for Mr. S—tt, who had gone back after a trifling article. Our patience was not exhausted, however, for soon our good friend appeared. Shaking Mr. Theil finally by the hand—he had accompanied us thither—we started once more, and soon on turning the high cliffs to the west, the Holy City sank *eternally*, I imagine, on my eyes. And then we were fairly embarked on our long, dull, tedious ride. *Ah! it was truly tedious to us.* Up and down, down and up, it seemed even worse than when we came. And the day was so warm, too. This, together with the melancholy musings occasioned by our departure from El-Khuds, threw me into a real fit of blues, from which I have not, as yet, wholly recovered.

About ten miles from Jerusalem we came up with Dr. Barclay, Miss —, of Virginia, far away, and Miss Dickson, a resident English lady (missionary), in Jerusalem. They were resting at Kirjath-jearim, to which I have before referred. We partook of a snack with them, and then were prepared to march. Miss —, of Virginia, is under Mr. S—tt's charge back to the United States. Miss Dickson is on her way to Jaffa, to meet some English

friends, whom she expects by the last steamer just in. And here at Kirjath-jearim I had my feelings as sorely tried as ever before in my life. It was here we parted with the noble "old Hussar," the companion of our earlier undeveloped hours and days of this expedition, which is now piecemeal drawing to a close—with good John Montag! It was a sore moment to me and to all our party, especially S.; and it was a trying ordeal to good John's manhood. He could not keep back the fountains which gushed at nature's bidding; he wept like a child, as one by one he embraced our party. I was the last. He threw his arms around my neck, gave me one hearty embrace, and with his voice half drowned in heartfelt emotion, he murmured something, all of which that I could understand was, "Gott in Himmel!" And so we parted. Ever green, Meinherr, shall thy memory be on the fig tree of my remembrance; ever fresh shall it be in the halls of recollection. The good old fellow lingers in Jerusalem to spend the week of Easter. God bless him forever! How well I remember his introduction to me in the Museum, at Naples! But he is gone, and I shall never see him again this side of the Bar of Eternal Judgment.

Once again we started off, my sadness increased much by the departure of good Meinherr. I looked back more than once, until his form, with Dr. Barclay's, had faded from view. After a most fatiguing ride, and after divers adventures, some laughable, some serious, we again reached this little place late in the night. We had much difficulty in getting in the convent, as we had ladies in

the party. Ladies are often the cause of—but we will not finish that naughty sentence, for some fair lady may at one day see these hastily scribbled pages, and then! Thanks to Esslinger, however, his fluent Italian and his valuable tongue, we have passed the large gates, and are all snugly quartered once more in the Latin Convent in Ramleh. Esslinger is furiously mad with the new Mouk-âry (we could not get Hassan), and swears d—l a bit of bakhshish! How many things have transpired since last I stood within the four narrow walls of this chamber, yet how well I remember the day we reached here, on our way to Jerusalem, and how well do I remember S.'s particular adventure!—but on that, let the silence of ages sleep.

Steamer Hydaspes, Mediterranean Sea. }
Wednesday, March 16th, 1859. }

At an early this morning we arose. Having partaken of a scanty breakfast, even more scanty than when we were going to Jerusalem, and withal being urged rather openly by the good padres to vacate the premises—to *vamosé the RANCHE*, most literally speaking, we left the convent gate precisely at seven o'clock, thoroughly disgusted with convent, edibles, and Christian hospitalities. As a hostelry, where "good provender" can be obtained for the inner man, what a contrast this convent presented to one of our southern darkey cabins in America. But that is a sore subject. The thoughts of *ash-cakes* and *fried meat* come rushing over my brain too overwhelmingly as I allow my mind to wander so far, and at the recollections awakened, my mouth waters too much for com-

fort. Strange as it may seem, the ladies arose early, and were ready to depart when we made our appearance.

We had a most delightful ride to Jaffa, and much fun along the road, as barren as it was. Mr. S—tt and myself gathered many small and beautiful flowers blooming on the outspread carpet of the Plain of Sharon. How natural and *home-like* things looked in Jaffa as we wound along the dusty avenues lined with giant cactus plants, and entered the city. We were met some distance from the gate by Blattner's Jew boys. We went to the seaside to obtain tickets for the steamer, and there—oh! glorious sight!—there lay the noble craft swaying quietly to and fro on the light swell. We were now confident of getting on board; so, having purchased tickets for Beirût, we returned to Blattner's and partook of a fine breakfast. Having taken a farewell stroll around Jaffa, seen again the reputed site of the House of the Tanner Simon, &c., we left the hotel, never to see its fat proprietor again, I imagine, and repaired to the place of embarkation. Here we had more trouble about our baggage and the confounded custom-house duties, than we did in coming. No doubt the rascals remembered us, and remembered, too, the large *bakhshish* they obtained from us! This time, however, we did not escape; they *would* have it; they had us in their power, unless we resorted to violence, and even then we were in their power. So we paid down the *bakhshish*, and a heavy one, for the steamer was waiting for us, which the captain would not do long, for the tide was setting out, and that waits for nobody. We finally reached the steamer, and as my foot fell on the deck of

the Hydaspes, I enjoyed the first really unrestrained and free inspiration I breathed since I left the side of the Méandre in this same roadstead. I felt like a new man; and the captain and officers of the ship, despite their palaver and gold lace, at least *looked* like specimens and representatives of civilization. And now we are once again on the deep, Jaffa lies many miles astern, the sea is smooth, the wind is fair, the Hydaspes is fleet, and the clear twinkling stars shining yonder over the dusky height of Mount Carmel on the coast, reveal to us the rippling foam scudding by us, and tell us that we are swiftly ploughing the main toward our haven.

Ship Borysthène—At Sea. }
Thursday March 17th, 1859. }

We had a most delightful run throughout last night, until we reached, about daybreak, the beautiful city of Beirût. We had a fine view of the dark outline of Mount Carmel, with which is connected so much interest. As the ship sailed smoothly on, and while my eyes devoured the dark object away to the leeward, which I knew to be Mount Carmel, how pleasantly did I remember all I ever had heard of Carmel, and ruminated with a joyous thrill over the chequered fortunes of the noble convent which now graces the summit of the mountain. The cliff was made sacred from the fact that on it Elijah offered up his sacrifice. The mighty and magnificent convent which now rears its massive pile amid the solemn grandeur of this rocky waste is called, after the prophet, Mâr Elias. The history of the convent may be briefly summed up thus:—

There has stood in this spot a convent for many, many years, but it was destroyed by the soldiers under Titus. The general took the convent after a lengthy siege. After the Crusades it was taken and destroyed by the Saracens. Still later, Napoleon, during the siege of Akka, destroyed it; or rather he used (or abused) it as an hospital; and after he left it, the Turks plundered it. Still later, in 1821, the entire building was blown up by the orders of Abdallah, Pacha of Akka. From these successive ruins and disasters the present majestic convent arose, and by the ever-to-be-remembered effort of *one man*—a poor lay member, by name *Jean Baptiste*. His name will ever be connected with the huge pile which his indefatigable industry erected; and with the mention of the convent his name shall ever be honored. He begged through Europe, Asia, and Africa for fourteen long years, and finally obtained his aims.

The traveller will be more than pleased with a visit to this convent, as there are many points of attraction, besides *good beds, good cuisine, and a whole-souled, hearty welcome*. It is stated by some that the convent was completed in 1826; more properly I think it should be 1835.

I lingered long on deck, watching the far-off spot fading away in the dimness of distance and the gloom of night, and when it was finally shut from my view I could but heave a sigh of regret.

My slumbers through the night were rather restive, owing to a bad finger. When I awoke this morning, I found that the good Hydaspé lay motionless upon the water, and the endless clank of machinery thundered no

more. On casting a glance through my small circular window, there lay Beirût, bathed in floods of early morning sunshine. I was soon on deck, and as the sky fortunately was cloudless, I obtained a fine view of the peerless Lebanon. My party were already on deck, gazing, in rapt admiration and holy awe, at the uprising cliffs and snow-covered crags which glared from the Libân, down upon us. The mountain appeared about half a mile distant. It was in reality twenty times that distance. What a multitude of associations rushed over us as we gazed at Lebanon—and we longed to catch a glimpse of the far-famed “cedars;” but they were far over on the other side, and our gaze could not reach them.

Beirût is the ancient Berytus, and is what might be justly termed, on account of all qualities that make a city, the Capital of Syria. It has sometimes been styled, on account of its really excellent cafés, promenades, and general gaiety, the Syrian Paris. I am told, though I had not the opportunity to judge from experience, that there are pleasure-grounds and drives around Beirût, which rival, in a measure, as far as pleasure is concerned, the Bois de Boulogne, or Hyde Park. This state of progress and activity is due to foreign influence, particularly English and American. Beirût has grown to its present state in about thirty years. It now numbers nearly fifty thousand inhabitants, and is constantly increasing. It boasts several fine public buildings, a library, printing-office, steam-factories, &c. Beirût is the grand trysting-ground often for the rival sects, the Maronites and Druzes, who occupy the Lebanon range overhanging the city, we might say.

During the winter season, many splendid balls are given by the foreign population, at which all the notable Turks, —the pacha, his officers, &c., are invited. It does not appear, however, from the following account, which I by chance found in a very interesting book of travels, on the coast, that the gay proceedings, particularly the dancing of the foreign ladies, please the grave Turk, or agree with his notions of propriety. I wonder what they would say, could they visit our Saratoga, our Virginia Springs, or attend a *hop* at Old Point or Newport. “At the end of a room, perched on a divan of state, is the pacha and some of the more distinguished Turks. They smoke and talk and applaud, alternately—looking upon the whole affair as a boy would at a puppet-show, thinking that the ladies and their partners are capering about for their especial benefit and amusement. If there is anything that annoys them, it is the character of the music, which is not half sedate enough, nor sufficiently lugubrious or out of tune, to suit their taste. When the waltz or quadrille, or whatever it may be, is over, and the partners promenade in couples around the room, these gray-bearded children criticise the ladies, and are heard to exclaim *Mushalla!* (God be praised!), if any particular belle appear to be rather stout, which is the standard of beauty in Turkey. After smoking an incredible number of pipes, and seeing a great many dances, and consuming whole gallons of very strong punch, the old fellows toddle home in a merry mood, thanking their stars that it was not in their own harem, that they had just witnessed

dancing, as in their hearts they look upon the affair as very indecorous as regards ladies."

There is a fine American missionary station in Beirût. It may be interesting to state, I think, though I am not certain, that it is presided over by Dr. Van Dyck, the celebrated Oriental scholar. We made our arrangements for instant departure, even as we arrived. We could only spare one day at Beirût, necessity calling us away. So just as soon as we could conveniently do so, we embarked on the fine French steamer *Borysthene*, for Alexandria, and felt the satisfaction at last of knowing that we were homeward bound.

Several Americans are aboard. The ship is heavily laden with a great number of Russian and Greek pilgrims, who are bound to Jaffa, thence to Jerusalem, to celebrate the week of Easter. Our rate of speed is slow, and I am glad it is, for I have more time to note the motley crowd, and its representatives aboard. The Greeks are a noble-looking, independent set of fellows, even now; and as I scan their fine features, I am carried back to school-boy days, when in Homer, I read of the great doings before the Trojan walls of Agamemnon, the King of Men,—of Achilles and Ajax. Before any pilgrim was received aboard the steamer at Beirût, his fire-arms were first taken from him, his pistols, if loaded, were discharged, and all locked up, to be given to him at Jaffa. Yet it is very different with us Franks: I had a pistol in my belt, and I noticed a young American from Boston, who had a highly ornamented, but none the less deadly "Colt," lying negligently in his pocket. Yet we were

permitted to pass with "C'est bien, Monsieur." But the hour grows late; my companions have long since retired, and I am writing this Journal by the binnacle lamp. I would fain linger awhile longer, and watch the moonlight dancing over the dark crests, yet sleep has besieged me, and prudence says, "Go to bed;"—I obey.

Steamer Borysthène, at Sea, }
 Friday, March 18th, 1859. }

Once again I am tossed on the bosom of the Mediterranean, and its ever-ceaseless swell rolls our ship roughly about. Many have been my roving and wanderings, and many weeks, ay, months, have passed since I left the Student's Quarter, in far-off Paris. Ever since then my back has been on the West, and my foot has trod away from home. But now, indeed, my anxious prow is turned *toward* home, my distant western home, beyond the mighty wash of the restless Atlantic. Thank God for it! and thank Him most fervently I do, for preserving my life through the many perils I have run by sea and by land.

We had a most calm and delightful time throughout the entire night which has passed; and this morning when I went on deck, I found the sea as smooth as glass. The foaming flakes curling under our bow, told that our speed had much increased. Casting my eyes around, no land was in sight, and the sky and water horizon to the East, broken by the early rising sun, presented a grand and gorgeous panorama of fleecy clouds hanging over the background of deepening purple. It was a glorious sight,

and one well worth my early rising. In due time, however, the long, low line of the coast country came into view, and soon after, the gray, rugged pile of buildings perched on a cliff, and called *Jaffa*, was in sight. The water was very smooth, and we steamed quite close in. Our anchor-chain rattled through the hawse-hole, and the *Borysthène* swung lightly around. It was with singular feelings I viewed *Jaffa* once more, although my absence from it was brief, and once again I thought of the house of the Tanner, of Napoleon's butchery, and of the lovely *orange groves* and cactus hedges surrounding the place. I thought of the time I landed, of Padre Geronimo, and of good John Montag, and my musings were slightly tinged with melancholy. We quickly discharged our *cargo* of pilgrims, and really it was worth a great deal to stand snugly sheltered from the sun's rays, on the quarter-deck of our steamer, as was our party, and watch the motley mass fairly streaming down the sides of the ship. Finally they had all disembarked, and immediately the swabbers were at work. In an hour or so, the *Borysthène*, as far as regards order and cleanliness, was rejuvenated. Mr. B—ks (of the New York Express) and daughter, who came over on the *Vanderbilt* a year ago, came aboard our ship. They had been on a tour up around Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, and Jordan. Ibrahim, our old friend and dragoman, accompanied them in their different excursions, and came with them down to *Jaffa*. They arrived so late last night that they were compelled to remain outside the town gates. Ibrahim came aboard, and our meeting was mutually pleasant. We remained some five hours at

Jaffa, and are now steaming it off to Alexandria. The weather is very rough.

Harbor of Alexandria—aboard ship, }
 Saturday, March 19th, 1859. }

To-day has ended; with its *passing away* we have traversed many miles of briny sea. While I write this (9 o'clock P. M.) our gallant craft, the Borysthène, lies snugly in the harbor of Alexandria, whence we sailed nineteen days ago, for Terra Santa—and under what different circumstances are we now situated! How well do I remember the day we cast anchor in this harbor! and what vivid recollections I have of the mêlée, enacted that afternoon between the natives and our passengers at the foot of the gangway of the Méandre! How well, too, do I recollect the interesting conversation, all in mother Deutsch, much to my discomfort—and the pleasant promenade good Montag and myself had, on the long quarter-deck of the Méandre! But Montag is far behind us now, amid the rocky hill-tops on which the *Heilige Stadt* is situated, and I am here once more, in sight of Pompey's Pillar and the pacha's residence.

This morning we arose pretty early, and looked about us over the wide waste of waters. The sea was rough, and the snow-crests were tumbling after each other in maddening chase. The scene was grand. The sea no longer resembled the placid mirror of days gone by—but rather a rocky, mountainous stretch of changeable landscape. I had a pleasant promenade and an instructive conversation with Mr. B—ks of New York. He has

already travelled a great deal, and intends including Spain in his tour, before he returns to the United States. Mr. B—ks is a scholar, and a most affable and polite gentleman.

Nothing of any note has marked the progress of the day. We had an amusing conversation at the breakfast-table, this morning, on appetites. We all show a decided *plentitude* in that respect, although we told Mr. S—tt that he consumes, now twice as much as usual, and he always had a good appetite. He says it is on account of the “braicing” mountain air from up around Beirût and Lebanon. Perhaps so; but the restaurateur of our ship, I am thinking, will bring in an extra charge of franes and sous, to be paid by our reverend friend. And so the day passed; we laughed, lounged, and smoked. After one o’clock, the barren hills of North Africa once more appeared in sight; and at length, after fine steaming, we made this port. A most beautiful night surrounds us; stars are twinkling in myriads their liquid silver glow; and the light, fleecy racks of cloud, skimming the far-off blue expanse, add beauty and interest to the scene. The harbor and every craft in it are decked out in full dress—illumination, &c., in honor to Prince Alfred, Victoria’s royal middy. Bands of music are discoursing sweetly in every direction, and among them I recognise the fine *corps de musique* aboard the United States ship Macedonian; and the air—dear to every American heart, and especially dear when heard on the borders of heathendom—is the Star-Spangled Banner! I could shut my eyes now, as the strains float through my cabin-window,

and imagine I was in Castle Garden. We have been inspired by the occasion, and have indulged in singing several of our national airs, much to the pleasure, it is *presumed*, of our French crew. I have just come below; S. remains on deck, endeavoring to get a "*lunar*" observation, I suppose. Should you ever see this, S., you will understand the allusion, and excuse the execrable pun. It was perpetrated in Egyptian waters, and committed by a *friend*. Well, we got in the harbor too late to go ashore to-night; we defer our debarking until the morning.

India Family Hotel, Alexandria. }
Sunday, March 20th, 1859. }

This morning, after our accustomed quota of fuss and trouble, we left the *Borysthène* and proceeded ashore. I went on deck this morning, and found the Messrs. P. of Ohio in a great stew. They have been in Palestine for a year or so, preparing maps and sketches, and got aboard our ship at Jaffa. They had shut their trunk, which catches with a spring-lock, and forgot that they had a moment before put their keys inside. Here was a dilemma, for their trunks had to be opened at the custom-house, and the time was fast approaching when they had to go ashore. My bunch of keys proved friendly on the occasion, and the trunk was easily unlocked, much to their delight. The same gentlemen also had some difficulty in regard to their passports. How the question was settled I know not; the last I saw of them at that time they were earnestly engaged in talking or gesticulating with a Turkish officer at the passport office, as if endea-

vorings, though unsatisfactorily, to explain something to the official. I would have gone back to the rescue, but my progress backwards was arrested, and I was told very politely that it was necessary to attend to my own business. I thought so myself, and acted accordingly. Later in the day I had the satisfaction of seeing our Buck-eye friends as large as life, and seemingly, and really, I suppose, enjoying themselves hugely, galloping about the streets on donkeys with a ragged Arab boy behind them.

We were so much bored and importuned, *even before leaving the ship*, by an enterprising, pushing runner from the "India Family Hotel," that, to get some peace, and get rid of the fellow, we consented to go to his house. He arranged everything then; in a measure attended to our baggage at the custom-house, &c. We left our passports, to get them again from our consul here, Mr. De Lyon. I think that gentleman is from South Carolina. We finally took a most comfortable *omnibus*, and went to the hotel. What a singular feeling it was to get into an omnibus again, after such a long separation from anything like them. The streets through which we came to the hotel were really fine, and are bordered with magnificent houses. Everything bears *English* written on the face. And, for once, I was truly glad of it. We found the "India Family" to be a very good, large, showy-looking building. We brushed up, and partook of a first-rate breakfast, and then, as the sun was so warm, we returned to our respective rooms, read, and arranged our trunks, &c., which had been knocked topsyturvy by the custom-house officials. This afternoon Dr. S. and Mr. S.—tt went to church; a large boil on my

knee prevented me. Esslinger is nearly in a molten state, and swears considerably about the hot "*vether*." We expect to go direct to Cairo, by rail, to-morrow morning, and will leave our heavier baggage and objects of curiosity here at the hotel.

Hotel du Nil, Cairo, }
Monday, March 21st, 1859. }

This morning, after a sleepless night on my part (on account of the boil before mentioned), we arose and dressed. Having left our heavier articles of baggage at the hotel, and having completed all arrangements, we got into an omnibus and proceeded to the railroad station for Cairo. We purchased tickets, and were soon *en route*. I would like to describe the particulars of the journey, but my head aches badly, and the thickly placed houses of Cairo, heated by an eastern sun, renders the state of the atmosphere anything but agreeable. In passing out of Alexandria, over an arm of the sea which here makes in, we were not only astonished but astounded at the quantity of wild game to be seen, mostly water fowl. Ducks, swans of various kinds, plover, cranes, &c., fairly swarmed in myriad numbers all *along the track of the locomotive*. They seemed not at all frightened at the proximity of the iron-horse. At one shot I am sure I could have killed two dozen ducks. I never saw such exuberance of game. And so it was all the way to Cairo—*game, game, game*. How I longed for a gun and an hour or so of leisure time! At last we reached the Nile; and, on account of the bridge not being finished, we had a great deal of trouble crossing

the river in a ferry and getting in the cars on the opposite side of the stream. There were a great many Egyptian soldiers along, and the cars were filled to overflowing; so full indeed that our party became separated. Esslinger and myself made a rush and secured a good seat. Mr. S—tt and Miss — were accommodated elsewhere, and S. stood up for awhile; finally he succeeded in getting a seat near us. The entire valley, from Alexandria to Cairo, presented one unbroken level tract teeming with richness, and glorying in the most beautiful yields. On the route we made the acquaintance of a Mr. McCague. He is a resident missionary in Cairo, and is sent from Ohio, United States. He is a good and zealous man, and gave us some excellent advice. I shall ever be grateful to him for his disinterested kindness towards me. We had quite a novel view presented at every station, by the miserable population, which put me very much in mind of the poor wretches we saw when our European party took the diligence at St. Jeanne de Maurienne, previous to climbing Mt. Cenis, in Savoy. In coming in we obtained a noble view of the Pyramids, towering aloft in all their ancient grandeur.

At last we drew near the domes and minarets of Cairo, and soon our engine stopped. We got off, and after additional trouble and vexation, during which our friend Mr. S—tt came near caning two or three rascals with genuine republican liberality, we finally got into a carriage and started in search of a hotel. We went to two, the hotels du Pyramids and Nil. At the latter we got lodgings, as the other was brimful. And here we are at last in *la grande Cuire*, of which, its mosques, bazaars, and many

other wonders, I have read so often and so much. My feelings are strange; but not more novel than when, for the first time, I gazed on the terraced slopes of Mt. Olivet.

Hotel du Nil, Cairo. }
Tuesday, March 22d, 1859. }

Tuesday has passed, and its fleeting hours have been spent by us in various ways. Notwithstanding I was suffering a good deal this morning, yet with the rest I mounted my little donkey (I do not mean to say that all the rest mounted *my* donkey), and away we went! Donkeys—little bits of things, somewhat larger than a Newfoundland dog—are all *the go* here. It is your only mode almost, of locomotion, and it is the one always preferred. A little donkey boy runs behind each donkey, and by goading the animal with a sharp stick, and twisting the tail occasionally, the little fellow keeps up a nice, quick, and most easy canter. The boy also *guides* the animal by the tail; *it* is, in fact, a complete rudder. The little donkey boy, directly he starts, commences with a sort of chant or word of warning; I forget what it is in Arabic, but in English it is as follows:—"Ho, there! away! away! Hither comes a Briton, and a lord of a thousand castles!" I could not help smiling when our long friend P. from Ohio came dashing by, his feet touching the ground, while he was accompanied at every bound of his donkey by this flattering heraldry from his mule boy.

We had a most delicious canter, or stroll rather, through the different quarters of the city. A large place

is Cairo, and it is the most thoroughly Oriental city I have been in as yet. Upon inquiry I learn that it contains four hundred mosques, one hundred and forty schools, eleven bazaars, three hundred public cisterns, forty-six squares, two hundred and forty-eight streets, six hundred alleys, as many passages, twelve hundred and sixty-five houses of refreshment, one hospital, sixty-five hacks, and thirty thousand donkeys. The proper name for Cairo is Musr el Kahirah, or Grand Musr, as it was once known. Egypt was once called Musr, from Mizraim, the son of Ham. Of the population of the city there are ten thousand Copts, who alone are the genuine representatives of the ancient Egyptians. We visited the sights generally, and, among other things, a splendid mosque; and, being "infidel dogs," we were compelled to have our boots bundled up in all shapes and manners to prevent their contact with the floors and subsequent pollution of the whole mosque. We presented just such a spectacle hobbling along, as did my friends J. of North Carolina, G. of New York, and myself, at the castle of Stolzenfels on the Rhine. *There* our republican boots were too coarse to stand on the elaborate and highly-polished wood floors of the King of Prussia's country palace! Well, we did not care in either case. It is always a pleasure with me to conform to any decent custom of whatever people I may be thrown among.

It was an interesting feature to observe no object of idolatry in the mosques. Mohammedans worship no "pictures, wafers, or statues." They do not consider them instrumental by any means to their devotions. The

Bazaars through which we passed were really superb—such a magnificent display of silks and cloths, embroidery, swords, firelocks, pipes, sashes, and all that is rich! Very different are these bazaars from those of Jaffa or Jerusalem. What a queer sight to an American is a bazaar! It is easier imagined than described. I contented myself with buying a sash or so, a pair of Arab slippers beautifully embroidered, and a handsome chibouk. I had a right stiff quarrel with a Turk about a tarbush (a small red skull-cap much worn by the Eastern dwellers). Miss —, who was along, made several purchases, and to a better advantage, she being able to speak their own language.

We finally returned to the hotel, tired and worn out, all pleased with the sights of the morning, but a sight more *displeased* with our guide—a *genuine native Maltese scamp*. In the afternoon I was compelled to remain in my room, as I was too unwell to go about any at all. S., Mr. S—tt, and Miss — went to Heliopolis—the small spot remarkable for being the place where Joseph the carpenter dwelt for awhile, and where “the young child Jesus” was hid from Herod’s wrath. Our party *imagined* they went to Heliopolis; but when near their arrival to the city after the trip, what was their surprise and anger when Joseph, the Maltese guide, coolly told them that he *had not* taken them to Heliopolis at all—that it was too hot for that trip, but he had taken them in about a mile of the spot! A good laugh I had at the party when they told me of the circumstance; but Joseph’s skin was by no means safe, and he came very near meeting with a

severe castigation at the hands of S., and Mr. S—tt and "Heliopolis Joe" (as we christened the guide) came very near having a rough and tumble set-to when they all got back; after dinner they had another fuss, at which I was much amused. Maltese or no Maltese, in Egypt or any other country, the rascal has caught a Tartar when he encounters Mr. S—tt. And so the day passed.

Hotel du Nil, Cairo, }
 Wednesday, March 23d, 1859. }

At last this dull, wearisome, furnace-like day, has dragged its slow length away, and I have suffered agony with that boil! and yet, for a time, it must be endured. All of my party went out this morning voyaging after new sights, except poor me. I could scarcely move, and it was with the greatest difficulty, and the most excruciating pain, that I could get down to the meals. But to stay in the house was agony in the extreme, and I could not, and would not, stay in all the time, so I ordered a donkey, took a dragoman, and away I went. I endeavored to forget the pain I was undergoing, but no use! It was there! I purchased an Egyptian gun, some Lada-kiyeh tobacco, some other trifles, and returned to the hotel, almost completely broken down. I amused myself in different ways, until our party returned, which was at a very late hour.

To-night our party separates. Loth am I to write these words, for it is tearing asunder a soul-tie, a heart-string to separate from agreeable, whole-souled companions, who are rendered dear to you by the mutual sharing together

of many joys and dangers. We have been together now since we sailed from Malta, and have passed through many sore times of trouble and of danger. We have this night to talk our last talk together, and we part to-morrow morning. It is a sad time, truly, to me, and the parting is painful to all. We are now, even while I pencil my hasty scribblings in my little pocket Journal, seated around a table in silence and sorrow, sipping slowly the parting glass of friendship; and as the champagne sparkles in the goblet, and I raise my head for a moment to drink to a parting toast, I see in the eye of each the pure, glittering tear-drop, the more strengthening pledge of friendship and affection. The glass is drained.

S. and Esslinger will remain a few days longer, while Miss —, Mr. S—tt, and myself, will return to-morrow morning to Cairo, thence to embark in the first boat for Malta, and the West. Good-bye to Cairo, and to my warm-hearted friends whom I here leave!

India Family Hotel, Alexandria. }
Thursday, March 24th, 1859. }

This morning we bade adieu to Egyptian Cairo, and after completing our arrangements, settling our bill, &c., not forgetting to quarrel a little with "Heliopolis Joe," the Maltese scamp, we sprang into a carriage, and saying a sorrowful and heartfelt, sad farewell, to Esslinger and S., we drove to the depôt. We had not a minute to spare; we purchased tickets, and while engaged thus, we met a very gentlemanly resident of Cairo, who was a passenger with us to Alexandria, on the Méandre. Just before

getting aboard the cars. Mr. S—tt took occasion, in real American style, to give “Heliopolis Joe” a good “blowing up,” and in place of bakhshish, came near giving him *back licks* with his umbrella. But we finally started off, and then we had a repetition of a dusty, weary journey, up to Alexandria, and found our way eventually to our old place, the “India Family Hotel.” Mr. S—tt has been very brisk and business-like, since we arrived, and has already engaged passage by the English steamer, *Laconia*, for Liverpool, via Malta, to leave day after tomorrow, at twelve o’clock, M. How glad I am to be directly on my way home, after having accomplished so much!

English ship Laconia, Harbor of Alexandria. }
Friday, March 25th, 1859. }

This day, *I am glad to say*, has passed, gone at last, and joy go with it. In misery and pain, its slow, dull hours have dragged away to me. I read, smoked, and talked, took a miserable lunch, &c., &c. After dinner, having settled our bill, we drove to the wharf. Here, of course, in getting rid of the carriage, we had a genuine fuss. At last everything was arranged, and we got into a boat to go off to the *Laconia*. I consider ourselves fortunate in progressing thus far, for Mr. S—tt came within an ace of falling into the dock several times, head and ears. But our troubles had but as begun. It seems that there were two rival boat companies, and we, unwittingly, had taken the one which had the most timid defenders. The other boat company came dashing up in their boat and threw their hands on ours, and in a most impudent, leering

manner, stopped our onward way. Not content with this, they jeered us and our cowardly crew, and denied our further progress. This was more than Mr. S—tt could stand. Springing to his feet with the activity of a deer, he rushed on the ringleader, collared him firmly, and threw him headlong into his own boat. The man was a tall, swarthy negro, equal to two men like S—tt in a continued physical encounter. As he arose, he muttered something to his companions, and sprang into our boat. Affairs were getting serious; Miss —— gallantly drew my gun from its cover and taunted the rascal. On he came, S—tt stood his ground, his heavy umbrella clenched firmly in his hand. Matters were coming to a crisis, and I was determined to defend my friend and myself; I immediately rose, and drawing a small Colt's revolver from my pocket, I covered the head of the advancing rascal. He recoiled and retreated pace by pace. Had he made a single menacing demonstration, I should most assuredly have tried my skill at "target practice." It is a great wonder to me, an example has not been made of these rascals before this. It would scarcely be murder, or *homicide* even—for they are brutes to all intents—to kill a half-dozen of these monsters. But our boat was freed from their clutches, and bidding our cowardly oarsman to give way, we soon reached the gallant *Laconia*, which lay out in the harbor, swinging lightly on her anchor. We met with a most cordial reception from the captain of our steamer, and now, after a delicious *real English tea*, we are sitting around the cabin, laughing and talking the time away. I only hope

my good friend S., who is now in Cairo, may get as good a berth. I forgot to state that Pompey's Pillar, and Cleopatra's Needle (once called Pharaoh's Needle), those antichristian monuments of antiquity, claimed from me, to-day, their due share of attention; and now for a stroll on deck.

CHAPTER XXI.

*Malta Cross Hotel, Valetta, }
Friday, April 1st, 1859. }*

SINCE the foregoing Journal was written many things have transpired, and many watery leagues now stretch between us and far away Alexandria.

We were to sail, it will be remembered, on Saturday, 26th March, at 12 o'clock *m.*; but we did not ease our anchors and steam out of the harbor until 4 o'clock that afternoon; and we went out then with a heavy sea on, and a furious gale in our teeth. Our progress was slow, and the ship labored heavily. The storm continued all that night and next day; but after that we had beautiful weather, which lasted until yesterday, when we once again cast our anchor in the port of Valetta.

I was much pleased with my voyage on the *Laconia*, though, if the truth be told, she is a slow boat—slower even than the old *Méandre*. The discipline on the English steamer showed a marked superiority to what we experienced on the French boat. I like the officers and the ship very much, and will long have pleasant recollections of both. I wish them many safe and prosperous voyages.

Yesterday, after some port formalities, during which an

English official made himself a complete ass concerning our passports, we finally went ashore. Angelo, the good waiter of the Malta Cross Hotel, met us at the boat—of course not expecting us. He was glad to see me, who, the only remnant, represented our original party; S. and Meinherr being now both “beyond the sea.” Angelo was accompanied by our whole force to his hotel, where I enjoyed myself so much on those cold nights in February—and here we are again! It makes me feel sad, if the truth be told, to be here once more in Malta; yet I am inexpressibly glad to be on my way home. I cannot help remembering the happy, joyous week S., Meinherr, and myself spent here together. But where are they *now*?

After being refreshed by a good night’s rest, we arose this morning bright and early, and, breakfast once over, we proceeded immediately to the arrangement of our tickets and passports. This being through with, I escorted Miss —— to see the different sights of interest; among them the splendid church of San Giovanni, or St. John, where four hundred knights of the order of St. John are buried. The tombs of these heroes—slabs of beautiful, different-colored marble, with their heraldic symbols engraved thereon—formed the floor, and a magnificent floor it is! We were glad to meet Mr. and Miss B—ks in the church. They had just gotten in from Alexandria, in the British ship Para, and gave us the glad news that S. also was a passenger on the same craft. Mr. B—ks will continue in the Para as far as Gibraltar. There he will debark, and proceed to the different cities of Spain.

Miss —— and myself continued our walk about the

town, and bought several articles as mementoes. While in a shop, examining some object for sale, who should walk right in but our good friend S.! I was overjoyed to see him, and looking so well after our short separation. He gave me the last tidings of good old Esslinger, whom he left in Alexandria, awaiting the departure of an Austrian boat for Trieste, whither he intended sailing; by this time he is on his watery way. God stand by him! And so S. and myself are once more together—we, the two survivors of our original Jerusalem party; and yet in a few more days I journey alone. To-morrow, at 5 o'clock, we leave by the French steamer Vatican; I, for Naples and the Italian ports in general, en route to Paris, via Marseilles. Dr. S., Mr. S—tt, and Miss —, will go as far as Civita Vecchia; thence they go to Rome. Mr. S—tt's wife is in Rome. I would like to accompany them; but, as I have seen Rome, I must forego the pleasure.

Steamer Vatican. }
Saturday, April 2d, 1859. }

This day has passed indifferently well, and I am glad to come once more to my Journal, to say that it is finished. We rambled about a good deal in Valetta—bought our tickets, and made several purchases of Maltese lace, brooches, &c. I bought a ticket to carry me as far as Marseilles, my friends having bought theirs for Civita Vecchia—that looks like going in different directions, and smacks of parting already. But it cannot be helped; necessity is stern, and never knows but one law—the law of circumstance, which governs all actions.

At four o'clock P. M., we bade the Malta Cross Hotel and its attachés, a long lasting farewell. I never again expect to see the cunning face of Michèle Pisani, nor the good-humored handsome features of Angelo, his head waiter. So it must be! After experiencing our due amount of trouble, we finally got aboard a small row-boat, and in a very rough swell, we pulled to the Vatican, which was lying out in the harbor. We got aboard the steamer at last, and soon had everything stowed away snugly—my own fixings being now at rest until I reach Marseilles. I saw Mr. Winthrop, our consul, on the Vatican; he merely came aboard to see Mrs. Levy (wife of the captain of the U. S. ship Macedonian, which our party saw in the port of Alexandria) safely aboard. Finally, the anchor was swung from its muddy bed, and the Vatican moved slowly out of the narrow entrance. A most violent gale was blowing, and a terrible sea running. They struck our little craft with full force as soon as we got clear of the island, and came near knocking us abeam end. I have never seen such a sea in my life; but our noble steamer held gallantly on, boldly buffeting the foaming billows which curled over her, and drenched her from stem to stern. Ever since we started, it has been blowing the biggest kind of "big guns," and even now while I write, the wildest storm is raging I ever beheld. The wind howls fearfully through the rigging—the ship struggles undecidedly onward, and plunges into the dark pitchy gloom as if seeking another and still more confused chaos. Still, the captain walks his deck as calmly as ever—twirls his pomatumed

moustache, and no doubt thinks of the light gaities in his far-off brilliant French capital. Our party have nearly all succumbed. S. and myself are now for the deck; wind, rain, and sea-spray are all preferable to the miserable air of this saloon.

Steamer Vatican—Port of Messina. }
Sunday, April 3d, 1859. }

After a most tempestuous passage, and one fraught with very great danger, we have arrived safe and sound once again at Messina; and our gallant Vatican is none the worse for her almost superhuman struggles of last night. Throughout the live-long night the boat tumbled, tossed, and pitched, and the dawn broke, and found the gale still raging around us, though a clear sky was above. As we dashed along to the narrow entrance of the inlet to the harbor of Messina, between the classic Charybdis and Scylla, we had a most enchanting view of the rude Calabrian coast, in all its rugged loveliness. It was, indeed, a romantic and inspiring sight, to see those naked rugged mountains raising their black jagged cliffs towards the sky, while on their sides stood, in the melancholy of decay, all that remained of many lordly castles of yore.

We finally arrived at this port at ten o'clock A. M. And here again, as I look around at the familiar objects to be seen from shipboard—the large fort standing out on a tongue of land, protecting the inlet; the succession of gray rocky mountains, rolling back over Sicily; and the little dirty collection of houses at the foot of these mountains, ranged in a semicircle around the shores of

the bay—I cannot help feeling somewhat sad at the recollection of the first time I beheld these objects. Then, Montag was with us, and I knew not Mr. S—tt or Conrad Esslinger; then, I had not looked on the departed glories of lost Jerusalem, or stood amid the deep silence of the valley of Jordan; and the hills of Judea were far away from my vision. And as I thus indulge my fancy, I cannot but feel *sad*. We meet and make friends but to separate again—very often for eternity; meetings are sadder in reality than partings. Well! well!

The day has passed in several ways with me. According to a certain natural proclivity, I have made several acquaintances; among them is a young Irish priest. Poor fellow, how sorry I am for him! He has been for five years in India, and is now coming home—to die! That fell destroyer, consumption, has laid its wasting hand upon him; and each heated breath he respire, tells of the raging fever within. He possesses one of the brightest of minds; is a perfect scholar; can converse readily in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and in German, French, Italian, and Spanish. He is on his way to Rome, to glance—a *last* glance—at her, as his educational and religious mother. Thence he goes to Ireland; there to lay his bones in a soil which might well be proud of such talents and kind-heartedness as the young priest possesses.

This afternoon an English steamer came in and anchored. There are two American brigs lying at the wharf; they are fruit vessels. The stars and stripes which float above them, look natural, and present a gladdening sight to our eyes, so long unaccustomed to

look on the symbol of Columbia. We leave this port to-morrow afternoon, at half-past one o'clock.

*Steamer Vatican—off Stromboli—half-past 11 P. M. }
Monday, April 4th, 1859. }*

Monday has passed, and what have I to record? *Nichts viel*. But what I have, must be done quickly, for it is fast growing towards midnight, and I wish to sleep some to-night—a privilege—rather, a luxury I have not enjoyed for several twenty-four hours past.

After lying at Messina until one P. M., we steamed out once more to sea, and have until now enjoyed most propitious weather. Miss ——, however, is sea-sick again, in spite of the calm weather. We are now off Stromboli, the burning mountain, and a most lovely spectacle is presented. The enormous mountain rises perpendicularly out of the deep sea, to the height of several thousand feet. We are now in the large shadow of it, and as the liquid lava, molten to a red candescent heat, bursts with a fiery propulsion high in air, and then falls in the dark waters around, in a perfect shower of sparkling fire, the scene is indeed most grand and lovely. I could willingly enjoy the spectacle longer, but the Vatican “waits for no man”—and we are fast drawing away from it. I have taken a rough outline of the mountain, which I shall preserve. Mr. S—tt is in raptures, and S. is down below, sick and asleep. To-morrow morning, if no untoward accident intervenes, we will be before Naples again, whence I sailed the 14th day of

February. Now to bed. Come, Mr. S—t! the hour is getting “ayant the twal.”

Steamer Vatican—Off Naples. }
 Tuesday, April 5th, 1859. }

Once again I breathe Neapolitan air—once more I behold, stretching along the bold curve of this beautiful bay, the gay Chiaia; and here behind me, away up yonder in silence and grandeur, Vesuvius is smoking away as angrily as ever. My emotions, to say the least, are peculiar, as once again I find myself looking on Naples. Since last I stood here, what a change, what a *revolution* of accidents, incidents, and sight-seeing has been mine: and under far different circumstances am I as regards physical health. I am much improved. It was here in Naples that I last saw my good friends who were early with me in my stay in Paris—both true and firm friends—S—t—r—t of Albany and A——n of Philadelphia. Where they are now, I know not. It was here, too, that I last saw J., my constant companion in my continental rambles; and here, too, I bade adieu to kind-hearted Frank G. of New York, my confrère of many hard times in Paris and continental Europe. And since I stood here I have wandered through the sacred precincts of Jerusalem, have slept in Jericho by Jordan, have gazed on Lebanon, and admired the beauty of La Grande Caire, and the grandeur of the Desert's Monuments—yet here I am again.

We arrived quite early this morning into port, and after fixing up a little, and donning a somewhat better

attire, S. and self went ashore. Mr. S—tt remained on account of wrong visée on his passport. S. and self immediately took a carriage—for the *smallness* of which Naples is noted—and had a splendid ride about the town. We went to the Hotel de France, where I left my trunk when I sailed hence, and then we rode up to the banking-house of the Rothschilds, where S. drew some money. We returned by the Hotel de Belle Vue, where *my* party, *i.e.*, Frank G., J—s, and myself stopped when in Naples a month ago. There I found a letter from Frank G., which he had written a few days after I had sailed for Malta. He did not leave the city for a fortnight after I did. It seems he enjoyed himself very much. I do not know where he went from here; he simply said, “I’ll be in Paris by 1st of April.” I hope I may find him there. In the letter, he gave me the sad information that the interesting English girl whom we had remarked at the hotel for her sweetness of manners and for her beauty, was *dead*. Truly “all flesh is grass!” G. also informed me that my guide, to whom I referred in the first page of this Journal, did not cheat me after all. However, I saw the guide late in the day, and, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, I yet believe him guilty. After purchasing several minor articles, S. and self drove to the wharf, and after some difficulty with a harbor policeman, which S. came near finishing by pitching the obstinate rascal into the bay, we climbed the gangway of the Vatican.

My continental Journal I finished at this place; and here on the 14th of February I commenced this, my

Eastern Journal. As I cast my eyes over the several little *cahiers* which I have written since that time, and I remember what is contained, written roughly with pencil, within their lids, I sigh for the joys I have seen.

Here, properly speaking, I should conclude my Journal for the reader, and say to him a cordial good-bye; but I imagine he or she would have no objection to tracing up the eventful separation of our party and its complete dismemberment, and to following me to Napoleon's gay capital. But, as the steamer is getting under weigh, I will close my book and take a last glimpse of Vesuvius, and—ah! the wheels move—we glide easily away—good-bye, Naples, good-bye!

*Steamer Vatican—At sea, between Civita-
Vecchia and Leghorn.* }
Wednesday, April 6th, 1859. }

Once more I am "rocked in the cradle of the deep." I cannot write much; my heart is sad, and, worse than that, I have a burning, throbbing head-ache. My friends are now all gone, and I am alone. But I will not anticipate.

Yesterday afternoon at four o'clock we raised our anchor and eased out of the harbor at Naples. We had beautiful weather, and the Vatican went well. Night came on, and there being such fine weather, the table was full, and we had fun in abundance; but it was like laughing at a funeral with me, for it was my *last dinner and last meal* with my party. Dinner over, I enjoyed a parting conversation with S., S—tt, and Miss —; and

after having copied some sketches of Etna and Stromboli for Mr. S—tt, I bade them good-night and retired.

Early this morning we were in the port of Civita Vecchia; and how memories, even of such short standing, crowded back over my mind! How well I remembered our diligence excursion on our first arrival, and how well I remember the *Hotel Orlandi*! Well, having arranged everything to their satisfaction this morning, my friends Miss —, Dr. S., and Mr. S—tt were ready to leave the steamer. They hated, as I did, this parting scene; but it was necessary; all felt and showed emotion. I cannot dwell on this scene; the thousand recollections that crowd over me now in one minute are overwhelming. A cordial and prolonged grasp of the hand, a hasty though heart-felt “God bless you” was murmured on both sides, and my friends were gone. I watched their fast-fading figures, until they had landed, and were lost from my straining gaze amid the crowd that jostled on the wharves.

I am one of those, who, other things being equal, am inclined to bear up pretty well against all such petty and temporary emotions as these, so I laughed “dull care away,” and enjoyed myself as well as could be expected. I got acquainted with a young man from Boston, and a capital companion he is. He is acquainted with some old college-mates of mine, of Brown University memory. We passed the day quite pleasantly, being much amused at a representative from Albion, our blest motherland. Unfortunately my newly made friend is only going as far as Genoa with me; thence he goes to Venice, thence to Dresden, to college.

Steamboat Vatican, between Leghorn and Genoa. }
 Thursday, April 7th, 1859. }

This morning when I awoke, after a most refreshing night's slumber, we were motionless in the placid harbor of Italian *Livorno*. As I gazed through my small, round window, out upon the old, familiar place, memories of friends, and of other, though not very distant days, rushed in trooping cohorts over my mind. I lay for an hour or so, pleasantly indulging in this wide-awake dream of other friends, of other days, of other joys and sorrows. When last I stood in Leghorn I remembered well, and the troubles which beset our party, which was then styled the "*trois des immortels*," were not few—that I remember also. Where now are J., and Frank G.? Far away! And yet *my* eyes rest on the dull, gray houses of Leghorn, and wander along yonder crowded wharf, where once we three lounged in the full flush of health and happiness together. The day passed rather heavily and dull, notwithstanding my young Boston friend and myself did our best to amuse one another. We laughed, we sketched, we ate oranges, *otto per una biacchio*, and thus the time dragged away. I saw young Dr. B., of Lynn, Massachusetts, with whom I had often gone the rounds of La *Charité* Hospital. He was glad to see me, and we had an interesting talk over old times. He leaves the boat at Genoa, with my young Boston friend. I "scraped acquaintance" with old Dr. Townsend, of Sarsaparilla memory, to-day. He is enjoying a continental tour. He is a nice old gentleman, full of life and fun. He, likewise, leaves the steamer at Genoa, the port to which we

are now fast dashing. Once more then, I will be alone, but not *lonesome*, as long as I can look around me ; I am glad I am getting so near to Paris, that city seems like my second home. We sailed from Leghorn at 4 o'clock, P. M.

* * * * *

Friday, April 8th, 1859.

I omitted to write up yesterday's Journal last night, and will now do so to-day.

Thursday, April 9th, 1859.

It is now past mid-day, and I am sitting in a close, heated room in the *Hotel d'Alexandrie*, in the old sea-port Marseilles. Singular how time changes scenery, and with it, persons! Here I am, however, and I am glad to say as much, safe and sound in life and limb.

At Genoa, my young Bostonian acquaintance arose quite early, and shaking me warmly by the hand, left the Vatican. Drs. Townsend and B. also went ashore, and I was completely alone, so far as acquaintances were concerned. We finally steamed off again, and had fine weather. I would have enjoyed myself, but for an old English lady, who bothered me considerably, asking very silly questions concerning the city of Kentucky, the capital of the District of Columbia, and other such foolish questions ; and to show her extreme erudition in regard to *affaires Americaines*, she asked me if the President wore pistols and bowie-knife in his belt. I am ashamed to say now, I responded partially in the affirmative. A visit to this country will scarcely disburden her mind of such prejudices as she possesses. This old lady, then, was my demon-angel throughout the day, and when night closed

in, and the angel of sleep came stealing over me in my narrow couch. I hailed *his* resplendent presence with more than usual pleasure.

We steamed off from Genoa at half-past two in the afternoon, and as usual, had fine weather, and made good time. Throughout the night the weather continued fine, and this (Thursday) morning, at nine o'clock, we descried the beautiful city of Marseilles, nestling on the rocky coast far away to the north-west. We were then in full view of the rugged, picturesque shore on the east, and the varying panorama of shifting scenery was very beautiful. In an hour we came safely into port, and down rattled our heavy anchor. At last I had reached French soil, which I had left more than four long months ago; and the sight of moustached *gens d'armes*, and the piquancy of French babble, were really refreshing. My name was first on the steamer's list, called out to go ashore, and I went as quick as I could. I met with a good deal of trouble at the Custom-House, and was compelled to pay duty on an old trunk of curiosities, the joint property of my friend S. and myself, which I had taken care of from Jerusalem. However, I finally got through the *Douane*, by paying a ten-franc piece. I was somewhat bothered, too, at the maritime police office, where I went to obtain my passport. When he got to my *business*, the officer asked, "*Quelle profession, Monsieur!*" I responded, quite boldly and justly, "*Médecin!*" The man looked up and gazed rather quizzically at me. He first regarded my sun-burnt, swarthy visage, then my unprofessional attire—slouched hat, thread-bare coat, and brogan boots.

“ Ah! médecin!” he responded, slowly, laying down his pen, with the self-satisfied air that he had caught me nicely, and in catching me had caught another Orsini.

I merely responded, “ C’est ça, monsieur, vous avez raison.”

He could not believe that I was a doctor; everything went against me.

“ Vous êtes trôp jeune, monsieur, et—et—”

“ Mon chapeau — pas comme il faut — n’est-ce pas, monsieur!” I put in, smiling at the officer’s doubts and indecision.

“ Oui, monsieur, *vous avez raison maintenant!*”

Well, I told him to satisfy himself of my attainments in physic, and made use of the names of several medical men of distinction in Paris. But no, he was not satisfied at this; so he set to work and gave me a real “rubbing up,” as we used to say at school—a genuine examination; at the end of which he muttered—

“ C’est bien—voilà votre passeport.”

“ Merci bien, monsieur,” I replied, and walked out.

When I reached the omnibus again, which was to present during my examination—she being in quest of her carry me to the hotel, a young English *lady*, (?) who was passport and those of her lady friends—commenced the conversation immediately on poor me. They did not know my nationality.

“ Well, Rosa,” said she who had listened to my examination, “ what do you think?”

“ I can’t say,” replied Rosa, who was a handsome and well-dressed girl. “ What is it, Bella?”

“Why, that fellow there is a doc—no, he will understand I am talking about him—that fellow is a *physician!*”

“What!” exclaimed Rosa, in astonishment; “that wild-looking, half-civilized creature a physician?” I sat still, and did not betray any knowledge of her words—“Why, he does not look as if he is worth a bob—why he is no physician, Bella.”

This conversation was carried on in a loud whisper. At this last remark I opened a side pocket to my dilapidated vest and took therefrom a valuable watch, the gift of a dear relative. They started back, and some wonder was exhibited in their countenances.

“Wonder where he got that?” said Rosa. “Not honestly by it, I am sure.”

I said nothing.

“Not so loud, Rosa,” said Bella; “he looks like an American, and may speak.”

“No, no, Bella; he is some scapegrace Italian—that’s bad enough. Don’t make him any lower by calling him an American—though he does resemble pictures I have seen of those red creatures they call Indians.”

The conversation, so flattering to my nationality and to my *personnel*, here ended, and in a few moments the omnibus drew up to the door of the hotel. My lady friends descended. Although thinking of going somewhere else, I also descended, and ordered a room, determined to see those same girls under circumstances more favorable to myself. I went to my room and commenced preparing for *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which the garçon

said would be ready in "*une heure et demie*." I removed some of my ragged beard, combed my elf locks into precision, and enjoyed a fine scented bath, which thoroughly removed the dust of travel. My new dress-coat, pants, and vest (*Richards'* best) were produced; snowy linen covered my chest and encircled my swarthy neck; a pair of patent-leather pumps, and a pair of delicate, lavender colored kids, finished my costume. The metamorphosis was considerable, and I feared that my quondam friends would not recognise me at all. Just then the bell sounded. I waited a moment, and the flutter of silks rustled by my door, which was shut.

"Come, Bella," said Rosa, "and we'll see our Indian-Italian friend, unless he is too stingy or too poor, make his debût directly."

A silvery laugh followed this—a laugh so musical that I forgave the fair satirist. I lingered in my room until I knew that the major portion of the guests had gone to the *salle à manger*; then I sauntered slowly down, and entered the dining-hall. A suppressed—"Why, look, Bella—did you ever! 'Tis not he after all, but much resembles him!"—led me in the right direction. I took the seat just opposite them.

"'Tis he," they both exclaimed in a whisper; "the young physician is"—

"No Indian, after all, ladies—simply an American citizen, who is very thankful for your whole-souled compliments! *Garçon ici, s'il vous plait*." A smothered shriek, a flutter of silks, and a hasty stampede, were the effects of my remarks, spoken in very plain English.

The garçon and the maitre d' hotel rushed up—"Qu'est-ce que c'est, qui êtes vous?" "Oh! *rien*, mes amis," I replied; "une bouteille de Chablis blanc!"

Well, well, I expect to leave for Paris in the morning, as I cannot start this afternoon. This is quite a pleasant city, however, and pleasure and business will keep my time employed pretty well. I am now going to the Prefecture de Police, to have my passport viséed for Paris; it is now three o'clock P. M.

Sunday, April 10th, 1859.

* * * * *

At home—24 Rue Bonaparte à Paris.

Tuesday, April 12th, 1859.

Since writing my last day's report in my Journal, in that hot room in the Hotel d'Alexandrie, many events have transpired, and, thank Heaven, many miles now lie between me and the detestable seaport of Marseilles. It was far from being "pleasant," as I anticipated. Well, let me briefly recapitulate.

On last Saturday afternoon, after I had written up my last day's Journal, as seen above, I went with the garçon of the hotel, a foolish, good-for-nothing sort of a fellow, to the Police office, to have a *visée* for Paris attached to my passport. The officer was quite rude, strange to say, being a Frenchman, and a French official at that, but I got my passport, and it was all I went for. I returned to the hotel, and having partaken of a tolerable dinner, and a bottle of capital wine, I sallied out and had a most *delicious touch of tooth-ache*. That having had its play,

I proceeded very leisurely, to take a long and very pleasant walk. I went the entire length of the street Chemin de Rome, and had a good view of the city of Marseilles, a beautiful, and yet an unpleasant and uninviting city. Finally, I once more reached the hotel, and having drunk a bottle of *Lemonade gazeuse*, I retired to my small chamber, and was soon asleep. I slumbered soundly until six o'clock next morning, at which time I arose and dressed. The garçon came for my trunk, and having settled at the hotel for everything, I went on my way with a light heart to the depôt. That spot I reached and had a fuss with the aforementioned foolish garçon, who endeavored to cheat me by demanding as much to bring up my baggage, as that for which I could have gotten a carriage for *myself* and baggage. He did not succeed, however. At twenty-five minutes to eight, the train moved slowly off, and I knew I was at least in what might be safely termed, a speaking distance of Paris and its *beau monde*. I must not omit to state how much trouble that *same said old trunk* gave me. It split wide open once or twice, and I had to pay to have it fixed up. Finally, I left it in a good condition, hoping to see it next in Paris.

Oh! what a long, miserable ride it was to Paris! All day long we thundered on, stopping only for *buffet*-refreshments. How much, and how forcibly, these restaurants reminded me of J. and Frank G—! Late at night we reached Lyons. Here I took supper. After a delay of half an hour, the cry was heard again, “Au voiture, messieurs!” We sprang aboard and once more started

on our way. It was now pitchy dark, and our train dashed along like a night-hawk through the gloom. The next morning I awoke, and found myself still in the cars. But we were gradually nearing Paris, and my heart grew glad, as I thought of the friends I had there left behind me. In due time we passed Fontainebleau. How recollections flashed over me, as I remembered the day Miss H., and Mrs. S., of Boston, S-t-r-t, of Troy, and A——n, of Philadelphia, and myself, had such a pleasant time here, at the old chateau, and through the grand *Forêt de Fontainebleau*! I had scarcely indulged in a remembrance of that pleasure, now a long time ago, when we were off again.

To make a long story short, we reached Paris at mid-day exactly. And how strangely I felt, although more than familiar to the sight, when I saw the tall spires of St. Chlotilde, the noble dome of the Invalides, and the large towers of the Cathedrale de Notre Dame! It actually seemed strange to hear the real Parisian "Bon jour, Monsieur;" and the cries of the venders of licorice-water were something novel, although, four months before, I could tell the different key-notes of every old fellow who dealt in that beverage on the Champs Elysées. I had very much difficulty in concealing my knife and pistol (Holy Land companions) when I arrived at the depôt, but finally succeeded in stowing them away in my bosom. For once, my usually unlucky baggage was fortunate; it was not overhauled nor examined. I was soon in a carriage, bound to my old student-home, No. 24 Rue Bonaparte, Quartier Latin; and not many minutes elapsed before I was set

down at the large court-door. They were surprised, yet glad, to see "*Monsieur le Docteur*" once more; and the pretty little daughter of the Concierge said that she was afraid "*que monsieur est mort.*" Fortunately, my old acquaintanceship was the means of getting me a room; but I could not procure my old chamber, "*numero dix-sept,*" in which I stayed formerly, and in which all of my acquaintances met with me in a social gathering, before our party left Paris, last December. How singular everything appeared to me in my old boarding-house, and how vividly memory lighted up the events of the past!

I dressed up, after a comfortable bath and a quiet, ruminating smoke, and took my way to a well-known house—No. 3 Rue de Dauphin, *en face le Jardin des Tuileries*—and was delighted to learn that Frank G., my old friend, had been in town some time, and that he and his mother were still residing at No. 3. I was much rejoiced, as I had a lot of things to talk about with Frank. I left a card for him, as he had *sorti*; and then continued up the Rue Rivoli, and thence up Rue de la Paix to No. 5, Monroe's, my banker's. I found a whole stock of letters awaiting my arrival; among others, several from a certain—the reader knows who—and one containing a draft. All were welcome (particularly the latter). I then once more took a grand stroll over the city, up the Avenue des Champs Elysées, Rue Rivoli, the Boulevards, &c. When once started, it scarcely seemed I had been gone a week.

I returned, and took dinner at my old *bouillon-place*, back of the Palais Royal, where *we students* were wont to congregate in halcyon times—dead and gone! The

place looked natural and cheerful as ever, despite the absence of my friends, and the *bifteck aux pommes* was *la même chose, exactement*. I bought some cigarettes from our same little *magasin de Tabac*, and commenced another long stroll. It seemed I could never tire of walking about among my old haunts; but wishing to see Frank G., I returned over the river to my room about eight o'clock, and soon had the pleasure of hearing his familiar knock. On our meeting I will not dwell; it was the meeting of two sworn friends—of two friends who had traversed Germany, France, and Italy, and climbed Mount Cenis, Vesuvius, and the heights of Heidelberg *Schloss* together—and who had been separated for many a long weary day.

Frank told me that after we parted in Naples—as shown in the first page of this Journal—he went to Palermo in Sicily, and thence returned to Rome, and was there during the gay season of the Carnival. In Palermo he met my old friend S—t—r—t of Vanderbilt and Paris memory, and in Rome, my good friend and *counsellor* companion, A——n of Philadelphia. Frank stayed with me that night, and the next morning I called on Mrs. G. and Mrs. W——n. They were both very glad to see me. I enjoyed a long conversation with them; and things began to look home-like and Paris-like again. From No. 3 Rue de Dauphin, I called on my old friend in Rue de la Michodière—the pumpkin pie *spécialité aux Américains*-woman—and Frank and self had a pleasant time. Nearly all of my *confrères* of the hospital have gone home. My friend J— passed through, and sailed some

time ago from Galway in Ireland; there are only three students remaining in Paris with whom I have any acquaintance.

With the end of this day's Journal, I must bid the reader an affectionate farewell. If he has been pleased at wandering with me over Continental and Holy Lands, and can say heartily that he has passed an interesting hour in reading the roughly-sketched events incident to the life of a traveller, of course I am satisfied. Although he set out with me in my pilgrimage from Naples, yet I have brought him with me to Paris. When I shall return to the United States, I know not. For the present my home is here—and once again I say good-bye and God speed!

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